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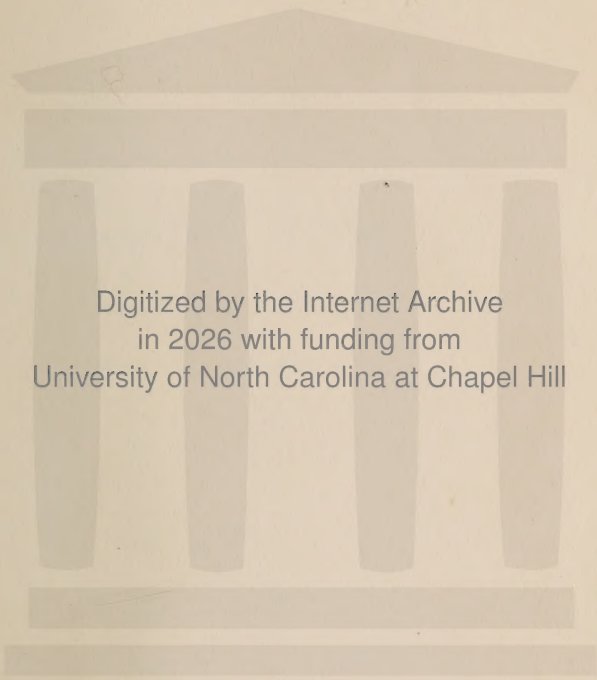

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THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

VOLUME II.

HUDSON EDITION

THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

PS2050
.F11
V.2

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME II

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

At Paris.—Out of Spirits for Literary Occupation.—Thinks of German Subjects.—Falls in with Payne, the American Dramatist.—Embarks with him in Dramatic Labors.—Busy on "Richelieu."—Visits Peter at Havre.—New Lodgings on his Return.—Payne goes to London with "Richelieu," "Married and Single," and a Rough Copy of "Azendai."—Letter from Payne.—Representation of "Charles II."—Payne's Opinion of it.—Copp's Song and Charles Lamb.—Results of the Joint Theatrical Speculations.—The Fate of "Richelieu."—Dedication by Payne..... 19

CHAPTER II.

Revolving Literary Plans.—Extracts from Note Book.—Talma.—Kenney's Anecdotes.—Captain Medwin.—Byron.—Pasta.—Corrects "Salmagundi" for Galignani.—Letter to Leslie.—Proposition of Galignani for an Edition of British Authors.—Project of a second "Sketch Book."—Letters to Murray about "Tales of a Traveller"..... 30

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Arrival in London. — Letter to Peter. — Interview with Murray. — Attends Representation of "Charles II."—Leslie.—Newton.—Moore.—William Spencer.—Rogers. — Lady Caroline Lamb.—The Man of Many Invitations.—Leaves London with Mills for Manor House, Lyndhurst.—Goes to Bath to meet Moore.—Elwyn's Dinner.—Extracts from Memorandum Book.—Farewell to Moore.—Letter to Peter.—Intent on Literary Occupation.—Dinner with Rogers.—His Good Story of a French Abbé.—Falls short in Manuscript for "Tales of a Traveller."—Supplies the Deficiency.—Starts for France.—Letter to Moore on the Way.—Moore's Reply.—Kenney and Scroope Davies 41

CHAPTER IV.

Publication of the "Tales of a Traveller."—Interruptions of Society.—His Evil Genius.—Downhearted.—Letter to Pierre Paris Irving. Letter to Leslie.—Letter to Brevoort.—Close of 1824..... 56

CHAPTER V.

Letter to Pierre Paris Irving.—Overtures for a Life of Washington.—Unable to apply Himself.—Paulding's Rebuke.—Determines to go to Work.—Leaves Paris with Peter for Bordeaux,—The Vintage. — "American Essays." — An Ill-boding Failure. — Extracts from Diary.—Close of 1825 67

CHAPTER VI.

Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—A Translation of Navarrete suggested to him by Mr. Everett.—Letter thereupon.—Arrival at Madrid.—The American Consul, O. Rich.—Determines upon a

PAGE

Regular Life of Columbus.—Literary Activity.—Diverted from "Columbus" to "Conquest of Granada."—Lieutenant Alexander Slidell.—Close of 1826.—Passages from Letter to P. M. Irving.—Letter to Brevoort.—Cooper.—Halleck.—Bryant.—Paulding.—Offers "Columbus" to Murray.—Longfellow.—Wilkie.—Close of the year 1827..... 74

CHAPTER VII.

Publication of "Columbus" by Murray in London, by the Carvills in New York.—Letter to Brevoort.—Departure from Madrid on a Tour through the Southern parts of Spain. Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—Description of the Journey from Cordova to Granada.—The Alhambra.—A despatch from the Court of Lions.—Quest for the Portal by which Boabdil sallied forth.—The Poor Devil Guide.—The Alpujarras.—From Malaga to Seville.—Going to Work on the "Conquest of Granada."..... 92

CHAPTER VIII.

Extracts from Diary.—Wilkie and the painting of "St. Thomas."—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Character of the Andalusians.—Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—Bull-fights, his Notion of.—San Juan de Alfarache.—Relics of Moorish Labor and Moorish Taste..... 106

CHAPTER IX.

Removes to a Cottage in the Vicinity of Seville.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—The Cathedral of Seville.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Wilkie.—Letter to Peter Irving.—"Conquest of Granada."—Arrangement with Carey.—Journey to Palos.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett, in

PAGE

Reply to one announcing the King's Permission to him to inspect the Archives of the Indias, and giving him an extract from his Critique on "Columbus" 116

CHAPTER X.

Change of Quarters to Port St. Mary.—Extracts from Letter to Peter. —Literary Plans.—Longing to Return to America.—Extracts from Diary.—Removal from the Cerillo to the Caracol.—Murray's offer to him to conduct a Magazine, and to write for the "Quarterly."—Repugnance to the Proposal.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett, noticing Murray's offer.—"Conquest of Granada."—Sale of American Copyright.—Return to Seville.—Abridgment of "Columbus"—Given gratuitously to Murray.—Bargain with the Carvills for "Columbus" and Abridgment.—Death of Hall.—Anecdote of Invocation.—Bargain with Murray for "Conquest of Granada."—Close of 1828..... 126

CHAPTER XI.

Still at Seville.—Literary Plans and Pursuits.—Letter to Peter.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Receives Diploma of the Royal Academy of History.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—The Presidential Election.—His Impressions of Andrew Jackson.—Reason for adopting a *nom de guerre* for the "Conquest of Granada."—Letters to Peter.—Publication of "Chronicles of Granada."—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—About to leave Seville for Granada 139

CHAPTER XII.

The Governor's Quarters.—An Unexpected Visitor.—Passages of Letters.—The "Conquest of Granada" published in London.—

PAGE

Finishes the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain"—Letters to Peter on the Subject.—Letter to Dolgorouki.—Duke de Gor.—Hears of his Appointment as Secretary of Legation to London.—Letter thereupon to Mr. Wetherell at Seville.—Indifference to Official Honor.—Letter to Louis McLane.—To Mr. Everett.—His Plan of Return Broken up.—Letter to Peter.—Reply to the Objection that the Appointment was below his Talents and Position..... 150

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Granada.—Last Look of the Alhambra.—Journey in a Tartana.—Unexpected Civility of the Duke de Gor.—Robber Mementoes.—Spanish Travelling.—Mournful Fate of his Travelling Companion.—First Impressions of Diplomatic Life at London.—Bargain in America for Moore's "Life of Byron."—Two Letters from Moore on the Subject.—Newton.—William E. West.—Determines to eschew Literary Drudgery, and give Diplomatic Life a Trial.—Resolves upon a Life of Washington 170

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter to Gouverneur Kemble.—Award of a Gold Medal by the Royal Society of Literature.—The Oxford Honor.—Sketch of William IV.—Letter to Peter Irving.—Article in the "London Quarterly."—Letter to Louis McLane from Paris after the Elevation of Louis Philippe.—Extract from a Letter to the Same.—Talleyrand.—Literary Concerns.—Brevoort.—Dolgorouki—Peter Powell.—John Randolph.—The "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" in the Press.—Newton.—Leslie.—Kenney.—Payne.—Receives Notes from Murray for the "Voyages." 181

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Paulding.—"Slidell's Year in Spain," and the Review in the "London Quarterly."—Bargain with Carey & Lea for the "Voyages of Columbus."—Letter to Brevoort.—A Change in the Embassy.—The Author Chargé.—Letter to Louis McLane.—Arrival of Mr. Van Buren, the new Minister.—Letter to Louis McLane.—Relieved from the Legation.—Last Meeting with Sir Walter Scott.—Newton's Second Likeness.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Barlborough Hall.—Hardwicke Castle.—Newstead Abbey.—Derangement of Literary Plans.—Reform and Cholera 197

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter from Newstead Abbey.—Journeyings with Mr. Van Buren.—Arrangements for the Publication of the "Alhambra."—Letter from William C. Bryant, transmitting Volume of his Poems for English Publication.—Letter from Gulian C. Verplanck —Dedicatory Epistle to Samuel Rogers.—Rejection of Mr. Van Buren as Minister.—Letter to Peter Irving.—Mills.—Matthews,—Leslie.—Peter Powell.—Bargain with Colburn and Bentley for the "Alhambra."—Embarkation.—Lands at New York.—Reception.—Public Dinner.—Speech 207

CHAPTER XVII.

Peter Irving in Paris.—An Autobiographical Sketch of himself.—Publication of the "Alhambra."—Its Reception.—Excursion to Washington.—The Old General.—Henry Clay.—Meeting with Cooper, the Tragedian.—Visit to the Haunts of Rip Van Winkle.—Tour to the White Mountains.—At Tarrytown.—The Bramin.—Saratoga Springs.—Trenton Falls 230

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE

Change of Travelling Plans—Letters to Mrs. Paris.—Tour through Ohio.—Voyage on the Ohio and Mississippi—Black Hawk.—The Prairies of the Missouri.—A Launch into Savage Life.—Letter to Peter.—New Orleans.—William C. Preston.—Sojourn at Washington.—Letter to James K. Paulding.—Letters to Gouverneur Kemble from Washington.—Return to New York.—Again at Baltimore.—Letter thence to Peter Irving.—Herman Knickerbocker.—Visit to old Dutch Villages in the Neighborhood of the Catskill Mountains.—A Knickerbocker Excursion with Mr. Van Buren.—Abridgment of "Columbus" recommended as a Class-Book for the Common Schools 244

CHAPTER XIX.

The Author's First Notion of "Astoria."—A Nomination to Congress offered and declined.—His Distaste for Politics.—The "Crayon Miscellanies."—Publication and Reception of the "Tour on the Prairies."—American and English Preface.—Farms out his Prior Works to Carey, Lea & Co. for a Term of Seven Years.—No. II. of the "Crayon Miscellany."—"Abbotsford" and "Newstead."—Sunnyside in Embryo.—No. III. of the "Crayon Miscellany."—The "Legends of the Conquest of Spain."—Its publication.—The Workmen busy upon his Cottage 265

CHAPTER XX.

John Jacob Astor.—Investments in Land.—Return of Peter.—Completion of the Cottage.—Commences Housekeeping.—Publication of "Astoria."—Peter an Inmate of the Cottage.—Letter from "The Roost."—The New Pig 284

CHAPTER XXI.

PAGE

Newspaper Attacks on Mr. Irving.—Joseph Seawell Jones.—William Leggett.—The Booksellers' Festival. — Halleck and Rogers.—Letter to Ebenezer Irving.—Publication of the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."—Louis Napoleon at "The Roost."—Peter no longer an Inmate.—Letter to Edward Everett.—Letters to Gouverneur Kemble.—Death of John. — The Tammany People propose to run him for Mayor.—Declines.—President Van Buren offers him the Secretaryship of the Navy.—Declines 293

CHAPTER XXII.

Death of Peter.—Gossipings about the Cottage.—His Investments in Land unproductive of Revenue.—Engages upon the Conquest of Mexico.—Surrenders the Theme to Prescott.—Correspondence on the Subject.—Receipt of Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico."—Letter thereupon 319

CHAPTER XXIII.

Engages to contribute monthly to the "Knickerbocker Magazine."—His position respecting an International Copyright Law, in a Letter to the Editor.—Prescott's View.—Old and New Tarrytown.—Picture of his Neighborhood.—Biographical Sketch of Goldsmith for Harper's "Family Library."—Ebenezer Irving.—Biography of Margaret Davidson.—Anecdote of Clark and Geoffrey Crayon 334

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letter from Dickens.—Albert Gallatin.—Visits in the Highlands.—The "Life of Washington" begun.—The Dickens Dinner.—Letter from Boz.—Embarkation and Farewell 345

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

Mr. Irving in London.—Levee.—Reception at Court.—Meeting of old Acquaintances.—Rogers.—Leslie.—James Bandinel.—Monastic Seclusion in Westminster Abbey.—Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund.—The Queen's Grand Fancy Ball.—At Paris.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Presentment to Louis Philippe and other Members of the Royal Family at Neuilly..... 359

CHAPTER XXVI.

Arrival at Madrid.—His New Home.—Duke de Gor.—Audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.—Interview with the Regent.—Audience of the Queen.—The Routine of a Day 370

CHAPTER XXVII.

Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Sketch of Spanish Politics and Spanish Characters.—The Insurrection in October, 1841.—Attempt to get Possession of the Person of the Queen.—The Royal Palace.—Its Situation.—Details of his First Audience with the Queen.—His Sympathy in her Position.—Diplomatic Themes.—Curiosity about the Delivery of his Credentials.—Louis Philippe 379

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

AT PARIS.—OUT OF SPIRITS FOR LITERARY OCCUPATION.—THINKS OF GERMAN SUBJECTS.—FALLS IN WITH PAYNE, THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST.—EMBARKS WITH HIM IN DRAMATIC LABORS.—BUSY ON "RICHELIEU."—VISITS PETER AT HAVRE.—NEW LODGINGS ON HIS RETURN.—PAYNE GOES TO LONDON WITH "RICHELIEU," "MARRIED AND SINGLE," AND A ROUGH COPY OF "AZENDAI." —LETTER FROM PAYNE.—REPRESENTATION OF CHARLES II.—PAYNE'S OPINION OF IT.—COPP'S SONG AND CHARLES LAMB.—RESULTS OF THE JOINT THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS.—THE FATE OF "RICHELIEU."—DEDICATION BY PAYNE.

MR. IRVING had been so long idle with his pen that on his arrival at Paris he began to feel strongly the necessity of exertion. "When I once get going again with my pen," he writes to Peter, "I mean to keep on steadily, until I can scrape together enough from all my literary property to produce a regular income, however moderate. We shall then be independent of the world and its chances." The getting

under way, however, was the great difficulty. The most likely thing for him to prepare speedily for the press was his unfinished story of "Buckthorne and his Friends," which, as we have seen, he had laid aside at the suggestion of Leslie, as the groundwork of a novel; but it had remained untouched, and he had never been able to resume it.

On the 4th of September, recurring to some hints of Peter about Germany, he writes:—

I have been thinking over the German subjects. It will take me a little time to get hold of them properly, as I must read a little and digest the plan and nature of them in my mind. There are such quantities of these legendary and romantic tales now littering from the press both in England and Germany, that one must take care not to fall into the commonplace of the day. Scott's manner must likewise be widely avoided. In short, I must strike out some way of my own, suited to my own way of thinking and writing. I wish, in everything I do, to write in such a manner that my productions may have something more than the mere interest of narrative to recommend them, which is very evanescent; something, if I dare to use the phrase, of classic merit, *i. e.* depending upon style, etc., which gives a production some chance for duration beyond the mere whim and fashion of the day. I have my mind tolerably well supplied with German localities, manners, characters, etc., and when I once get to work, I trust I shall be able to spin them out very fluently. I have some ideas and subjects that I think will take if properly executed. At present I am busy on a slight literary job which I hope will put some money in my pocket without costing much time or trouble, or committing my name. When that is done, and the inventing fit comes over me again, I will strike at something else.

The slight literary job here alluded to was an altera-

tion of "La Jeunesse de Richelieu," a French play by M. Duval, which had been acted in Paris about thirty years before. It was one that Payne had already done in the rough, and he was now engaged in retouching and heightening a very ill-chosen plot, which he hoped, if thoroughly cast, to make effective in representation. He had been tempted at this time, while he could not get going in any leading occupation of the pen, which he could hope to make available for the London market, to accept the proposition of Payne to assist him in his pursuits and divide the profits of their joint dramatic manufacture, with the understanding that his agency was to be kept secret. Payne at this time had fitted up a cottage at Versailles in handsome style which he did not occupy, but was living, as Mr. Irving found him on the 13th of August, "in a sky parlor at the Palais Royal," where he employed himself in remodelling pieces from the French stage, and adapting them to English representation.

Soon after this dramatic agreement, Mr. Irving made a visit to his brother Peter, upon which he had long set his heart. During this absence, Payne rented some apartments in Paris, and having transferred to them his furniture from Versailles, re-let them to Mr. Irving on his return, reserving a small room for himself. In a letter to Peter, dated the day of his return, October 3, Mr. Irving thus speaks of lodgings he was to occupy for an almost unbroken period of more than a year:—

I am just about moving to my new quarters, No. 89 Rue Richelieu. I am greatly pleased with them. It is in one of the best private hotels in Paris; everything about the establishment is particularly genteel and well-regulated. My apartments consist of bed-room, sitting-room, and dining-room, with use of kitchen and appurtenances and a cellar. Payne has furnished them very handsomely. They have a warm southern exposure, and look into a very spacious and handsome court, and being newly finished and fitted up are very complete. You would be quite charmed with them. I shall have a bed for you whenever you choose to pay Paris a visit. I shall live very much at home, having an excellent *femme de ménage* to cook, etc., etc. The hotel is near the Rue Feydeau, between the old opera house and the Boulevards, one of the most central spots in Paris. As my room is pretty high up and separated by the court from the street, I am not incommoded by noise, and have plenty of daylight and sunshine.

A more important advantage is specified in a later description of his bachelor "nest" to his sister, Mrs. Paris: "The great national library, one of the very best in the world, is within five minutes' walk of my lodgings, and I have the privilege of having any books from it I please."

Soon after his occupation of his new lodgings he sends Peter this picture of himself and Payne at their joint labor.

Payne is busy upon "Azendai," making a literal translation. I am looking over it as he translates, and making notes where there must be alterations, songs, choruses, etc. It will have to be quite re-written, as the dialogue is flimsy and pointless; still the construction will answer, and that is the main point.

Ten days later he writes to Peter: "Payne sets off

privately for London on Wednesday, to treat with Kemble about 'Richelieu' and 'Belles and Bailiffs;'" another adaptation from the French, in which, under the title of "Married and Single," he had altered some scenes. He adds: "I shall send with him the rough copy of 'Azendai,' that it may be shown to Bishop, and the proper directions procured for the music."

It was to avoid arrest for his theatrical entanglements in London that Payne left "privately." The author of "Home, sweet Home" had made handsomely by the success of some of his pieces, yet it was seldom that he was long free from pecuniary perplexity. He speaks with bitter jocularity in one of his letters, of the hard tug he had had with life since he grew too portly for the stage and began "to *fatten* on trouble and starvation." His first letter does not disclose a very auspicious beginning to the dramatic speculation.

LONDON, November 7, 1823.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I was detained at Dieppe ten days waiting for a boat. At last I got out in the storm which made so many wrecks, and was in a gale all Monday night and part of Tuesday, sixteen hours and a half. The same night I went to the play at Brighton, and had the happiness of finding I had just missed "*Clari*," which had had a very considerable run some nights before. I got here on Wednesday, day before last, too late to do anything, and having rode all the way outside in a terrible rain, was stiff, and stupid, and tired. However, I packed off my things ["Richelieu," and "Married and Single"] instantly to Charles Kemble. Yesterday I delivered all your letters, inquired for your music, got my passport signed by Smith, dined with Leslie and Newton, got a lodging under the name of

Hayward (which I am every minute forgetting), and, heartily weary, found my bed was over a livery stable, where the hackney coaches entered every hour, and in which every horse had a violent cough. I feel as if I had not slept for a month.

Now for business. I saw Charles to-day and was very well received by the Committee,* but when I asked what they had to say about my pieces, they had not seen them ! I caused a hunt, and at last the parcel was found unopened. So much for the necessity of having come over. Charles took them home. My description of "Azendai," and my disclosure of your confidential communication, seemed to excite him. He asked me to his box to-night and to dinner either to-day or to-morrow ; but there will be no chance of specific arrangements till after Monday, I fear. I shall hand him "Azendai" to-night. If I had the "*Roulier*," I could make a market of it. Pray send it to me immediately. I mean the printed copy. Nothing answers now but the horses. I could not speak of terms at a first interview. No news of your music at Birchell's, and they have no room for "Abul Hassan" † this season, unless, as some one observed, horses could be put in it !

I think I shall dine with Miller to-day and Charles to-morrow. I am to go to a private box this evening to see the Horses. If you can think of any opportunity for a grand equestrian spectacle, it might do. I am almost afraid they will insist on bringing Richelieu in on horseback. Charles says he thinks you ought to produce better comic pieces than any one he knows, judging from the story of the "Unknown Gentleman," whose other half only is seen.

. . . . Newton and Leslie are very anxious to see you. They talk of you with a sort of affectionate idolatry. . . . . I have just received my passport to return, from the French ambassador, so "all's right." You will hear from me again on Monday.

About eighteen days after the date of this letter, Mr.

* The Committee of Management.

† A German opera which Mr. Irving had translated at Dresden.

Irving transmitted to Payne the manuscript of "Charles II., or the Merry Monarch," a piece in three acts altered from "La Jeunesse de Henry V.," and of which he speaks to Peter as being rather of a light kind and dependent on good genteel acting. Payne writes on its receipt: "I consider it one of the best pieces of the kind I ever read; there is a never diminishing vein of wit running through it, which, coming in aid of situations eminently dramatic, gives it a claim to rank with the best works in the language."

January 27th.—Payne writes to Mr. Irving that he had at length finished "the long pending negotiation respecting this piece and 'Richelieu,' and sold them to Covent Garden for two hundred guineas down," which he considered "a good sum," and he adds, "the copy-rights may double it."

As Mr. Irving's letters to Payne are missing, I cannot say how far he was satisfied with this result of his theatrical speculations, but perhaps it may not be without interest to trace the further fortunes of the pieces thus bargained for, which went to their ordeal at different dates.

"Charles II." was produced May 27th, 1824, and met with the most decided success. "The piece will grow upon the public on representation," writes Payne to Mr. Irving, "and I am convinced become a *stock* piece. The points all told *amazingly*. *My* notion about Copp's always trying a song, and never being able to get it out, was very

effective in representation."* The conception and execution of this song, which Payne jestingly speaks of as *my* notion, were his coadjutor's, done, as he once told me, to hit the English taste for broad fun. Some time later, after a series of successful representations, Payne writes in regard to this song: "Charles Lamb tells me he can't get Copp's song out of his head, and is very anxious for the rest of it. He says the *hiatus* keeps him awake o' nights."

Payne disposed of the copy-right for fifty guineas, after Mr. Irving had assisted him in pruning the piece, and reducing it to two acts. As the latter had stipulated for the concealment of his name, the only allusion Payne could permit himself in the preface was an intimation that the manuscript had been revised by a literary friend, to whom he was "indebted for invaluable touches."

"Richelieu" was not brought out until February, 1826; its appearance having been delayed under various pretexts. First nothing could be done until after the Christmas holidays; then there arose a difficulty about the cast, Charles Kemble inclining to one character, and Payne insisting it would be the ruin of the piece if he

* The following brief extract from the play presents the racy old Captain in his first abortive effort at being delivered of "the only song" he "ever knew:"

"In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel;
And his crew of Big Breeches,
Those Dutch sons of ——

Mary—[*Putting her hand on his mouth*]. O, Uncle, Uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song."

did not take another; then he wished that part, which was Richelieu, to be written up, and Dubois, Richelieu's secretary, who was too prominent, to be written down; and so, from one cause or another, it was not produced until the commencement of the year 1826, when Mr. Irving was at Madrid. The note of preparation began to be sounded in December, 1825. It was read in the green-room by Charles Kemble about the middle of this month, and one of the persons who was to act in it wrote Mr. Payne that all present were deeply affected, and that it was considered as one of the best plays which had been heard for some years. It was played a few nights and then withdrawn, exception being taken to the plot. "I went to see it last night," writes a literary friend to Mr. Irving. "It is very well got up; the dresses are beautiful, and the effect is more that produced by a piece at the Français, than anything I have seen. The dialogue is particularly well done, and the laughter all in the dress circle. It is thought highly of, and only wants a little correction to be the best thing we have seen of the age." It was put to press in New York, by a Mr. Murden, a publisher of plays, at the close of 1826, with the following dedication by Payne :—

TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

My dear Irving :—

It is about twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you; and it is not very often that people are found better friends at the later

part of so long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us ; and the admiration which I felt for you when I was a boy, has been succeeded by gratitude for steady and intrepid kindness now that I am no longer one.

Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world, by whom you are valued so highly, I should not have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintanceship under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of "Charles the Second," I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon,

My dear Irving,

Your sincere and grateful friend,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

PARIS, No. 89 RUE DE RICHELIEU,
February 13, 1826.

March 15, 1827, we have this final allusion to "Richelieu," in a letter of Ebenezer to his brother Washington: "I have not been able to make anything out of your friend Payne's drama of 'Richelieu.' The publisher tried hard to get it performed at one of our theatres, but could not succeed; the managers were afraid to attempt it, alleging that it was deficient in *incident*, particularly in the latter scenes. The publisher had one thousand

copies printed at his own expense, seven hundred of which are in my hands. The other three hundred he has to repay him his expenses."

This is the last trace I get of "Richelieu." Whatever its merit as a composition, the plot was objectionable, and the play much better suited to the closet than the stage.

CHAPTER II.

REVOLVING LITERARY PLANS.—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK.—TALMA.—KENNEY'S ANECDOTES.—CAPTAIN MEDWIN.—BYRON.—PASTA.—CORRECTS "SALMAGUNDI" FOR GALIGNANI.—LETTER TO LESLIE.—PROPOSITION OF GALIGNANI FOR AN EDITION OF BRITISH AUTHORS.—PROJECT OF A SECOND "SKETCH BOOK."—LETTERS TO MURRAY ABOUT "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."

AVING glanced at this theatrical episode in the author's life, I now resume the regular course of my narrative, going back to a period shortly succeeding Payne's departure for London, and just after Peter had left Havre for Paris, to become a member of his bachelor establishment. At this time, November 8, 1823, Murray applies the following spur to his lagging pen.

November 8th.—"Mr. H. Payne tells me he is a fellow-lodger with you at Paris, and as he is expected quickly to return, I cannot refrain from sending compliments to you, and of adding an inquiry as to your literary occupations, and what your publisher may be allowed to expect from you in the course of the winter. I am perfectly ready for you, and the sooner you take the field the better." Thus stimulated, he felt increased impatience to

mature some of the literary plans he had been revolving. "Wrote a little at 'History of an Author,'"* is one passage in his memorandum book. "Tried to commence work on Germany, but could not do anything," is another. Then follows: "Toward twelve o'clock, an idea of a plan dawned on me—made it out a little, and minuted down heads of it. Felt more encouraged—felt as if I should make something out of it." This was a plan, as he once told me, to mingle up the legendary superstitions of Germany, in the form of tales, with local descriptions and a little of the cream of travelling incidents, but he added, "there was a rawness about every attempt to bring it into shape. It needed time to mellow in my mind." At a later date, December 17, I evolve from the scarcely legible leaves of his pencilled memorandum this passage: "Woke early—felt depressed and desponding—suddenly a thought struck me how to arrange the MSS. on hand, so as to make two volumes of 'Sketch Book'—that quite enlivened me. At breakfast communicated it to Peter [now sharing his lodgings], who was highly pleased with it." Under this animating impulse, he writes to Murray, December 22, telling him he should "probably have two volumes of the 'Sketch Book' ready for him in the spring," and his note-book shows him at work the next day on an article on "French and English

* This was the title selected for the novel in which he was intending to expand *Buckthorne and his Friends*, as before mentioned; which purpose, however, he never fulfilled.

animosity and character," probably intended for the new "Sketch Book." A few of the succeeding days are given to the story of "Wolfert Webber," the rough draft of which he finished January 3, and then, after a little retouching and altering with a feeling of exhaustion, "and heavy and clogged in his faculties by cold," he drops the pen.

A few more leaves gleaned from his memorandum book, as he styles the miscellaneous registry, gives us some other glimpses and anecdotes of his life during this sojourn in Paris, which precedes the publication of the "Tales of a Traveller."

Friday, November 28th, 1823.—Dined at Beauvilliers, in company with Talma and others. Talma was in fine spirits; very frank, natural, and communicative. He speaks English well, and appeared to like the English character. He thinks the English are a noble people, but the French are more amiable and agreeable to live among. The intelligent English are disposed to do generous actions, but the common people are not so liberal as the same class among the French. The common English have bitter national prejudices. If a French prisoner escaped in England, the common people were against him. When the fight was going on round Paris, the Austrian and other prisoners were brought in wounded and passed along the boulevards; the people pitied them, and gave them money, bread, etc. He spoke of two French prisoners that escaped in England, and made their way to a seaport to get over to France. All their money, however, was exhausted, and they had not wherewithal to hire a boat. Seeing a banker's name over a door, they went in, stated their case frankly, and asked for a little pecuniary assistance, promising to refund. He at once gave them one hundred pounds. They offered a bill or receipt. He declined. "If you be not men of honor," said he,

"such paper would be of no use, and if you are men of honor, there is no need of it." This was related to Talma by one of the parties obliged.

He recollects seeing Franklin during the revolution.

Saturday, November 29th.—Reduced "Azendai" to two acts and sent it to Payne, to whom I also write—went to *manège* and took exercise on horseback—dined at home—passed the evening at Mr. Storrow's [an American family residing in Paris, with whom he was very intimate].

December 4th.—Kenney breakfasted with me—much talk about the theatres—incredible the rivalships and feuds between the actors—Kean is impatient of having any one in same piece that has a good part—asked Elliston last season: "How long, sir, am I to act with that d——d jesuitical bug——r, Young?"—Kenney told story of young empty officer who brought accounts of battle of Waterloo—invited to Holland House—in great spirits, imagining he should make his way famously by giving account of the battle—talked largely at table—Lady Holland, as Luttrell said, kept eyeing him with a look that seemed to say, "I'll be d——d if you are ever in this house again"—after breakfast, as the day was mild and did not rain, went to Galignani's, then to Louvre— . . . . returned and dressed for dinner—dined *tête-à-tête* with Lord John Russell at his lodgings, Bains de Tivoli – talked of Moore.

Moore has abandoned his great poem—the Loves of the Angels was an episode of it which he enlarged. Its want of success discouraged him—Lady Donegal wrote to him, "It both displeases and disappoints me"—this was a sore blow—Lord Lansdowne, who had read and liked it, just then arrived down in the country, but neglected to write Moore for some days on the subject—Moore took this as a tacit disapprobation, and was very much disheartened.

Wednesday, January 7th.—Call this morning at Galignani's—agree to correct "Salmagundi" for him.* Get Byron's last cantos of "Don Juan"— . . . . Pass evening at home dozing and reading part of ninth canto of "Don Juan," which I do not much relish.

* Payne had just written him from London (December 26): "A great fuss has been made here by Tegg in republishing *Salmagundi* under your name. I will send you a copy."

Thursday, 8th.—Call on Villamil, who has been confined some time with the gout—find there Lord John Russell, Capt. Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron, and author of the "Wandering Jew"—dissertation by Villamil on craniology—[he was a determined craniologist].—Captain Medwin says Byron is very abstemious, and has reduced himself quite thin—is in excellent health.

Friday, 9th.—Dined at Madame de Quandt's, Hotel Mirabeau, a German lady—blue-stocking—met there Dr. Gall—middle-sized old gent, with bald head—hair bushy each side—round forehead—wrinkled—dry, brownish, Chinese complexion—black eyes.

January 12th, 1824.—Go in evening to Théâtre Français—École des Vieillards—Talma and Mlle. Mars admirable.

14th.—Very cold weather—feel symptoms of having caught cold—great hoarseness—stiffness of the muscles of the throat—after breakfast send copy of "Salmagundi" to Galignani—go there—return him "Don Juan"—read papers.

15th.—Dined at Grattan's*—present, Lady Vavasour, Miss Pollard, Mr. Horace Smith, etc.—Horace Smith pleasant, but a cold witty man.

Saturday, 17th.—After breakfast read Gresset's "*Ver-vert,* or History of a Parrot"—excellent—full of wit and waggery, and delightfully versified.

January 22d, 1824.—Read in "Don Carlos"—call at Galignani's—read papers and return home, and lie on sofa all day reading "Don Carlos"—send books to the King's Library, and get out History of Normandy—dine at General Airey's—very pleasant dinner—General Airey's story of Irishman, who asked the other why he did not go to some public amusement: "Why, my wife has been dead but a month." "Well, what of that, she'll never be deader."

January 26th.—Read the "Wanderer," a poem by Captain Medwin—has many beautiful passages—called on Captain M.—promised to dine with him to-morrow—he is cousin to Mr. Shelley—character of Julian in the "Wanderer," Shelley's. . . . . Mr. Foy called at two—sat for my likeness.

* Author of *Highways and Byways.*

January 30th.—Visit from Mr. Goodrich of Conn.—brought letters from John T. Irving—received letter from Payne, inclosing fifty pounds to pay certain bills—he has concluded bargain with managers—two hundred guineas—[for "Richelieu" and "Charles II.," as stated in the preceding chapter].

February 1st.— . . . . Drove with Captain Medwin in his cabriolet to Bois de Boulogne—long talk about Lord Byron—he writes at fits—has intervals when he cannot write, continuing two and three weeks—does not revise nor correct much—writes sometimes in bed—rises at twelve—sometimes two—eats a crust in a cup of tea with egg—rides out at four—when in writing mood writes at any time—if persons are present often writes and talks—does not seclude and deny himself—never speaks ill of Lady Byron—when her father died he wrote a most affectionate and moving letter—wished a reconciliation—received no reply, but a cold message through his sister—when he dines by himself is very abstemious as to wine—when he has company he drinks freely—gives away large sums—reads miscellaneously all the modern works—reads much—does not study—never touches the classics—is not a good Grecian—understands Italian well—reads history, etc., relative to the subject he is writing on—has an excellent memory, but not for dates—a poetical memory—does not like to meet strangers who are desirous to see him—says they expect great things, and he is but a common man in conversation.

February 3d.—Last night and this morning read "St. Ronan's Well"—evening to opera—Tancredi—sat in Dr. G.'s box—Pasta vexed in course of evening by a duet being called for which had been omitted, Pasta being indisposed—Miss G. says Pasta is very pleasant—not well informed, but of good natural talent—feels strongly what she plays, and is often over-powered by her characters, particularly the few first representations—does not seem to be happy—her husband gambles—when Pasta sits by her at music the tears will stream down her cheeks—is a little high-tempered and capricious, but amiable—has a fine little girl about seven—anecdote of Miss G.—her English servant being sent for a coiffeur went for a confessor.

February 7th.—Read miscellaneously and look over MSS., but cannot write.

February 9th. — This morning finished correcting "Salmagundi"—write to Leslie.

I give the letter in which he mentions that he is trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the "Sketch Book;" a plan afterward relinquished for "The Tales of a Traveller," as we shall see by some further quotations from his memorandum book, and the letter to Murray, which is to follow.

[*To Charles R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, February 8, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

It is a long while since I have heard from either you or Newton. How are you both, and what are you doing? I see among the pictures to be exhibited at the British Gallery a "Don Quixote" by Newton, which I presume is the little picture made from poor Ogilvie, which I have before heard of. Do you not intend to have anything ready for the next Exhibition? I long to see you again to have some good long talks with you. I wish you were here at present, I think you would do me good. I am trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the "Sketch Book," but I have been visited by a fit of sterility for this month past that throws me all aback, and discourages me as to the hope of getting ready for a spring appearance. I have a Dutch story written, which I have shown to friend Foy, for I like to consult brother artists. He thinks it equal to any of my others. I think you would like it. I have determined also to introduce my "History of an Author," breaking it into parts and distributing it through the two volumes. It had grown stale with me, and I never could get into the vein sufficient to carry it on and finish it as a separate work. . . . .

I am sorry to see "Salmagundi" is published at London, with all its faults upon its head. I have corrected a copy for Galignani, whom I found bent upon putting it to press. My corrections consist almost entirely in expunging words, and here and there an offensive sentence. I have a set of your illustrations of my works; they are admirable. I wish you had made others for "Bracebridge Hall," or that you would still do so. I still think your "Dutch Fireside" worthy of being painted by you as a cabinet picture. It is admirable. The engraving from Newton's portrait of me is thought an excellent likeness by my brother and by others here.

I see Mr. Foy very frequently, and the more I see of him the better I like him. I thank you for making me acquainted with him. I am very much incommoded by visits and invitations, for in spite of every exertion I find it impossible to keep clear of society entirely without downright churlishness and incivility.

Do let me hear from you, my dear Leslie, as soon as you can spare a moment to the pen. I am sure a letter from you will be of service to me, as a visit from you has often been, when in one of my dispirited moods. Give my best remembrances to your sister, and to Newton when you see him. Yours ever,

W. I.

I resume with some leaves from his memorandum book, beginning nine days after the letter just given.

February 17*th.*—Wake very early—get up at six o'clock, and write till eight at introductory part of Italian tale—after breakfast resume my pen and write all day at the Italian story—finish the introduction and commence the tale—write twenty-eight pages this day—clean and neat writing.

February 18*th.*—Slept ill last night—rise unrefreshed—while breakfast things are removing, scrawl the story of the "Bold Dragoon"—after breakfast resume the Italian story—rewrite what I wrote yesterday, and add eight or nine pages—feel haggard from want of rest last night.

February 19*th.*—Wake very early in the morning and try in vain to

sleep again—after breakfast resume the story of the "Mysterious Picture"—Captain Medwin calls, but I continue writing—finish the story by half past three, having written twenty-three pages since half past nine—dine at Dr. Maclaughlin's—present several gentlemen whom I knew by sight, but not by name, except Colonel Thornton—Thornton speaks of the handsome manner in which General Jackson sent back watches and epaulettes, that had been taken from officers at New Orleans—speaks of the custom in war, not to fire upon individuals—even if reconnoitring parties advance too near, when no actual engagement is going on, they are hailed and desired to keep back.

February 20th.—Slept ill last night—after breakfast this morning, resume and write the stories of the "Aunt," and the "Bold Dragoon"—twenty-three pages—at four o'clock go to Galignani's—Galignani proposes my editing an edition of "British Classics"—promise to think of it—he is about publishing Knickerbocker—dined at Medwin's with Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Mills—I was oppressed by torpor and heaviness.

February 22d.—Rewrite the story of "My Uncle and the Marquis"—fourteen pages.

February 23d.—This morning write introduction to Robber tales—twelve pages—interrupted by various circumstances—Galignani and Didot call to engage me as editor of their edition of "British Classics"—refer them to Peter.

February 24th.—Wakeful at night—write five pages—story of Popkins—all the worse for writing—went with Peter to Galignani's—talked of the editing of British authors—they offered 20,000 francs—stated my terms.

February 25th.—Awoke early—felt greatly relieved by the bath and sleep of last night—wrote in bed on the Robber story, namely, the adventure of Popkins—ten pages before breakfast—after breakfast wrote the concluding adventure of the attack of the escort—ten pages.

March 11th.—Write from five o'clock this morning at author—Mr. Galignani calls this morning about my editing suite of English authors—we cannot agree about the first condition—namely, an advance of £100—he goes off to consult Didot.

March 13th.—Galignani called to-day and acceded to my terms.

March 14th.—Write prospectus and terms for collection of British Literature—Galignani calls and agrees to my terms—250 francs a volume —2,500 francs in advance.

He asks an advance because he did not wish to put his name, which was his capital, to a doubtful enterprise without some certain remuneration.

March 15th.—Write introduction to "Wolfert Webber"—received a present of books from Galignani and Baudry, for my correction of "Salmagundi" and Knickerbocker, consisting of thirty-three volumes octavo, elegantly bound, of choice French authors—Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, etc.

March 17th.—Write a little this morning at Buckthorne story—merely arranging it.

March 22d.—Wrote this morning at "Goldsmith's Life"—[for the collection of British Literature he had just agreed to edit]—at two o'clock went to a wedding, etc.—return home and find letter from Murray full of kindness and friendly profession—offers 1,200 guineas for my new work in two vols., without seeing it till in print.

March 25th.—Write to Murray requiring £1,500.

I give the letter, which shows that he had now abandoned his project of a second Sketch Book.

[*To John Murray.*]

PARIS, March 25, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter of the 18th was a very gratifying one, as it so satisfactorily accounted for a silence which quite perplexed me. I do not regret having turned aside from my idea of preparing two more volumes of the "Sketch

Book," as I think I have run into a plan and thrown off writings which will be more novel and attractive. I have the materials for two volumes nearly prepared, but there will yet be a little rewriting and filling up necessary. I hope, however, to lay the work before you in the course of six weeks. I think the title will be "Tales of a Traveller," by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Your offer of twelve hundred guineas without seeing the MSS. is, I confess, a liberal one, and made in your own gentlemanlike manner, but I would rather you would see the MS. and make it *fifteen hundred.* Don't think me greedy after money; but in fact I have need of all I can get just now, as I can do five pounds' worth of good with every pound I can spare, and since the world won't let me live as I please, I find it very expensive to live with the world.

Those who have seen various parts of what I have prepared, think the work will be the best thing I have written, and that it will be very successful with the public. An author is not, perhaps, the best judge of his productions, otherwise I might throw my own opinion into the scale.

I shall go on to finish the work as soon as possible, and shall bring it over to England before long, as I can write upon it while there, and indeed while it is printing.

I write in excessive haste to save the mail, which is nearly closing.

Present my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Murray, and believe me, dear sir, Very sincerely, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I am writing with a bewildered head and feverish hand, having returned at almost daylight from a fancy ball at the British ambassador's—the most magnificent thing I have ever seen, and which must dazzle all Paris.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—LETTER TO PETER.—INTERVIEW WITH MURRAY.—ATTENDS REPRESENTATION OF "CHARLES II."—LESLIE.—NEWTON.—MOORE.—WILLIAM SPENCER.—ROGERS.—LADY CAROLINE LAMB.—THE MAN OF MANY INVITATIONS.—LEAVES LONDON WITH MILLS FOR MANOR HOUSE, LYNDHURST.—GOES TO BATH TO MEET MOORE.—ELWYN'S DINNER.—EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDUM BOOK.—FAREWELL TO MOORE.—LETTER TO PETER.—INTENT ON LITERARY OCCUPATION.—DINNER WITH ROGERS.—HIS GOOD STORY OF A FRENCH ABBÉ.—FALLS SHORT IN MANUSCRIPT FOR "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."—SUPPLIES THE DEFICIENCY.—STARTS FOR FRANCE.—LETTER TO MOORE ON THE WAY.—MOORE'S REPLY.—KENNEY AND SCROOPE DAVIES.

TWO months after the date of the letter to Murray, given at the close of the preceding chapter, leaving Peter in his bachelor quarters at No. 89 Rue Richelieu, Mr. Irving took his work over to England, and in a letter dated London, May 31, 1824, thus addresses that brother:—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I arrived here safe and sound on Friday evening, after a very pleasant journey. I saw Murray on Saturday, and arranged the business in two minutes. He behaved like a gentleman. Told me he had not replied to my last letter, because he was in daily expectation of my arrival. That he agreed to my terms without seeing the MSS. That it could be put to press the moment I was ready, and should be printed as fast or as slowly

as I pleased. In a word, everything went as smoothly and pleasantly as heart could wish.

. . . . I got in time on Friday evening to see the second represen tation of "Charles II." It succeeds very well, though the critics attack the *language*. The fact is, the first act is extremely heavy, in consequence of being extremely ill played. . . . . The second act goes off famously, and so does the greater part of the third, in consequence of the excellent acting of Fawcett in Copp. He makes it one of the best things I ever saw him do. I shall assist Payne in pruning the piece to-day, and I have no doubt it will have a good run. Payne intends putting it to press immediately.

Leslie has completely established his reputation by his "Sancho in the Apartment of the Duchess." It is a lovely painting ; one of the most charming things I have seen in modern art. It is decidedly the crack picture of the exhibition, and is greatly talked of. Lord Egremont is the owner of it. He has taken Leslie by the hand for this year or two past in a generous manner.

. . . . Newton's "Dr. Porceaugnac" is far beyond my expectations, and does him great credit. For composition and execution it is far the best thing he has done ; and he has managed the subject so as to obviate the objections we apprehended. He is getting reputation as fast as could be wished.

I am rejoiced that I got my work ready before coming here, or I should have been full of perplexity and annoyance, as I am kept in a continual whirl. Moore is in town. I was with him a great part of the day before yesterday ; yesterday he passed in the country ; to-day we dine together.

I write in extreme haste, just to give you the main points of information. I will write fuller at more leisure.

Colonel Aspinwall tells me he has copious particulars about Kidd to give me. Affectionately your brother,

W. I.

William Spencer has just invited me to take up my quarters at his lodgings, No. 4 Mount St., Grosvenor Square. Address to me there.

William Spencer, here mentioned, was the author of those exquisite lines familiar to every reader of poetry, beginning: "Too late I stayed—forgive the crime." Besides the literary characters mentioned in this letter, his memorandum book presents the following glimpses of Rogers, and specimens of his table talk. Byron, it will be remembered, had died at Missolonghi, in April, and his executors had insisted upon the total destruction of the Memoirs presented to Moore.

Sunday, May 30th.—Breakfasted with Rogers in company with Newton, Leslie, and Proctor, the poet. Rogers said that when Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb quarreled, Lord Byron told him when men and women fell out the one that keeps the ground longest wins. "Lady Caroline gave in two minutes before me." Lady Caroline took all Lord Byron's letters, made a funeral pyre of them, put his miniature on the top, had a number of young girls to dance round, singing a kind of incantation, and burnt them; but mark you, they were only copies, and what made the ridiculousness complete was, that there was no one present to be taken in by it but herself, and *she was in the secret.*

He said when Lord and Lady Byron separated, Byron told all his friends, and Rogers among the number, that he alone was to blame.

Rogers thinks Murray the great loser by the burning of the MSS., as he bought a *post obit* work not to be available until the death of a man younger than himself; of course he ran a great risk; unexpectedly the death of that person makes the MSS. available in the course of a year, but he is deprived of his bargain.

Rogers says Moore does not recollect the MSS., and he says he does not believe he read it; as while in Paris he was so continually engaged he had not time to read even his billet doux.

Rogers suspected he himself is handled harshly in the Memoir, as Moore did not show it to him.

A few days later, his memorandum book contains this further specimen of the table-talk of the poet, who, it will be remembered, was one of the men most sought after in high society in England.

Saturday, June 5th.—Called on Rogers. He gave me an amusing instance of the sincerity of dinner invitations. He was invited by Lady J. to dine with her on a certain day. He endeavored to excuse himself, as he was about to leave town on a country excursion. She would take no excuse ; he must come ; would be glad to have him on any terms ; would take her chance, etc., etc. He accordingly promised to come if he should return from the country in time. He was asked by Lady B——— P——— to come on the same day ; he made the same excuse. She would not listen to it; he had disappointed her so often, he must come ; she would expect him, etc., etc.

The Duchess of S——— told him that when he returned to town he must come and dine with her ; she was always at home and would always be glad to see him, etc., etc., etc.

He returned to town on the day designated in the invitations ; made a morning call on Lady J———. "Well," cried she, "you are coming to dine ; that's so good of you; that's so friendly!"

"I will come with pleasure," replied Rogers, "if your table is not made up ; otherwise make no stranger of me ; I can dine elsewhere ; Lady B——— P——— has asked me," etc., etc.

"Why, really ; to treat you as a friend, we are expecting a great many ; our table is full, and if you could dine with Lady B——— ; you see I make no ceremony," etc., etc.

Rogers took his leave good-humoredly, and went to Lady B———.

"Ah ! you are coming to say yes ; you mean to dine with us to-day ; that's so good of you, I'll never forget it," etc., etc.

"Why, indeed, I have come to accept, but yet don't put yourself to inconvenience ; I can dine elsewhere."

"Why, really, we have issued invitations for as many as our table will

hold, but L. has not replied; if you could see him, and know whether he comes or not. If he does not come and you would take his place we would be *so* obliged," etc., etc.

Rogers had now his *dernier ressort*, the Duchess of S———, who was always at home and was always glad to see him, and would always take it as a favor if he would come *sans ceremonie*. He accordingly called on her, but she never said a word about his coming to dinner. In fine, the man of many invitations ate his dinner at a coffee-house, and spent a dull evening at a theatre.

A few days after the date of this record, he writes to Peter in a letter dated Manor House, Lyndhurst, June 10, 1824:—

I passed about nine days in town, in a complete hurry. To attend to any literary concerns was impossible. Payne copied part of my MS., and got other parts copied by others, excepting about fifty pages which are to be sent to me here. I shall be able to forward all by the fifteenth *via* Liverpool. I left London on Monday last with Mills, and got here the same day to dinner. I have been here three days, the weather beautiful, and have taken advantage of it to see the neighborhood. The scenery about here is very fine; a great deal of wild forest land. I am delighted with the manor house and its inhabitants. Mr. Compton* is . . . . a complete specimen of an English country gentleman. His whole establishment is perfect in its kind, and quite a study. . . . . I shall stay here until the 14th, when I go to Bath to meet Moore (whom I saw a great deal of in London). It will be the time of the musical festival. I shall pass a couple of days at Bath and then go on to Brummy.

I shall wait a few days longer before I put my work to press in London, as I wish the American edition to have a little chance for a start.

From this place Mr. Irving proceeded to Bath, where

* Brother-in-law of Frank Mills, an Oxford scholar with whom he had become acquainted at Paris, and whom he accompanied on this visit.

he had engaged to meet Moore, and on the 17th we have this record in his memorandum book.

Thursday, June 17th.—Breakfasted with Moore—rambled together about Bath—called at Catalani's, who was not up—left Bath at eleven in post-chaise with Moore for his cottage—drove through very pleasant country—Moore told me entertaining story of his becoming acquainted with a lady who had just buried her husband—arrived at the cottage between twelve and one—very pleasantly situated and a delightfully arranged little retreat—we rambled about the fields and to Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, a princely mansion of stone, with columns in front—fine park around—found Lord Lansdowne at home, who received us very kindly—walked over the grounds with us—pretty waterfall—wished us to stay to dinner—accompanied us part of the way back—begged me to call on him when I came to town—returned to the cottage to dinner—pleasant dinner—in the evening a delightful walk—passed the evening at the rectory—rector ill abed—large family of sons and daughters—very pleasant—returned home about half past nine, and went to my room at ten, but remained reading Lord Byron's MS. Memoirs till half past twelve.

Not *the* memoirs, of course, which had been destroyed, and which he had already read.

Moore's diary of this date has the following:—

June 17th.—Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth ; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal.

Elwyn's dinner was at Bath, on the 16th, and was given to a number of guests of both sexes. The modest American, a stranger to all probably but Moore, was not apt to "come out" on such occasions. Indeed, it was only in

the easy familiarity of domestic life, that he could be seen to the greatest advantage. It was here that the riches of his conversation were most apparent. His forte in this respect was his humor; much of which, however, was of a kind of which language can give no idea; it was not more in what he said, than in the way he said it; the play of feature, the eye, the tone, the gesture. There was a natural, easy, delightful sportiveness about his conversation when under no restraints of form or ceremony, a mixture of wit, whim, fun, and drollery, of which few could resist the fascination. His vivacity, however, was apt to desert him when he most needed it, and especially when among strangers, where he was conscious of particular or critical observation. Moore, on the other hand, was always a sprightly and reliable conversationalist, and ever ready to extract enjoyment from the flying moment, wherever passed. He seemed ever to rise in the morning, as Mr. Irving once remarked of him, with the words of the song on his lips:—

"Say, what shall be our sport to-day?"

I continue with the memorandum book:—

June 18th.—Rose at seven—read more of Lord Byron while dressing—pleasant breakfast—after breakfast adjourned to Moore's study, where I prepared a despatch for Murray of part of the MS. of "Strange Stories"—dined a little after two that I might get to ——— in time for the coach—after dinner set off with Moore, Mrs. Moore and Mr. Brannegan accompanying us part of the way—had a very pleasant walk with Moore through Lord Lansdowne's grounds to Mr. ——— where we found the

coach had just passed—stopped there and took tea while they sent for a chaise—Bowles church and parsonage in sight—had a pleasant gossiping cup of tea and then took an affectionate leave of that charming fellow Moore—a brilliant in head and heart.

From Birmingham, where he went from Moore's, to make a visit of a few days to his sister's family, he writes to Peter, July 29: "I have furnished Murray with MSS. of part of the first volume, but have received no proof sheet as yet:" and nine days later, we have the following letter addressed to this brother touching on various literary matters, and dated, as will be seen, from the residence of his Dresden friends, the Fosters, where he was now on a visit.

BRICKHILL, near BEDFORD, July 7, 1824.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I arrived here from town last night on a visit to my kind Dresden friends, the Fosters, who have welcomed me as to my own home. I shall stay here seven or eight days at least.

I went from Birmingham to town to put the printers in motion, as I received no proof sheets. It was well I did, as I found Murray had intended keeping the work back till November. On finding the danger of being anticipated by an American edition, he changed his plan and has advertised it for the first of August, and set the press hard at work. I now receive proof sheets daily and can push the publication as briskly as I please; but I do not wish to hurry it too quickly. I fancy it will appear about the tenth of August. I shall take care to forward sheets to America. There is no danger of the work's being pirated in America, under any circumstances. The public would set their faces against it.

Five days later, July 12, he writes from the same place to Peter:—

I shall leave here on Thursday next for London, but shall leave it almost immediately on a hasty excursion to Yorkshire ; which performed, I shall think of getting over to France as soon as possible, and if you are still at Havre, will come that way. I wish to get back to Paris, and get to work again. . . . .

I told you in my last, that I am to prepare an improved and enlarged edition of "Salmagundi" for Murray. I shall get materials for Rogers' and Campbell's biographies in London, and then, if I can get a quiet room at Auteuil for the month of August, I think I can get a profitable little lot of work done. I feel the impulse strong on me to keep my pen moving, and am resolved not to flag nor falter until I have secured plenty of the needful to make life easy.

The last entry in his memorandum book gives us a further allusion to Rogers, whose biography and that of Campbell he was intending to prepare for the collection of British Literature, for which Galignani had engaged his pen, though he never got beyond a brief life of Goldsmith, in an undertaking which soon fell to the ground.

Called at Rogers'—found Kenney and Rogers' brother breakfasting with him—sat and chatted till twelve—went with Kenney to Leslie's.—Dined with Rogers *tête-à-tête*—he was very critical and censorious on Moore and others—told a good story of the French Abbés—before the French Revolution, at the houses of the principal noblemen there would be a plate left for some chance Abbé—and the first that arrived took it—about dinner time you would see the Abbés [illegible] picking their way from the top of one stone to another—ringing or rapping at the *port-cocher*, and inquiring—*y-a-t-il de place ? Non, Monsieur ;* then he would tillup onward.—On one occasion, at the commencement of the revolution, there was a party dining—the cart went by carrying criminals to the guillotine—all the company ran to the windows—the Abbé being a short

man tried to peep on tiptoe, but in vain, so he went down to the *porte cocher*.—As the vehicle went by, one of the victims, who knew the Abbé, bowed to him—the Abbé returned the salutation—"What! you are his friend—you are one of them—away with him"—the poor Abbé was hoisted into the cart and hurried to the guillotine.—The company having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table—the Abbé's place was vacant—*Mais où est M. l'Abbé?*—Alas! the poor Abbé was already headless.

July 30th, he writes to Peter from London:—

I had hoped by this time to be on my way for France, but the work has been thrown back this last week, by finding the MSS. not sufficient to furnish matter for two octavo volumes, so I am obliged to supply a couple of sheets for each volume.

The first volume I help out by introduction, and by introducing passages into "Buckthorne's Life."

I have just scribbled off another robber tale for the second, which will nearly supply the needful, and I think will increase the effect of the third part. It makes me feel more confident of the series of Banditti tales.

The moment I have corrected the last proof sheet, I shall start.

Having risen early on the morning of August 13, and corrected proof sheets till nine, and received Murray's drafts for the "Tales of a Traveller" at six, nine, and twelve months, for 500 guineas each; he left London at two o'clock in coach for Brighton, crossed thence the next day to Dieppe, and the day following had engaged lodgings at Auteuil, a few miles from Paris, where, as we have seen, he was hoping to do a profitable lot of work.

It was at Brighton, on his way, that he addressed to Moore, this, as the poet terms it in his diary, "very amus-

ing letter," for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the poet's biographer, Lord John, now Earl Russell.

[*To Thomas Moore.*]

BRIGHTON, August 14, 1824.

"My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea;"

I forget how the song ends, but here I am at Brighton just on the point of embarking for France. I have dragged myself out of London as a horse drags himself out of the slough or a fly out of a honey pot, almost leaving a limb behind him at every tug. Not that I have been immersed in pleasure and surrounded by sweets, but rather up to the ears in ink and harassed by printer's devils.

I never have had such fagging in altering, adding, and correcting; and I have been detained beyond all patience by the delays of the press. Yesterday I absolutely broke away without waiting for the last sheets. They are to be sent after me here by mail to be corrected this morning, or else they must take their chance. From the time I first started pen in hand on this work, it has been nothing but hard driving with me.

I have not been able to get to Tunbridge to see the Donegals, which I really and greatly regret. Indeed I have seen nobody except a friend or two, who had the kindness to hunt me out. Among these was Mr. Story, and I ate a dinner there that it took me a week to digest, having been obliged to swallow so much hard-favored nonsense from a loud-talking baronet whose name, thank God, I forget, but who maintained Byron was not a man of courage, and therefore his poetry was not readable. I was really afraid he would bring John Story to the same way of thinking.

I went a few evenings since to see Kenney's new piece, the "Alcaid." It went off lamely, and the "Alcaid" is rather a bore, and comes near to be generally thought so. Poor Kenney came to my room next even-

ing, and I could not have believed that one night could have ruined a man so completely. I swear to you I thought at first it was a flimsy suit of clothes had left some bedside and walked into my room without waiting for the owner to get up ; or that it was one of those frames on which clothiers stretch coats at their shop doors, until I perceived a thin face sticking edgeways out of the collar of the coat like the axe in a bundle of fasces. He was so thin, and pale, and nervous, and exhausted—he made a dozen difficulties in getting over a spot in the carpet, and never would have accomplished it if he had not lifted himself over by the points of his shirt collar.

I saw Rogers just as I was leaving town. He told me he had seen you, and that the christening was soon to take place.

I had not time to ask Rogers any particulars about you, and indeed he is not exactly the man from whom I would ask news about my friends. I dined *tête-à-tête* with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it rather set my teeth on edge.

I hope you are working at Lord Byron's life. Sheridan's can keep without disadvantage, but now is the time to work at Lord B. so as to bring it out before the interest shall have died away, or that others shall have usurped the public mind with respect to him.

I met Mrs. Brannegan one evening at the opera, and on parting inquired her address. I was too busy to call for a day or two, and made my call the very day she had departed.

Farewell, my dear Moore. Let me hear from you, if but a line ; particularly if my work pleases you, but don't say a word against it. I am easily put out of humor with what I do. Give as much love to Mrs. Moore, as it is respectable in a husband to countenance, and tell her I have ordered a copy of my work to be sent to her,

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is Moore's reply :—

1824.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I take the opportunity of a packet to Paris to tell you that your book is delightful. I never can answer for what the public will like, but if they do not devour this with their best appetite, then is good writing, good fun, good sense, and all other goods of authorship thrown away upon them. I had to listen to Lord Lansdowne the other evening read ing over whole pages of "Buckthorne" which I already knew by heart, but which he seemed so pleased with that it would have been a sin to stop him. Luttrell also has been warm in your praises, and altogether your muse, I think, treads upon velvet.

We have had Bowood swarming with aristocracy and wit, and I have been gallanting the fair Genoese, Madlle Durazzo, to mass [at Wardour, and other gayeties. Lord Bath's also has been among my visiting places, and upon the whole I have been quite as idle as I ought *not* to have been.

Your lively letter from Brighton was far too sprightly to be kept under cork, and accordingly it effervesced out at Bowood, much to poor Kenney's exposure and the delight of every one. I *never* read anything so good, even in your books. That "*infidus scurra*," Kenney (as I could collect from Rogers), showed me up for the dinner I made my good-natured friend in Cleveland Row give you all. It *was* an officious trick of me, I own.

We had little Russell christened while Lord John was here, and I am afraid he will be a chip of the old block, for he was laughing at the parson all the time of the operation.

God bless you, my dear Irving,

Ever heartily yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Bessy likes you rather too well to make her praise of your book worth much, but she is enchanted.

The dinner here alluded to, is touched upon in Mr. Irving's diary in this way: "Dined at Mr. Moore's near the park—with Kenney, Moore, Newton, and Fitzroy

Stanhope—sat long at table—talked about Scroope Davies —from thence went to Mrs. Story's to supper—all the party dull and heavy." In conversation I have heard him allude to Kenney's annoyance at an incessant interchange of anecdotes about "Scroope Davies," that was kept up between Moore and Fitzroy Stanhope, whom Moore included at the last moment in the dinner, at first intended only for Kenney, Newton, and Irving, which would have made "a good *ensemble*." Fitzroy Stanhope was a stranger to all but Moore, and did not fit in to the party. He was decidedly *de trop* for the "unrestrained flow of soul" which Kenney and the other two had promised themselves. "You have spoiled the dinner," said Mr. Irving to Moore, when he told him of the innovation; "he is a stranger to us all and will not be of accord." "Never you fear," said Moore, "we'll spread him over the scale, like a false note in music." "But I was right," said Mr. Irving, in relating the anecdote; "it spoiled the dinner." "O!" said Kenney to him on their way to Mrs. Story's, "it was nothing but Scroope Davies this, and Scroope Davies that; they killed me with their Scroope Davies." It was probably after this infliction that Kenney related the anecdote, which I quote from Moore's Diary, and which may have had a significance which Moore knew how to interpret, when he wrote his letter to Mr. Irving.

Kenney mentioned to-day Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him such a "charming man!" etc., etc., ending with: "I

know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but damn him at a hazard!"

Kenney was no doubt ready with a similar chance imprecation upon Scroope Davies, specimens of whose wit formed the burden of the feast.

In a letter received by Mr. Irving soon after from Newton is this passage: "When you see Kenney give my best regards to him. I hope he has recovered entirely from Scroope Davies; his friend Stanhope is looking remarkably well."

CHAPTER IV.

PUBLICATION OF THE "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."—INTERRUPTIONS OF SOCIETY. —HIS EVIL GENIUS.—DOWNHEARTED. —LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING. —LETTER TO LESLIE.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—CLOSE OF 1824.

THE "Tales of a Traveller" was published in London on the 25th of August, in two octavo volumes, and at a price fixed by Murray, which occasioned some murmurs, though it sold rapidly. In New York it was published in four parts; the first part consisting of "Strange Stories," by a Nervous Gentleman, August 24; the second part, "Buckthorne and his Friends," September 7; the thirt part, "The Italian Banditti," September 25; and the fourth, "The Money Diggers," October 9; this last, nearly seven weeks later than the appearance of the entire volumes in London.

The reputation of the author was fully kept up by the work, but it did not excite so much surprise, and consequently obtain as much popularity with the public, as his previous productions; "wherein," says Newton, in a letter dated October 7, 1824, "you will only find the lot of all popular writers when they give the world a

work, however well executed, but resembling in its nature what they have already done; the better, the worse for them." Newton thought he never did anything better than "The Bold Dragoon;" "the dance of the furniture is capital indeed;" "'Buckthorne,' too," he says, "and all the 'Money Digging' part told amazingly well," but, he adds, "the 'Young Italian' seemed to be as much a favorite as any. I heard Hallam quoting it the other day, as one of the finest specimens of your writing."

The "Tales of a Traveller," however, which in his view contained some of the best things he had ever written, found little favor with some of the British critics; and in his own country, which felt a generous pride in his extended reputation, it had hardly proceeded to the publication of the first and second parts, before he was told there were some "violent demonstrations of hostility" on the part of the press.

A leaf in his note-book gives the following disclosure:—

November 23d.—Went to Galignani's—met my evil genius there, who told me the critics were attacking me like the devil in England—returned home for a short time, but could not remain—downhearted.

The letters which follow, somewhat varying in tone and character, will now be in place.

The first is addressed to the eldest son of his brother Ebenezer, who, at the early age of eighteen, had ventured into print in some contributions to a little periodical

called "The Fly," which ran through five numbers and expired.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

PARIS, December 7, 1824.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I have long intended to answer your letter, but I am so much occupied at one time and interrupted at another, that I am compelled to be a very irregular correspondent. I have been much gratified by the good accounts I hear of you from various quarters, and have been pleased with the little periodical work which you sent me, which gave proof of very promising talent. I am sorry, however, to find you venturing into print at so early an age, as I consider it extremely disadvantageous. I would have you study assiduously for several years to come, without suffering yourself, either by your own inclinations or the suggestions of your friends, to be persuaded to commit the merest trifle to the press. Let me impress this most earnestly upon you. I speak from observation and experience as to the pernicious effects of early publishing. It begets an eagerness to reap before one has sown. It produces too often an indisposition to further study, and a restless craving after popular applause. There is nothing that a very young man can write that will not be full of faults and errors, and when once printed they remain to cause him chagrin and self-reproach in his after years. The article you wrote in the periodical work, for instance, was very clever as to composition, and was all that could be expected from a writer of your age; but then you showed yourself ignorant of music, though you undertook to satirize a musical performance; at a riper age you would not have committed this error. The composition you were ridiculing must have been one of the sublime productions of Handel or Haydn, and the performer, whose gesticulation you describe so extravagantly, must have been the leader of the band, who by look and sign has to regulate the performance of the whole band, keep them all in time, and direct their style of playing, according to the expression of the music. I mention this only to let you

see how readily one is betrayed into error by writing, or rather publishing, at an early and uninformed age.

I hope, however, your literary vein has been but a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interests and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one ; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen. For my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit."

I trust you will take a wiser and surer course. If you have entered upon the profession of the law, fit yourself for the exercise of it by profound and extensive study ; do not rest satisfied with the mere technicalities of it ; but enter widely into the noble studies connected with it. Discipline yourself well ; consider what you have learned at college as merely preparatory to a wider range of inquiry. Make yourself an excellent scholar, and store your mind with general, yet accurately acquired and well-digested information. Do not meddle much with works of the imagination. Your imagination needs no feeding ; indeed it is a mental quality that always takes care of itself ; and is too apt to interfere with the others. Strengthen your judgment ; cultivate habits of close thinking; and in all your reading let KNOWLEDGE be the great object. I feel myself called upon to urge these matters ; because, from some passages in your letter, it would seem that some idle writing of mine had caught your fancy, and awakened a desire to follow my footsteps. If you think my path has been a flowery one, you are greatly mistaken ; it has too often lain among thorns and brambles, and been darkened by care and despondency. Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and

useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that ever I was led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, eats oftener a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labor of his brains.

I wish to impress these matters upon you, because you are the eldest of your father's family. The oldest son should consider himself the second father of the family. I am anxious to hear of your making a valuable practical man of business, whatever profession or mode of life you adopt; and that by your example and your attentions you may guide and instruct your brothers. Our country is a glorious one for merit to make its way in, and wherever talents are properly matured, and are supported by honorable principles and amiable manners, they are sure to succeed. As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often a cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is too apt to be inactive or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, in the whining about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it happens often that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property.

A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion. Endeavor to make your talents convertible to ready use, prompt for the occasion, and adapted to the ordinary purposes of life; cultivate strength rather than gracefulness; in our country it is the useful, not the ornamental, that is in demand.

I will now advert to another thing which is very near to my heart, and a constant cause of solicitude. There is a large family connection of you growing up. I wish to urge the cultivation of a common union of interest and affection among you. The good of one should be considered the good of the whole. You should stand by each other in word and deed; "ir evil report and in good report;" discarding every petty spirit of jealousy;

promoting each other's happiness, and building up each other's prosperity. In this way you may contribute wonderfully to each other's respectability and success in life. Endeavor also to make the name you bear one that shall be synonymous with honor, sincerity, and perfect faith. Whatever be your dealings, public or private, let no temporary advantage, however flattering, entice you away from the strict line of open probity. However great the immediate sacrifice, frank and open truth always gains in the end. . . . .

Give my best love to the family, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, Rue Richelieu, No. 89, December 8th, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

I have been for a long time intending to write to you, but my spirit has been so inert as not to be able to summon up a page full of ideas. However, as Brockedon is on the point of starting, and will take a letter free of cost, I will scrawl a line, if it is only in testimony of constant recollection.

The "Childe" has given me a mere inkling of his northern visit, just enough to tantalize curiosity. I wish you would give me a few anecdotes on the subject. You must have had a rare time; and I envy above everything your residence at Abbotsford. I am told, the Great Unknown was absolutely besieged by a legion of "panthers," that you really surrounded him ; one taking a point-blank elevation of him in full front, another in profile, another in rear ; happy to sketch a likeness whichever side presented.

To you the visit must have been peculiarly interesting and advantageous ; for knowing your taste and turn of mind, I am sure you would find Scott full of precious matter, and would derive a world of valuable hints from your conversation with him. I long to hear something of your visit at Abbotsford, and would give anything for a good long talk with you on the subject.

Have you begun your new picture for Lord Egremont? Brockedon speaks with great emphasis of your "Autolycus." I do not know whether you have done anything to it since I saw it, or whether he means the picture in its half-finished state. I certainly think your head of "Autolycus" one of your happiest efforts of character and expression. But, in fact, you have now but to dash boldly at whatever you conceive; you have the power of achieving whatever you attempt, and the certainty of having whatever you achieve appreciated by the public.

When you see Newton, remember me affectionately to him. Let me know what he is doing, and how he is doing it. I often look back with fondness and regret on the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other. I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship. I trust that you and Newton have a long career of increasing success and popularity before you. Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back; the very review of my publisher is hostile to everything American. I have nothing to depend on but the justice and courtesy of the public, and how long the public may continue to favor the writings of a stranger, or how soon it may be prejudiced by the scribblers of the press, is with me a matter of extreme uncertainty. I have one proud reflection, however, to sustain myself with—that I have never in any way sought to sue the praises nor deprecate the censures of reviewers, but have left my works to rise or fall by their own deserts. If the public will keep with me a little longer, until I can secure a bare competency, I feel as if I shall be disposed to throw by the pen, or only to use it as a mere recreation. Do write to me soon. I long to hear from you. How often do I miss you in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart; and how often at times when some of the odd scenes of life present themselves, which we used to enjoy so heartily together.

Three days later he wrote as follows :—

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

PARIS, Rue Richelieu, No. 89, December 11, 1824.

. . . . I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from long chats with Lynch* about old times and old associates. His animated and descriptive manner has put all New York before me, and made me long to be once more there. I do not know whether it be the force of early impressions and associations, or whether it be really well-founded, but there is a charm about that little spot of earth ; that beautiful city and its environs, that has a perfect spell over my imagination. The bay, the rivers and their wild and woody shores, the haunts of my boyhood, both on land and water, absolutely have a witchery over my mind. I thank God for my having been born in so beautiful a place among such beautiful scenery; I am convinced I owe a vast deal of what is good and pleasant in my nature to the circumstance.

I feel continually indebted to your kindness for the interest you have taken in my affairs, and in the success of my works in America. I begin to feel extremely anxious to secure a little income from my literary property, that shall put me beyond the danger of recurring penury; and shall render me independent of the necessity of laboring for the press. I should like to write occasionally for my amusement, and to have the power of throwing my writings either into my portfolio, or into the fire. I enjoy the first conception and first sketchings down of my ideas, but the correcting and preparing them for the press is irksome, and publishing is detestable.

My last work has a good run in England, and has been extremely well spoken of by some of the worthies of literature, though it has met with some handling from the press. The fact is, I have kept myself so aloof from all clanship in literature that I have no allies among the scribblers

* Dominick Lynch of New York.

for the periodical press ; and some of them have taken a pique against me for having treated them a little cavalierly in my writings. However as I do not read criticism, good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack. If my writings are worth anything, they will outlive temporary criticism; if not, they are not worth caring about. Some parts of my last work were written rather hastily ; yet I am convinced that a great part of it was written in a free and happier vein than almost any of my former writings. . . . . I fancy much of what I value myself upon in writing, escapes the observation of the great mass of my readers, who are intent more upon the story than the way in which it is told. For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch my materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language ; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated ; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life ; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole,—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting the mode of sketches and short tales rather than long works, because I choose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself, rather than fall into the manner or school of any other writer ; and there is a constant activity of thought and a nicety of execution required in writings of the kind, more than the world appears to imagine. It is comparatively easy to swell a story to any size when you have once the scheme and the characters in your mind; the mere interest of the story, too, carries the reader on through pages and pages of careless writing, and the author may often be dull for half a volume at a time, if he has some striking scene at the end of it ; but in these shorter writings, every page must have its merit. The author must be continually piquant ; woe to him if he makes an awkward sentence or writes a stupid page; the critics are sure to pounce upon it. Yet if he succeed, the very variety and piquancy of his writings—nay, their very brevity, make them frequently recurred to, and when the mere interest of the story is exhausted, he begins to get credit for his touches of pathos or humor ; his points of wit or turns of language. I give these as some of the reasons that have induced me to keep on thus far in the way

I had opened for myself ; because I find by recent letters from E. I. that you are joining in the oft-repeated advice that I should write a novel. I believe the works that I have written will be oftener re-read than any novel of the size that I could have written. It is true other writers have crowded into the same branch of literature, and I now begin to find myself elbowed by men who have followed my footsteps ; but at at any rate I have had the merit of adopting a line for myself, instead of following others.

Three days after the date of this letter, his diary has this record :

"*December* 14*th.* — Received letter from New York, signed 'a friend,' inclosing scurrilous newspaper tirade against me." Repetitions of such "friendship" left no doubt of its malignant origin, and the ill-will displayed by its continuance, combined with the services of his "evil genius" at Galignani's, to which allusion has been already made, will help to interpret the extracts which follow from his diary, closing his record of the year.

December 28*th.*—Returned home—find letter to Peter from Beasley, inclosing American paper [no doubt containing another attack]. 29*th.*—A restless, sleepless night, full of uncomfortable thoughts—woke before four—studied Spanish after breakfast—took lesson from eleven to twelve —went to Galignani's—read a very favorable critique on French translation of "Tales of a Traveller"—two French translations have appeared —called at Mr. West's [William E. West, the American artist]—Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture—Lynch there—stayed till half-past three—walked in Palais Royal—returned home—dined with Peter—studied Spanish in the evening—a triste day, though laughed a good deal both at West's and at dinner—a merry head may sometimes go with a

heavy heart. 30*th*.—Rather low in spirits—but frequent gleams of resolution and self-promises of better things. 31*st*.—Retire to bed at eleven —this has been a dismal day of depression, and closes a year, part of which has been full of sanguine hope, of social enjoyment, peace of mind, and health of body ; and the latter part saddened by disappointments and distrust of the world and of myself ; by sleepless nights and joyless days. May the coming year prove more thoroughly propitious !

CHAPTER V.

LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING.—OVERTURES FOR A LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—UNABLE TO APPLY HIMSELF.—PAULDING'S REBUKE.—DETERMINES TO GO TO WORK.—LEAVES PARIS WITH PETER FOR BORDEAUX.—THE VINTAGE.—"AMERICAN ESSAYS."—AN ILL-BODING FAILURE.—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—CLOSE OF 1825.

GIVE the following letter from a copy placed in my hands by the party to whom it is addressed. The reader will remember that in a previous letter, to the same juvenile correspondent, his uncle had rather rebuked his premature literary outbreak. In this communication he touches, among other things, on the subject of languages.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

PARIS, March 29, 1825.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I am very much gratified by your letter ; it is full of good sense and good feeling. You have taken the observations of my former letter, however, much too strongly, if you have suffered them to produce anything like mortification. They were rather meant to warn you for the future, not to censure you for the past. I had felt in my own case how insensibly a young man gets beguiled away by the imagination, and wanders from

the safe *beaten* path of life, to lose himself in the mazes of literature. Scarcely any author ever set forth with the intention or surmise of becoming such ; he becomes so by degrees ; and I have seen enough of literary life to warn all of those who are dear to me, should I see any danger of their straying into it. . . . .

I am glad you do not relinquish your studies. On the contrary, task yourself to become a valuable man at all points. . . . . When you have leisure, do not waste it in idle society ; by idle, I mean what is termed fashionable society. Of all places I was ever in, New York is one where more time is wasted at that precious period of life when the seeds of knowledge are to be sown, and the habits formed that are to determine the character and fortunes of after life. I speak this from sad experience. How many an hour of hard labor and hard study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of. Young people enter into society in America at an age that they are cooped up in schools in Europe. . . . .

I suppose you know something of modern languages. French is the great medium of general conversation throughout the world, and should be completely mastered. It is one of the most difficult, unless taken up at an early age, on account of the nicety of its sounds or rather half-sounds ; all other languages have a fullness of tone that the ear and the tongue catch pretty soon ; but the French, with its semi-tones, is barbarous on an unpracticed tongue. It is the most limited, too, of modern languages, abounding in constructions and terms of expression and idiomatical phrases, to supply the defect of its paucity of words ; these make it a barren language in the mouth of any one who is not well acquainted with its idioms, and who has not studied it well. But as the course of events has made it a universal language, in preference to others which are more sonorous and copious, it is necessary to become well acquainted with it. The Spanish language, on the contrary, is full of power, magnificence, and melody. To my taste it excels the Italian in variety and expression. It has twice the quantity of words that the French has. I do not know anything that delights me more than the old Spanish literature. You will find some splendid histories in the language, and

then its poetry is full of animation, pathos, humor, beauty, sublimity. The old literature of Spain partakes of the character of its history and its people ; there is an oriental splendor about it. The mixture of Arabic fervor, magnificence, and romance, with old Castilian pride and punctilio; the chivalrous heroism ; the immaculate virtue ; the sublimated notions of honor and courtesy, all contrast finely with the sensual amours, the self-indulgences, the unprincipled and crafty intrigues, which so often form the groundwork of Italian story.

With all the charms of Italian literature, the greater part of its *belles-lettres* is unfit for youthful reading, particularly for female reading ; it depicts a most immoral and despicable state of society ; it breathes profligacy. The Italian language is rich in historical works. As far as I can judge from my own reading, the literatures the most free from licentiousness in morals are the Spanish and the German. The Spanish, because the greater part was written at a time when romantic notions prevailed in Spain of manly honor and female virtue ; and the German, because almost all its *belles-lettres* have been produced within the last fifty years under the restraints of modern decency. I don't know any dramatists who have written so much, and whose writings are so free from any thing that would call up a blush on the most sensitive cheek, as old Calderon among the Spaniards and Schiller among the Germans, and I do not know any that have shown a freer scope of imagination and finer sallies of language.

But I am running away into a kind of dissertation, when I only meant to make an incidental remark on the subject of languages. . . . . I again repeat, devote as much of your time as you can spare from business and healthful exercise, to the storing your mind with valuable information, such as will make you a useful man and an important member of a busy community. Do not be impatient to enter into society and make a figure in drawing-rooms. A man can seldom figure to any purpose until he has acquired the knowledge and experience of years ; and as to the trifling distinction that a clever young man sometimes gains, it is transient ; often injurious to himself, and never conducive to any valuable and permanent result.

In July of this year, Mr. Irving, still at Paris, received overtures from Constable for a life of Washington, while at the same time Murray hoped seriously that he had not been idle, and that he would allow him to look for a communication from him "on the subject of an original work," which he was "happy to say the public would be much delighted to receive." But he was not at all anxious to undertake anything for publication at this period of his career. He had in fact become distrustful of the continuance of public favor, and under the discouragement of some ill-natured flings from the American press, and the persevering malevolence of the anonymous individual, who was assiduous in forwarding them, he had lost heart in his vocation, and lacked the needed stimulus to exertion. His old friend and literary associate, to whom he had given expression to his doubts and misgivings, rebukes the cloudy humor in the following characteristic fashion.

It gives me some little dissatisfaction to perceive [writes Paulding, September 3] that you suffer yourself to be influenced in the pursuit of a great object by the squibs and crackers of criticism. For my part I have not, like you, been sufficiently praised to feel much the want of it; I am a hardened sinner, and if I know myself, care very little about the decisions of tribunals whose judgments can eventually have little influence on the opinions of posterity. Whatever little rubs of this kind you may receive, place them to the account of the spleen and envy of unsuccessful rivals, who not being able to raise themselves to you, seek to bring you down to them. As to the voice of your own country, it is entirely in your favor. She is proud of you, and the most obscure recesses

of the land, even old "Sleepy Hollow," are becoming almost classical, in consequence of the notice you have taken of them. Old Knickerbocker will last forever, as the great popular work of this country, quoted by wags for its humor, and referred to by historians for its accuracy. You know I am rather a cynic than a flatterer, and you ought to know that of all men I would not flatter you. Your works continue to be regularly called for and sold, now that the moment of novelty is passed, and this is the best indication of a substantial reputation.

But prior to the date of this extract, Washington was beginning once more to "feel power and confidence to write," and had made up his "mind to go to work." "I think we must manage to see the vintage at Bordeaux," he writes to Peter at Havre, August 26, "though for the present I have given up the idea of my Spanish tour, and am determined not to make it until I have wielded the pen a little, and at least earned the cost of the expedition."

On the 22d of September, the two brothers left Paris, and on the 30th reached Bordeaux, where, under the auspices of their hospitable friend, Mr. Guestier of Chateau Margaux, they *saw the vintage.*

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from his diary while in this city, where he remained four months.

October 31*st.*—Dined at Mr. Johnston's with the Guestiers—before dinner, Mr. Guestier mentioned the contents of a letter from Beasley from London, containing the disastrous intelligence of the failure of Samuel Williams—passed a restless night—my mind haunted by apprehensions of evil. [He feared that his own fortunes and the fortunes of relatives were entangled in this calamity.]

November 1st.—Tried to write this morning, but the news of Mr. Williams' failure had incapacitated me—in evening tolerably tranquil in mind, though full of doubts.

November 24th.—In bed this morning thought of a plan of a miscellany—talked over the name at breakfast with Peter—the plan developed in the progress of conversation—both felt cheered and animated by it—write late at night on Essays—go to bed after twelve—some time before I can get to sleep—make notes, etc.

November 25th.—Awoke early—made notes for Essays—*Mem.:* last night dreamt of being in a large old house—found it giving way above—escaped and saw it falling to ruins—it took fire—thought all my property and especially my manuscripts were in it—rushed toward the house exclaiming, I am now not worth a sixpence—found one room of the house uninjured, and my brother, E. I., in it arranging papers, wiping books, etc.—told me that he had just managed to save everything that belonged to us by putting them into this one room that remained uninjured.

This dream was doubtless occasioned by my letter to E. I. written yesterday, and requesting him in case of difficulty to place my literary property, etc., in the hands of Brevoort, or J. T. I. [John T. Irving.]

November 26th.—Awoke early—mind busy—made notes in memorandum book—after breakfast wrote at my Essay—naval remarks—walked out at three o'clock—called on Mr. Strobel, and looked for lodgings—dined at *table-d'hôte*—napped—went to *Café*—read newspapers—took coffee—returned home and wrote until past twelve o'clock—ever since I have resumed my pen, my spirits have revived and my mind is rising into tone.

November 27th.—Did not get asleep until near two—woke at four—made notes for "American Essays"—after breakfast wrote a little.

November 28th.—Write this morning at "Essay on Manners"—paid off bill at Hotel de France, and moved to lodgings No. 24 Rue Roland—second floor—two rooms at fifty francs a month.

November 29th.—Slept well last night—write at the "American Essays."

November 30th.—Slept well—mind tranquil—write this morning at Essay on treatment of strangers in America.

December 1st.—Write a little at Essays—subject, national prejudices.

December 3d.—A night of broken sleep—though not of uneasy thoughts—write at Essays till one.

December 9th.—A night of broken sleep and uneasy thoughts—dreamt I was at Welles, who was making out an account—nervous in the morning but excitable—scribbled a little on Essays—subject, theatres—made minutes for Essay on effect of natural scenery on character—get extremely excited—Mr. Guestier came in and sat some little while—found afterwards that I could not write.

December 10th.—Full of excitement, and anxious to sketch "Essay on American Scenery," but harassed by noises in the house, until I had to go out in despair, and write in Mr. Guestier's library.

December 25th.—Christmas— . . . . For some time past, indeed ever since I have resumed my pen, my mind has been tranquil. I sleep better and feel pleasanter.

Saturday, December 31st.—Write letters—walk out—fine cool weather—all the world buying *bonbons*—dined at home—afterwards walked out with Mr. Johnston, accompanying him through Boutiques of *bonbons*—evening at Mrs Johnston's—play chess—in the night, military music in the street—serenading the commandant, who lives opposite. So closes the year—tranquil in mind, though doubtful of fortune and full of uncertainties—a year very little of which I would willingly live over again, though some parts have been tolerably pleasant.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—A TRANSLATION OF NAVARRETE SUGGESTED TO HIM BY MR. EVERETT.—LETTER THEREUPON.—ARRIVAL AT MADRID.—THE AMERICAN CONSUL, O. RICH.—DETERMINES UPON A REGULAR LIFE OF COLUMBUS.—LITERARY ACTIVITY.—DIVERTED FROM "COLUMBUS" TO "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER SLIDELL.—CLOSE OF 1826.—PASSAGES FROM LETTER TO P. M. IRVING.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—COOPER.—HALLECK.—BRYANT.—PAULDING.—OFFERS "COLUMBUS" TO MURRAY.—LONGFELLOW.—WILKIE.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1827.

IT was during this period, while busying himself on these "American Essays," none of which have ever appeared in print or been preserved, that he addressed a letter to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Madrid, whom he had met in Paris in the summer of 1825, in which he says:—

You mentioned last summer that should you come to Spain, you would attach me to the embassy, by way of a protection. Now being so near Spain, and having a strong inclination to visit it, I may be induced to do so in the course of the spring, should circumstances permit. This will depend entirely upon letters which I am waiting here to receive, and which will determine my movements. Could I come into Spain at once I would do so, but it is out of my power. As I may enter Spain by the Mediterranean Sea, and make a tour before visiting Madrid, it would be

perhaps an advantage and protection to me in the present state of the country, to be able at any time to announce myself as attached to the em bassy. May I therefore consider myself as an attaché, and can I be so attached while at a distance, and before coming to Madrid? I am quite ignorant whether there are any forms necessary, or whether it does not rest with the minister by his mere word, expressed or written, to attach whom he pleases to his mission. At any rate, as this is a mere matter of travelling accommodation, I do not wish any trouble to be taken about it, nor that it should cause any departure from common usage and etiquette. So, as I said before, if there is the least shadow of objection, do not hesitate to say so, and there let the matter end.

On the 30th of January he received a reply from Mr. Everett, attaching him to the Legation, inclosing passport, and proposing his translating "Navarrete's Voyages of Columbus," which were about to appear, suggesting also the probability of his receiving £1,500 or £1,000 for it. The allusion to Murray at the close of the letter I now give, will be understood when the reader is told that Murray was about setting up a newspaper, for which, as Mr. Irving was informed by one of his correspondents, he had already deposited £40,000 in the Bank of England.

[*To Alexander H. Everett, U. S. Minister at Madrid.*]

BORDEAUX, January 31, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I feel very much obliged to you for the passport you have been so prompt in forwarding to me, and am highly gratified in being attached to a legation that is so ably and creditably filled. I must return you my thanks also for the literary undertaking you have suggested to me. The

very idea of it animates me; it is just the kind of employment I would wish at present for my spare hours. I will thank you, therefore, to secure it for me. I shall write immediately to London to have propositions made to Murray, and, in case he does not accept them, to some other eminent publisher. I doubt whether I shall be able to get as much as you suppose for a translation, as there is always a chance for competition and piracy; but, be that as it may, there is something in the job itself that interests and pleases me, and will assist to compensate me for my trouble. I feel the more emboldened to take hold of the thing from my brother's having promised to assist me in it, so as to enable me to execute it speedily and yet not negligently, and at the same time without suffering it to interfere entirely with other pursuits. My brother is but slightly acquainted with the Spanish language, sufficiently, however, to render me great service occasionally, and he will improve in the language if he exercises it. We shall leave this for Madrid as soon as possible, and shall come on by diligence.

. . . . You will perceive by the papers the failure of Constable and Co., at Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson and Co., at London. These are severe shocks in the trading world of literature. Pray heaven Murray may stand unmoved and not go into the "Gazette," instead of publishing one.

The invocation with which this letter concludes, was well-nigh prophetic. A year later, Murray explains some remissness to Mr. Irving as follows:—

"One cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my 'entanglement,' as Lady G——— says, with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not remedy, and am now, 'by the blessing of God,' again returned 'to reason and the shop.'"

Three days after the date of this letter to Mr. Everett,

Mr. Irving finished an "Essay on the Education of Youth," on which he was engaged at the time, and which, like the others recorded in his diary, was "water spilt upon the ground," and soon after he set off with his brother for Madrid, which he reached about the middle of February.

Two days after his arrival he had hired apartments under the roof of the American consul, O. Rich, Esq., to use the language of his preface to "Columbus," "one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe, who, for several years, had made particular researches after every document relative to the early history of America. In his extensive and curious library," continues the preface, "I found one of the best collections extant of Spanish colonial history, containing many documents for which I might search elsewhere in vain." Such was his situation when, soon after his arrival, the publication of M. Navarrete made its appearance, which he found, to quote again his own words, "to contain many documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of the New World;" but "the whole" presenting "rather a mass of rich materials for history than a history itself. And, invaluable as such stores" might be "to the laborious inquirer," the sight of "disconnected papers and official documents" had the effect to make him hesitate in his intended translation; and on the 25th of the following month, I find by his note-book that he had abandoned the idea, and was already engaged

in making researches, examining manuscripts, and taking notes for a regular life, which he trusted would be more acceptable to others, as it was undoubtedly a more satisfactory occupation to himself.

From this date until the 1st of September, laying aside his "American Essays," which he never resumed, he labored unremittingly at his task, with the exception of an excursion of a few days in August to Segovia. Sometimes he would write all day and until twelve at night; in one instance his note-book shows him to have written from five in the morning until eight at night, stopping only for meals.

It was during this interval of intense literary activity that, in passing through Madrid in a youthful tour in Europe, the writer of the present memoir came unexpectedly upon Mr. Irving, whom he had supposed to be still in France. I found him in the midst of books and manuscripts, full of the subject on which he was engaged, and in excellent spirits, though once, in a long walk which we took together on the Prado, he adverted with deep feeling to the cloud which had been thrown over him by the persevering malignity with which all sort of disagreeable things had been forwarded to him from America by some secret enemy. He felt this the more keenly, perhaps, from the total absence of everything of the kind in his own nature. He could not, I am satisfied, have harbored malice toward his worst enemy. Alluding to this inexplicable persecution, one of his corre-

spondents remarks: "Even you have enemies, and who then can escape?"

My stay in Madrid was short, as I had already passed some time in other parts of Spain, and was now on my way to Paris. On the ninth of August, six weeks after I parted with Mr. Irving, it appears by his note-book that his attention was diverted to the "Conquest of Granada," at which he commenced at once, and on which he worked incessantly, with the exception of an excursion of four days to the Escurial in October, until the 18th of November, when, having completed a rough sketch of the work, he threw it aside to resume his "Columbus;" and on the 22d of December he wrote to Murray, informing him, rather prematurely, as the sequel shows, of the work being nearly ready for the press.

Six weeks previous to this date, Lieutenant Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie), of the United States Navy, arrived in Madrid, and during his stay furnished for the appendix of Mr. Irving's work what the author styles, in the revised edition of 1850, "the very masterly paper on the route of Columbus." It was after his departure from Madrid that he met with the robbery, of which he gives such a graphic account in his "Year in Spain," an interesting work, of which Mr. Irving wrote a review for the "London Quarterly" in 1831.

The record of December 30 in the author's note-book is as follows: "All day at 'Columbus,'" and the closing record of the year is:—

Columbus—go out—return home and write a little, but sleepy and go to bed—and so ends the year 1826, which has been a year of the hardest application and toil of the pen I have ever passed. I feel more satisfied, however, with the manner in which I have passed it than I have been with that of many gayer years, and close this year of my life in better humor with myself than I have often done.

The labors of the author on "Columbus" were by no means so near their completion as he had supposed when he wrote to Murray. A few extracts from his letters to myself, to whom he was thinking of committing the superintendence of its publication in London, when he supposed he was finishing his task, will serve to throw light on this portion of his literary history:—

[*To Pierre Monro Irving.*]

January 18*th*, 1827.— . . . . I had hoped by this time to have had "Columbus" ready for the press, but there are points continually rising to be inquired into and discussed, which cause delay; and I played truant to my main work for two or three months and rambled into another, which is all sketched out in the rough, so that "Columbus" has yet to receive the finishing touches. I received a letter from Murray the day before yesterday on the subject of "Columbus." He is extremely anxious to receive it as soon as possible, that he may put it immediately to press. I have felt very much worried and perplexed how to manage, as I should have to get the work copied here to send out to America, and that would cause great delay. Your letter from Paris has arrived in the very critical moment to put me at my ease; I must get you to superintend the publication of my work in London, correcting the proof sheets, etc. As you will be able to decipher my handwriting, and from your knowledge of languages will be able to see the quotations in Spanish,

Italian, etc., are printed correctly, I need not lose time in getting it copied here. You will send out proof sheets to E. Irving as fast as they are printed, for the work to be reprinted in America. Thus you see you will really be of vast service to me, and the task I impose on you will give you a curious peep into some departments of literary life in London. . . . . This arrangement will enable me to forward my work by piecemeal as I get it ready, and will greatly expedite its publication, while it will make me feel easy as to the manner in which it will be brought out in London, which I should not have done had I committed it to the superintendence of strangers. It will probably be a month yet before I have any of it ready to forward, and as there are always preparations to be made with printers, etc., I think that there is no likelihood of its going to press until some time in March, if so soon. I will write to you again, however, shortly, and wish you not to leave Paris until you hear from me.

MADRID, February 22, 1827.

. . . . In my last I wished you to attend to the correcting of the proof sheets of my work on "Columbus" while printing in England, and expected by this time to have had a considerable part of the manuscript in the printers' hands. I have been disappointed. I have been obliged to wait for a sight of documents, and then to make considerable alterations. I find the finishing off of a work of the kind involving so many points foreign to my usual course of reading and pursuits, requires time and care ; and above all, I find it next to impossible to procure copiers in this place. I have been for four or five weeks past endeavoring to get manuscript copied, and have not yet succeeded in getting twenty pages. This delay is extremely irksome to me, as I wish to get the work off of my hands and leave Madrid, and indeed to make a rapid tour and leave Spain as soon as possible.

While these obstacles occur to delay the forwarding my manuscript to England, I do not wish, in case you should have received my previous letter, to interfere with any of your travelling plans. Follow your own inclinations. Let me hear from you, where you are and what are your

plans, and if I can get my work copied and sent off soon, I may yet require your aid while in England; but that must depend entirely upon your movements and convenience.

I have been working very hard at the "History of Columbus," and have had to rewrite many parts that I had thought finished, in consequence of procuring better sources of information, which throw new light upon various points. It is a kind of work that will not bear hurrying; many questions have been started connected with it which have been perplexed by tedious controversies, and which must all be looked into. I had no idea of what a complete labyrinth I had entangled myself in when I took hold of the work.

In a subsequent letter, March 20th, he gives up all idea of forwarding the manuscript to me:

I have repeatedly [he says] made efforts to hurry forward, but have every time lost ground by making errors or omissions, which obliged me afterwards to go over the same ground again. . . . . I have now got a copying-machine, and will be able to strike off copies of the remainder of my work as fast as I make corrected transcripts of the chapters. Still I find time runs away insensibly, and week slips after week without my bringing my labors to a close.

It was at a period when he had relinquished all thoughts of expediting the publication of his "Life of Columbus" that Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to Brevoort, from whom he had just heard in explanation of a long and to him unaccountable silence. The American reader may be interested in its mention of Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, and Paulding—names, all but the last, which had grown into fame since he left his native land:—

MADRID, April 4, 1827.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :-

Your letter of the 1st January was one of the most acceptable that I ever received. . . . . The letter you sent to me to the care of Mr. Welles never reached me, and for upwards of two years I had no reply to the letters and messages which I sent you. . . . .

I am conscious that my long absence from home has subjected me to unfavorable representations, and has been used to my disadvantage. A man, however, must have firmness enough to pursue his plans when justified by his own conscience, without being diverted from them by the idle surmises and misconceptions of others. If my character and conduct are worth inquiring into, they will ultimately be understood and appreciated according to their merits ; nor can anything I could say or do in contradiction place them an iota above or below their real standard. With the world, therefore, let these matters take their course ; I shall not court it nor rail at it ; but with cherished friends like yourself, my dear Brevoort, the present feeling is all-important to me. Do not let yourself be persuaded, therefore, that time or distance has estranged me in thought or feeling from my native country, my native place, or the friends of my youth. The fact is, that the longer I remain from home the greater charm it has in my eyes, and all the coloring that the imagination once gave to distant Europe now gathers about the scenes of my native country. I look forward to my return as to the only event of any very desirable kind that may yet be in store for me. I do not know whether it is the case with other wanderers, but with me, the various shifting scenes through which I have passed in Europe have pushed each other out of place successively and alternately faded away from my mind, while the scenes and friends of my youth alone remain fixed in my memory and my affections with their original strength and freshness. . . . .

Since my arrival in Spain, I have been completely immersed in old Spanish literature. My residence under the roof of Mr. Rich, the American consul, has been particularly favorable to my pursuits ; he is a diligent collector of rare works, and has the most valuable works in print and manuscript of the Spanish writers. . . . .

I left Paris a considerable time before the arrival of Mr. Cooper, and regret extremely that I missed him. I have a great desire to make his acquaintance, for I am delighted with his novels ; at least with those which I have read. His "Mohicans," which I am told is his best, I have yet to read. His naval scenes and characters in the "Pilot" are admirable. I am fond of the sea, and have seen a little of nautical life, and am therefore more able to appreciate them. I have been charmed, likewise, with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them ? I should like to know something about them personally ; their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets, and they are masters of the magic of poetical language.

I have not heard for some time past from Paulding. His last letters were full of kind feeling and interesting anecdotes ; I am too glad to find that he is settled in the old homestead of the Kemble family, that scene of so many happy hours. As to his retired mode of life, I fancy it is the happiest when a man has a family for his world, books at his elbow, and his pen as an amusement. I have not seen two or three of his late publications. All of those that I have met with bears his usual stamp of originality, his vein of curious and beautiful thought, his turns of picturesque language, mingled with the faults that arise from hasty and negligent composition. Early habits and associations have given a charm to his writings in my eyes ; I always find in them passages that strike on some chord of old remembrance. . . . .

P. S. I have written much of this letter in an open and garrulous vein about my private feelings. I trust you will receive it with indulgence, and show it to no one. I never had any reserve with you, and I write to you as I used to talk, without caring to disguise any error or weakness.

In one of the last letters which Mr. Irving had received from his old friend and fellow-laborer, Paulding, after mentioning the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Kemble, and his transfer from Washington to the city of New

York, with the appointment of Navy Agent, writes: "In the division of the estate, the old house which we have so often haunted in Whitehall Street has fallen to my share. Here I have set up my tent, and if living in a great house constitutes a great man, after the fashion of New York, a great man am I, at your service."

It appears by his note-book that Mr. Irving continued to labor at "Columbus" with little or no intermission up to the close of July, when he addressed the following letter to Murray, which I give from a copy retained among his papers:—

[*To John Murray.*]

MADRID, July 29, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have at length concluded my "History of Columbus." As I cannot come to London to make arrangements for its publication, and as time might be lost in negotiating at this distance, I have transmitted a portion of the manuscript to my friend, Col. Aspinwall, American consul at London, who will arrange the matter with you in my name. I have sent as much of the MS. as I could venture to intrude upon the civility of an English courier. The rest will be forwarded by the first opportunity. The first volume will end with the last chapter of the tenth book, forming seven hundred and fifty-six manuscript pages, besides a preface of a few pages. The second volume may possibly be a little larger, containing, besides the remaining eight books, a number of illustrations which I have endeavored to make as interesting and entertaining as possible, and a few important documents. The latter eight books contain the third voyage of Columbus, the troubles of himself and his brothers in the island of Hispaniola with the natives and the rebels; his being sent to Spain in chains; his fourth voyage, in the course of which I have brought for-

ward many particulars of his singular and disastrous voyage along the coast of Veraguas or Isthmus of Panama; the transactions in the island of Jamaica, where he lived for a year in the wrecks of his stranded ships, etc., etc., so that the latter part of the work is full of incident and interest. I have woven into my work many curious particulars not hitherto known concerning Columbus, and I think I have thrown light upon some parts of his character which have not been brought out by his former biographers. I have labored hard to make the work complete and accurate as to all the information extant relative to the subject, while I have sought to execute it in such a manner as would render it agreeable to the general reader. Considering its magnitude and the toil it has cost me, I should not be willing to part with the copy-right under three thousand guineas. As I mentioned in one of my letters, however, I am willing to publish it on shares. The mode of doing so, as I once understood from Sir Walter Scott, is to agree about the number of copies in an edition, and the retail price to be placed upon them; to multiply the number of copies by the price of each, and divide the gross amount by six. For this sixth part, the publisher to give his notes to the author. If this meets with your approbation, all the incidental arrangements can be made with Col. Aspinwall. I should like, however, to have an advance of two or three hundred guineas on the work as a matter of private accommodation, my funds being all in America, from whence I find both loss and trouble in procuring them.

Should you undertake the present work, the sooner it is put to press the better, as I have other writings in preparation which I should soon be able to furnish. I hope you will let me hear from you as soon as possible.

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from the author's note-book.

August 20th.—At American copy of "Columbus."

22*d.*—Dine with Smith [John Adams Smith, the American Secretary of Legation] and Longfellow.

This was Henry W. Longfellow, the now celebrated American poet, then a youth of twenty-one, who had received the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, Maine, for which he was preparing himself by a residence in the different capitals in Europe. I had parted with him at Paris early in the year. His sojourn in Madrid had commenced with the 6th of March; Mr. Irving, in a letter to me of the 8th, having this mention of him: "Mr. Longfellow arrived safe and cheerily the day before yesterday, having met with no robbers." I cannot refrain from giving here the poet's own beautiful allusion to this meeting with Mr. Irving in Spain. In an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, on occasion of the author's decease, after alluding to his early admiration of the "Sketch Book," published when he was a school-boy, he says:—

> Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and, what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self—
>
> "And trembling, hears in every breeze,
> The laurels of Miltiades."
>
> At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his "Life of Columbus;" and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. "Sit down," he would say, "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."

One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards he said : "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then, I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil ; and have recalled those striking words of Dante :—

"Seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien nè sotto coltre ;
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra, di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

"Seated upon down,
Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame ;
Withouten which, whoso his life consumes,
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
As smoke in air and in the water foam."

I return to the diary :—

August 30*th.*—Write letters of introduction for Mr. Longfellow, to Rumigny, Bottiger, Lowenstein, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Philips, Sotheby.

September 8*th.*—All day writing at "Don Roderick," and till eleven at night.

17*th.*—King's Library—memorandums about Fernando Gonzalez—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's—[the Russian Minister, at whose house he became very intimate].

October 8*th.*—King's Library—"Cid"—receive letter from Colonel Aspinwall, informing me of his arrangement with Murray for "History of Columbus"—3,000 guineas—[that is—Murray elected to pay the 3,000 guineas rather than publish on shares].

Aspinwall writes: "Murray says of the work, it is beautiful, beautiful—the best thing he has ever written;"

and informs his correspondent that the terms upon which he had concluded to become the purchaser of the copyright were as follows :—

£300 down,					
450 in note at 6 months from January 1, 1828.					
400	"	9	"	"	"
400	"	12	"	"	"
400	"	15	"	"	"
400	"	18	"	"	"
400	"	21	"	"	"
400	"	24	"	"	"
£3,150					

The periods of payment were protracted to a year beyond the period within which the payments for his former works were made, his wish being to regulate his payments in some measure according to the prospect of reimbursement from sales.

Newton writes to him from London the same day, October 8, in a letter received on the 22d :—

I hope you are satisfied with the pecuniary arrangement the colonel has made ; he seems to have been very wary, and to have gained great credit with Murray as a sharp bargainer, who, on the other hand, is delighted with his bargain, so much so as to make the sincerity of his encomiums on the worthy colonel's shrewdness doubtful. You will be glad to hear that Southey, to whom the manuscript was first shown, pronounced the most unqualified praise of it, both as to matter and manner ; there seems to be no doubt, from what I hear, that this work will greatly raise your name in literature.

I resume my extracts from the author's note-book:—

October 10*th.*—King's Library—Cid—afternoon Wilkie, the painter, calls on me—just arrived—visit him with Peter in the evening—afterwards go to D'Oubril's.

Thursday 11*th.*—Morning go to Museum with Mr. Wilkie—Peter and Dolgorouki [Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, attached to the Russian Embassy].

Sunday 14*th.*—Dine at Mr. Bosanquet's—British chargé d'affaires—present Lord Mahon [the historian], son of Earl of Stanhope, and his brother, Hon. Mr. Stanhope—Mr. Wilkie, Prince Dolgorouki—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's with Wilkie—pass evening with the children.

Monday 15*th.*—Write to Murray, sending corrections of MSS.—Go to bull-fight with Wilkie and Peter—evening at Wilkie's.

Friday 19*th.*—At seven o'clock in the morning set off in diligence with Peter for Escurial—in company with Lord Mahon, and his brother Mr. Stanhope of the British Legation—arrived at Escurial at half past eleven, and put up at Fleur de Lys, where we found Wilkie—Prince Dolgorouki of the Russian Legation joined us in the course of the day, having come too late for the diligence and followed in a calasina—visited the church, vault, etc.—Anniversary of the death of Queen Margaret—coffin with crown and pall, etc., in the centre of the chapel—in the evening the Infanta, wife of Don Carlos, goes down into the Pantheon which is illuminated—meet Marquis of —— who introduces me to the prior, a fat, pleasant-faced man—get permission for Wilkie to go all over the Escurial at all times.

Thursday 25*th.*—Leave Madrid at seven o'clock with Lord Mahon, Mr. Wilkie, and Peter, for Toledo—in a coach with six mules—arrive at Aranjuez at two o'clock—seven leagues—put up at Posada of Andalusia—visit Palace, Gardens, etc.

October 26*th.*—Leave Aranjuez at seven o'clock— . . . . arrive at Toledo at two o'clock—seven leagues.

October 27*th.*—Visit various parts of town—church and convent of

Capuchins— . . . . see young monk confessing to old one—Wilkie much struck with it.

[This visit to Toledo, in the illustrations to the "Legend of Don Roderick," is erroneously stated to have been in 1826.]

In the latter part of this year, Mr. Irving would seem, from his memorandum book, to have been engaged in taking notes for a suite of works he had projected, illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain, and also for a "Conquest of Mexico," a theme upon which he had been brooding, but which was destined to employ the pen of another gifted American.

December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, the record is: "History of the Moors and Montezuma." The last record of the year is as follows:—

Monday December 31*st.*—Almanzor—call at Mr. Roberts and get $100—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's till near twelve o'clock—return home about twelve.

So ends the year 1827—tranquilly.—It has been a year of labor, but much more comfortable than most I have passed in Europe, and leaves me in a state of moderate hope as to the future.

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLICATION OF "COLUMBUS" BY MURRAY IN LONDON, BY THE CARVILLS IN NEW YORK.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—DEPARTURE FROM MADRID ON A TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF SPAIN.—LETTERS TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—DESCRIPTION OF THE JOURNEY FROM CORDOVA TO GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.—A DESPATCH FROM THE COURT OF LIONS.—QUEST FOR THE PORTAL BY WHICH BOABDIL SALLIED FORTH.—THE POOR DEVIL GUIDE.—THE ALPUJARRAS.—FROM MALAGA TO SEVILLE.—GOING TO WORK ON THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

THE "Life and Voyages of Columbus" was published by Murray in four large volumes. He was much found fault with for the price, the size, and the gross typographical errors with which it abounded. He had assured Mr. Aspinwall that he would have the correction of the proofs done by some competent person; but Mr. Irving had given no directions on the subject, and he was very badly represented on the occasion.

The first American edition of two thousand copies, in three octavo volumes, was sold to the Messrs. Carvill, the principal booksellers of New York, after having been first offered by Ebenezer Irving to Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia.

E. I. [writes Peter to Washington] offered the edition to Messrs. Carey in sheets, three volumes at $2 per volumes, at 40 per cent. discount, or in boards at 33⅓. They replied that they would wish to sell it to the trade at those discounts, and that the terms he proposed were out of all bounds, and would not permit them even to make him an offer. He showed the letter to Brevoort, and on consultation they considered it necessary to seek another publisher. Brevoort applied to Messrs. Carvill, whom he knew, and who agreed to give seven thousand dollars for the two thousand copies in sheets, one thousand dollars on delivery, the remainder in four, six, and nine months, giving you a profit on the edition of about three thousand dollars. Messrs. Carvill are the first booksellers in New York.

Mr. Carey came on to New York about the beginning of February, and after considerable conversation offered a profit of two thousand five hundred dollars, and when he found that it would not procure it manifested a disposition to augment the proffer, but was informed that it was too late.

The price at which the book is to be published is two dollars and a quarter per volume, or six dollars and three quarters for the three volumes.*

Having glanced for a moment at these mercantile arrangements respecting the publication of "Columbus," which were left entirely to the control of his brother Ebenezer, I now introduce a letter to Brevoort, which gives a further insight into the author's feelings on offering to the world a work which told the history of one of

* In a letter to the author written about this time, Carey makes a proposition to him respecting any future publications; and about the last of March, 1828, put the question to his brother and agent, Ebenezer, what he would ask for the right of publishing the four previous works, *History of New York*, *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveller*, for seven or ten years.

The result was an arrangement soon after with that house for a seven years' lease of the copy-right of these works at six hundred dollars per annum, payable semi-annually, and to take the stock on hand at sixty-five cents per copy.

the most stupendous and memorable events in the annals of mankind, and was to be pronounced more honorable to the literature of his own country than any that had yet appeared in it. In the estimation of an eminent American critic, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, then Minister at Madrid, but soon to exchange that diplomatic situation for the editorship of the "North American Review," he had already secured and would permanently retain, in our literary annals, the brilliant position of the harbinger and founder of the American school of polite learning; but he naturally felt anxious as to his reception in this new department of literature, in which Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," and Scott, in his "Napoleon," works but recently published, were considered to have failed.

MADRID, February 23, 1828.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have received two letters from you, the last dated December 19, and both full of the most interesting domestic intelligence. I feel under the greatest obligation to you for the kind interest you have taken in my "History of Columbus." I find by the London papers it was to be published by Murray on the 11th instant. . . . . If the work succeeds, it will be of immense service to me ; if it fails it will be, most probably, what many have anticipated, who suppose, from my having dealt so much in fiction, it must be impossible for me to tell truth with plausibility.

I am sorry to find by your letters that you have had your share of the rubs and cares of the times ; I had hoped you were safe in port and out of the reach of storms and disasters ; but so it is ; we are none of us completely sheltered from misfortune. If we do not put to sea, the sea overflows its bounds and drowns us on the land. For my own part, with all my exertions, I seem always to keep about up to my chin in troubled

water, while the world, I suppose, thinks I am sailing smoothly with wind and tide in my favor.

On the 1st of March, 1828, Mr. Irving set off in the diligence for Cordova, in company with Mr. Gessler, Russian Consul-general, and Mr. Stoffregen, Secretary of the Russian Embassy, to make a tour through the most beautiful, romantic, and historical part of Andalusia. His brother Peter had originally intended to accompany him on this tour, but he found his health too feeble and uncertain for the rough exposures to which he would be subject in travel in Spain, and he therefore left Madrid to proceed by slow journeys to Paris, the same day that Washington started for the south of Spain. "It seemed," says Washington, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, "on taking leave of him at Madrid, as if I had parted with half of myself."

At Cordova, where they arrived on the 4th, they made arrangements for horses to take them to Granada; and, as a story was afloat of eleven robbers, mounted, on the Rambla road, they engaged an escort of four men. As they were about to start, the diligence brought a reinforcement to their party in the person of an English clergyman, a Mr. Tomlinson, and an American, who proposed to join them; and for these an additional escort was secured—Bautiste Serrano de Ecija, a stout man with a fierce eye. "Would have to pay him high—first-rate fellow—knows all the robbers—has been a robber himself," whispered the landlord to Mr. Irving.

A description of his journey from Cordova to Granada, and of his first visit to the Alhambra, the scene of his future elysian abode, will be found in the following letter. The lady to whom it is addressed was a niece of Madame D'Oubril, and an intelligent and cherished inmate of the domestic circle of Mr. D'Oubril, the Russian Minister, whose house became a frequent and favorite resort of Mr. Irving, during his prolonged stay of two years in the Spanish capital.

[*To Mademoiselle Antoinette Bollviller.*]

GRANADA, March 15, 1828.

I promised, my dear Mademoiselle Bollviller, to write to you in the course of our tour, but when I made such a promise I had little idea of the difficulty of performing it while travelling in Spain. One is exhausted by incessant fatigue, and put out of all tune by the squalid miseries of the Spanish posadas. I am now so surrounded by dirt and villainy of all kinds that I am almost ashamed to despatch a letter to your pure hands from so scoundrel a place.

Our journey has hitherto been auspicious, that is to say, we have escaped being robbed, though we have been in dens as perilous as that of Daniel and the lions; our greatest risk, however, has, I am convinced, been from our own escort, which for part of the way has been composed of half-reformed robbers, retired from business, but who seemed to have a great hankering after their old trade. . . . .

Our journey through La Mancha was cold and uninteresting, excepting when we passed through the scenes of some of the exploits of Don Quixote. We were repaid, however, by a night amidst the scenery of the Sierra Morena, seen by the light of the full moon. I do not know how this scenery would appear in the day-time, but by moonlight it is wonderfully wild and romantic, especially after passing the summit of the

Sierra. As the day dawned we entered the stern and savage defiles of the Despeña Perros, which equals the wild landscapes of Salvator Rosa. For some time we continued winding along the brinks of precipices, overhung with cragged and fantastic rocks ; and after a succession of such rude and sterile scenes we swept down to Carolina, and found ourselves in another climate. The orange-trees, the aloes and myrtle began to make their appearance ; we felt the warm temperature of the sweet South, and began to breathe the balmy air of Andalusia. At Andujar we were delighted with the neatness and cleanliness of the houses, the patios planted with orange and citron trees and refreshed by fountains ; we passed a charming evening on the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, enjoying the mild balmy air of a southern evening, and rejoicing in the certainty that we were at length in this land of promise.

While at Cordova we made excursions on horseback among the heights of the Sierra Morena which rise behind the city, visiting the celebrated hermitage and the convent of St. Geronimo. The mountains were clothed with aromatic shrubs, and with flowers which in other countries are the forced productions of gardens and hothouses. From these heights the eye revels over a delicious landscape ; a broad green valley fertilized by the windings of the shining Guadalquivir, and bounded by long lines of mountains famous in the hardy predatory wars of the Moors and Christians. The snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada lies likes a brilliant cloud in the distance, marking the situation of Granada, the city of romantic history. Every mountain summit in this country spreads before you a mass of history, filled with places renowned for some wild and heroic achievement.

But Granada, *bellissima* Granada ! think what must have been our delight, when, after passing the famous bridge of Pinos, the scene of many a bloody encounter between Moor and Christian, and remarkable for having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached

it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the vega. It was like the magic glow which poetry and romance have shed over this enchanting place.

For several days past we have been incessantly occupied traversing the city and its environs; but the Alhambra and Generalife have most excited our enthusiasm. The more I contemplate these places the more my admiration is awakened of the elegant habits and delicate taste of the Moorish monarchs. The delicately ornamented walls; the aromatic groves, mingling with the freshness and the enlivening sound of fountains and runs of water; the retired baths, bespeaking purity and refinement, the balconies and galleries open to the fresh mountain breeze, and overlooking the loveliest scenery of the valley of the Darrow and the magnificent expanse of the vega—it is impossible to contemplate this delicious abode and not feel an admiration of the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first devised this earthly paradise. There is an intoxication of heart and soul in looking over such scenery at this genial season. All nature is just teeming with new life and putting on the first delicate verdure and bloom of spring. The almond-trees are in blossom. the fig-trees are beginning to sprout; everything is in the tender bud, the young leaf, or the half-open flower. The beauty of the season is but half developed, so that while there is enough to yield present delight, there is the flattering promise of still further enjoyment. Good heavens! after passing two years amidst the sunburnt wastes of Castile, to be let loose to rove at large over this fragrant and lovely land! what a fullness of pure and healthful pleasure gushes into the heart; and how do we look back with distaste upon the pale and artificial life of the city, and wonder how we could have condemned ourselves to its formal and frivolous routine!

COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

I think I told you that I would write you a letter from the Alhambra; I have escaped from the noise and dirt of the posada, and have come here partly to perform my promise, partly to enjoy a little tranquillity. It is now near the hour of sunset of a warm day, the sun is still shining upon

the towers which overlook this court, and a beautiful, mellow light is spread about its colonnades and marble halls. The fountain is immediately before me, ever memorable from the tragic fate of the gallant Abencerrages. I have just diluted my ink with its water; and here I sit quietly inditing a gossiping letter on the place that has been the scene of an atrocious massacre. We talk of realizing past scenes when we tread in the traces of renowned historical events, but I find it impossible to get into the vein of feeling consonant to such a place. The verity of the present checks and chills the imagination in its picturings of the past. I have been trying to conjure up images of Boabdil passing in regal splendor through these courts ; of his beautiful queen ; of the Abencerrages, the Gomares, and the other Moorish cavaliers who once filled these halls with the glitter of arms and the splendor of oriental luxury; but I am continually awakened from my reveries by the jargon of an Andalusian peasant who is setting out rose-bushes, and the song of a pretty Andalusian girl who shows the Alhambra, and who is chanting a little romance that has probably been handed down from generation to generation since the time of the Moors.

For the greater part of this day I have been occupied exploring the neglected parts of the Alhambra and the towers which lie in ruins. I have been in quest of the portal by which the unfortunate King Boabdil sallied forth when he descended to the vega to surrender the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. He descended outside of the city walls, by the same road by which the Grand Cardinal of Spain ascended at the head of a band of cavaliers to take possession of the Alhambra. Boabdil asked of the sovereign, as a melancholy boon, that no one might be permitted to enter the Alhambra by the portal at which he had sallied forth. This prayer was granted ; the portal was walled up, and has continued so to the present day. I found this interesting anecdote in an old chronicle, but no one here knew anything of it or of the condemned portal. I set a poor devil at work, however, who inherits a hovel in the ruins ; and to my great joy he has found out the gateway for me. He inquired of some old people upwards of eighty years of age, who had passed their lives in the Alhambra, and they pointed out the gateway which had been walled up ever since their recollection ; and one remembered to have heard his

parents say it was the gate by which the Moorish king had departed, when he took his last leave of the Alhambra. This gateway is in a ruined tower that has been blown up by the French. With the keen relish of antiquarian research, I traced the whole route of the Moorish monarch down to the vega, to a small chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian, but which in former times was a mosque. Here an inscription on the wall designated it as the place where the unfortunate Boabdil met the Catholic sovereigns and surrendered to them his throne.

Beside the satisfaction of having settled this point of inquiry, I received from my poor devil guide many most curious particulars of the superstitions which circulate among the poor people inhabiting the Alhambra respecting its old, mouldering towers. I have noted down these amusing little anecdotes, and he has promised to furnish me with others. They generally relate to the Moors and the treasures they have buried in the Alhambra, and the apparitions of their troubled spirits about the towers and ruins where their gold lies hidden. When I have more time and paper, I may recount you some of these traditions, as I know you have a great relish for the marvelous. At present the sun is set ; the old halls begin to darken around me, and the bat is flitting about the court in place of the birds which were lately chirping here. I have performed my promise, and have written to you from the halls of the Alhambra. How unworthy is my scribbling of the place ; but depend upon it, half of the pretended day-dreams of travellers about celebrated places are quietly dreamt in comfortable quarters, far from the scenes they celebrate. The present letter I will finish by lamp-light at the posada. I will gather you a flower, however, from the Court of the Lions, and inclose it in the letter to atone for the want of flowers in my style. And so farewell at present to the Alhambra and all its tragical and poetical associations.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller, Madrid.*]

MALAGA, April 2, 1828.

I am glad, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, that you wrote to me in English, notwithstanding I had entreated the contrary. I have been so

accustomed to converse with you in that language that when I read your letter it seemed as if you were talking to me, and even if a little error of idiom should now and then occur it is rather agreeable than otherwise, and gives a *naïveté* to your style. . . . .

We have hitherto had a most laborious, fatiguing, but wild, romantic, and delightful tour. I can hardly imagine that I am travelling in one of the old and civilized countries of Europe. Nothing in the savage parts of my own country and among its native savages could be more original and wild than some of our mountain scramblings among the mountains of the Alpujarras.

I took a last look at Granada from the height on the road of Padul, where the unfortunate King Boabdil wept as he was about to lose sight of his late capital forever. It still bears the poetical name of *el suspiro del Moro*, and they pretend to show in a rock the print of the hoofs of Boabdil's horse, when he stood as his rider gazed with tearful eyes upon Granada. The view is from amidst arid hills. You have a mere peep at a part of the vega, and you see Granada glittering beyond, with the red tower of the Alhambra surrounded by tufted groves. As you turn from this scene to pursue the route of the unfortunate king, a dreary waste of naked and sunburnt mountains extends before you. Poor Boabdil may have contemplated it as emblematical of his lot. He had turned his back upon all that was sweet and pleasant in life, and a stern, and rugged, and joyless futurity lay before him.

In the course of our progress through the mountains, after leaving the beautiful village of Lanjaron, we fell in with a singular character, just at the foot of one of the wildest and most solitary passes. He had all the air of one of those predatory rovers who hover like hawks among the Spanish mountains to pounce upon the traveller. He was mounted on a young and active mule that bounded among the rocks like a goat. He wore the Andalusian hat and jacket, and pantaloons bordered by silver lace ; a cartridge belt of crimson velvet slung over one shoulder and passing under the other arm ; two carabines slung behind his saddle, pistols in front, a cutlass by his side, a long Spanish knife in the pocket of his vest, in a sheath ornamented with silver. He was a complete sub-

ject for Wilkie's pencil. He joined us and kept with us for the rest of the morning, through some savage defiles of the mountains. We were somewhat puzzled to make out his character, or to know whether he were bandit, soldado, contrabandista, or simply caballero, for though he talked very freely about himself he had the Andalusian propensity of inventing facts as fast as his tongue could wag. Stoffregen took a violent dislike to his whole conduct and demeanor, and as we had but a solitary *escopeta* to defend us, he seemed to think we had fallen into very unsafe company. We took a repast together in a little venta in a deep gorge of the mountains, and from further conversation with our new comrade I conceived a better opinion of him, and considered him one of the amusing Fanfarons common to this part of Spain. He told us he was concerned in the mines of Berja whither we were travelling, and offered to conduct us by a more direct route through the mountains, which would save us at least half a day's travelling. After consulting with our muleteers, who we found knew this man, and confirmed the truth of what he said, Gessler and myself concluded to follow the route he pointed out. I found afterward that Stoffregen assented to this change of route only with the utmost repugnance, and on subsequent reflection he was right, for though the man turned out to be an honest person, and the route really was the shortest and best, yet it was extremely imprudent in us to put ourselves so completely under the guidance of an utter stranger in those wild regions, so infested by desperate characters. . . . . Toward sunset we arrived at the village of Cadiar, surrounded by olive orchards, with a small vega, through which ran the river bordered with willows. Here we put up at one of the most wretched posadas I ever met with in Spain. Our *caballero andante* introduced us to a family of his relations, the principal persons of the place, who lived in a spacious and well-furnished mansion, and who pressed us to take up our lodgings with them for the night, but we preferred the independence of our miserable posada. The next morning we resumed our journey, and the *caballero andante* sent a guide with us to show us the way through some of the intricate parts of the mountains, and lent us one of his carabines as an additional security. He turned out to be a sergeant of a company of Douaniers. It was in

this day's journey that we passed through some scenes, the extraordinary rudeness and savage sublimity of which I shall never forget. Those who would know the Alpujarras in their true wildness must explore such lonely passes. We were at one time on the dizzy verge of vast precipices, with a chaos of marble mountains spread before us; at other times we travelled through deep barrancos and ramblas, with red rocks of immense height absolutely impending over us. Our muleteer and our *escopeta* proceeded warily and took every precaution to guard against attack, for it is in these savage and solitary defiles that the traveller is exposed to most danger. . . . .

In the loneliest and most savage parts of these scenes the cross by the roadside gives an inexpressible touch of horror. It is generally in some turn or angle of the road where the murderer could lie in wait, or on the brow of some hill where he could see from afar the approach of the unfortunate traveller. As the most beautiful scenes of nature derive tenfold interest by anything that indicates the cheerful residence of man, so the wildest and most awful scenes derive tenfold horror from these mementos of human crime and passion. The cross stuck in the fissure of a rock by the roadside in a mountain pass of a deep broken barranco, spreads a character of ferocity over the whole scene.

Our mode of travelling in these parts has in it something that partakes of the rude nature of the country. Our muleteers have the air of veritable brigands, and doubtless now and then indulge in the profession as a gentleman occasionally lays by his humanity and indulges in the pleasures of the chase. Our repasts are in the true brigand style; sometimes at a brook among the rocks by the roadside, sometimes on the sea-shore under the shade of a fisherman's hovel, sometimes on the brow of a mountain. You cannot conceive the luxury of these repasts in the open air, in wild and picturesque places; and how charmingly the magic leather bottle of Gessler diffuses an enchantment over the scene. . . . .

We have been greatly pleased with our sojourn at Malaga. It is a finely situated place, in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains, and open to the Mediterranean. We have had beautiful moonlight nights, and

you can have no idea of the charming appearance of one of these southern Mediterranean ports by moonlight.

From Malaga, where he passed several days, Mr. Irving "took the circuitous route to Gibraltar by the mountains of Ronda." "The people of these mountains," he writes, "are the finest I have seen in Spain, and the contrabandista of Ronda is the knight errant of the Spanish vulgar." He remained four days at Gibraltar, then proceeded to Cadiz, which he pronounces one of the most beautiful cities he had ever seen, and after remaining there part of two days, he embarked on a steamboat for Seville, where he landed the same day.

To Peter he writes the day after his arrival at Seville, which he considered the end of his tour:—

Wilkie is here and will remain here a few days longer, when he returns to Madrid, and thence proceeds to Paris. He has sketched out on canvas his "Defense of Saragossa," in which he has introduced an excellent likeness of Palafox. The Prince Dolgorouki writes to me in the highest terms of this picture. My stay in Seville is uncertain. I have not seen the libraries. I shall probably remain here some weeks, till I can get the work we talked of in order for the press.

The work here alluded to was the "Conquest of Granada," which he had brought with him in an unfinished state from Madrid. "If I continue in motion," he adds, "I shall lose the fall season. I think a little close application and hard work will soon get all in train." He also anticipated the necessity of considerable emendations in

the second edition of "Columbus," from some English publications which Murray had sent him, and some curtailments to reduce the volume of the work.

Instead of the few weeks which he speaks of as the probable limit of his stay in Seville, his sojourn in that beautiful city and its vicinity was prolonged to more than a year.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—WILKIE AND THE PAINTING OF "ST. THOMAS."—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.—CHARACTER OF THE ANDALUSIANS.—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—BULL-FIGHTS, HIS NOTION OF.—SAN JUAN DE ALFARACHE.—RELICS OF MOORISH LABOR AND MOORISH TASTE.

INTRODUCE a few extracts from his diary:—

Friday, April 18th.—Went with Wilkie and Mr. ———, and a young gentleman of Lima to see the church of La Caridad—noble painting of Moses striking the rock—opposite, the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Went into chapel of St. Thomas—saw St. Thomas, by ———, fine painting—much admired by Wilkie. [The artist for whose name Mr. Irving, when making his record, was evidently at a loss, was Zurbaran, who preceded Murillo; the painting, St. Thomas Aquinas. I have heard him speak of the impression it produced on Wilkie, who stood gazing at it for a long while in deep admiration, and then gave vent to his surprise at the early perfection of Spanish art: "And this they had before Murillo!"]

Tuesday, April 22d.—Sat to Wilkie this morning for a sketch of my portrait—go with him and Sig. ——— to the library of the city—small collection—old friar very kind and attentive—likenesses of Murillo and Velasquez painted by themselves.

Wednesday, 23d.—Write letter to Mr. Everett—call on Wilkie, who finishes my portrait—dine with Gessler and Stoffregen at Mrs. Stalker's [an English boarding-house].

I give the letter to Mr. Everett, which is in answer to one referring to a notice of "Columbus" from the London "Times," and announcing his intention of preparing a review of the work for the "North American," in which it appeared in the succeeding January.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 23, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

. . . . I am much obliged to you for the kind interest you express in my literary concerns, and am happy to find you intend to review my work, as I am sure it will meet with a fair and able criticism from your pen. Mr. Rich has inclosed me the review from the "Times." I rather derive encouragement from it than otherwise. The great fault found by the critic is, that my work contains but little novelty of fact, the main body of information being already in existence in the works of Las Casas, Herrera, and Fernando Colon. He ought to have added Peter Martyr and the Curate de los Palacios. This is only to say what I have said myself in my preface, that the information relative to Columbus was scattered through a variety of works, and substantiates my assertion that a history combining all that had been related by different historians as well as the minor but very interesting facts existing in various documents recently discovered, was a desideratum in literature. What general reader will hunt up the various works I have mentioned to obtain from them full information respecting Columbus and his voyages? yet unless he read them all he will be but partially informed on the subject.

The English reader hitherto has derived his information on this head almost exclusively from the notice of Columbus in Dr. Robertson's history; this, though admirably executed, is but a general outline. It occupies one hundred and twenty or thirty pages. I found a faithful narration of all that was likely to be interesting to the reader, particularly the American reader, would occupy at least one thousand. No one is more

likely to be well informed on this subject than yourself, and I recollect in a conversation with you at the time I undertook the work you expressed your surprise that no complete history of Columbus was in existence.

If, therefore, as this critic says, my work is "elegantly and agreeably written," so as to form to those who learn the history of Columbus from it for the first time, "a most delightful production," I have in a great measure attained my end.

I have received much encouragement from various private letters, expressing the opinions of my correspondents themselves, and others of note, particularly of Sir James Mackintosh, who has been very flattering in his eulogiums.

As to Murray, he sends me a verbal message by Mr. Rich, requesting alterations and corrections, instead of writing particularly to me on the subject. I have always foreseen that there would be many corrections required in the second edition, and would have been glad to have had any errors I had committed clearly pointed out that I might amend them.

I have visited the archives of the Indias, and presented a letter of introduction to the chief. He tells me, however, that it is necessary to have an express order from the king before I can inspect the archives or make any extracts or copies. I wish very much to examine some documents prior to publishing the second edition of my work. Can you, without inconvenience, in your intercourse at court *proporcionar* me an order of the kind ?

Mr. Wilkie leaves Seville to-morrow in the diligence for Madrid, where he proposes to remain a week and then to continue on to Paris.

I have been much interested in visiting some of the masterpieces of the Spanish painters with him. His observations on paintings are full of maxims on the art, and of maxims that apply to art generally. You will find a conversation with him on his return extremely gratifying, and he will feel a pleasure in conversing with you, for he entertains a very high opinion of you as well as a grateful sense of the kind services you have rendered him

Mr. Irving parted with Wilkie on the 24th of April, and soon after changed his lodgings from the Fonda de la Reyna to Mrs. Stalker's, where he remained during the months of May and June. Here he formed the acquaintance of John Nalder Hall, a young Englishman in delicate health, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The three letters which follow were addressed from these quarters.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, May 7, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

. . . . I cannot tell you how gratified I am by the very favorable opinion you have expressed of my work. To tell you the truth, I stood in great awe of your opinion. I knew you to be more competent than most men to judge in the matter, and that you had a terribly keen searching eye in literature as well as politics. I can only say that since I read your letter my mind has been relieved from a thousand doubts and anxieties, and I have enjoyed a tranquillity as to the ultimate success of my work, which none of the previous letters I had received from my friends has been able to produce.

I shall immediately set about the corrections for the second edition, which I perceive will be by no means so important as I had apprehended.

As to visiting the archives here, if it is a matter of such difficulty on the part of the government, I would not wish you to press it. I had supposed a simple application would have been sufficient. There are some documents concerning Columbus of which Mr. Navarrete has obtained copies, which he intends to publish in his third volume, and of which I have never been able to obtain a full sight at Madrid. I should have wished to get a sight of these, as I fear the third volume of Mr. Navarrete will be as long in making its appearance as the Jewish Messiah. It is not, however, a matter of much moment.

The documents are probably of greater importance in the eyes of Mr. Navarrete than they would be in the eyes of the public, and I believe I have already either ascertained or divined the substance of them. When Mr. Rich returns, he will probably be able to procure me a copy of Navarrete's third volume, if it is actually in the press. . . . .

[*To Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki.*]

SEVILLE, May 18, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

. . . . You talk in your letters of the possibility of your paying Seville a visit. I fear you will defer it till after my departure. The weather will soon be too hot to admit of your travelling so far to the south ; and I question my remaining here until the cool autumnal months. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to ramble about Seville and its vicinity, in company with you. It is a place full of interest, both as it relates to works of art, and to the character of the place itself and its inhabitants.

The Andalusians are further removed from the rest of Europeans in their characteristics, than any of the people of Spain that I have seen. They belong more to Africa in many of their traits and habitudes ; and when I am mingling among them in some of their old country towns, I can scarcely persuade myself that the expulsion of the Moors has been anything more than nominal.

Stoffregen has no doubt given you an account of a great cattle fair, which we visited a few leagues from Seville. When I was in the centre of this fair, with tents pitched around me, droves of cattle, and troops of horsemen in the Andalusian costume riding about the fields in every direction, I could scarce persuade myself that I was in Europe, and that it was not a wild, roving encampment of some predatory Arab army.

The churches here would furnish you with continual banquets. They are extremely rich in paintings, and, what gives the greatest zest to your enjoyment, is the idea that these paintings are but little known to the world at large. They are not like the great paintings of Italy, which

have been admired and extolled and criticised, and written about by every connoisseur or would-be connoisseur, who has made the grand tour. A celebrated Italian painting is like the belle of a metropolis, who is so much admired and talked about that the imagination grows weary of her; she seems to grow stale and common both to eye and ear; but one of these Spanish masterpieces, in an obscure convent seldom visited by the foot of a traveller, is like a beauty in a country village, fresh and sweet from being rarely seen and stared at. For my part, I feel less interest in great belles or great paintings, which all the world know and admire, than I do in those out-of-the-way beauties which one seems to have discovered. Indeed I carry this so far that I have two or three delicious little Murillos which I have found out in obscure and almost remote chapels or convents, and which I in a manner keep to myself. I carry on a kind of intrigue with them, visiting them quietly and alone; and I cannot tell you what delightful moments I pass in their company; enhanced by the idea of their being so private and retired. The moment a painting is drawn forth from its native chapel or convent, and introduced upon town in a public gallery, it loses half its charms with me; and as to those renowned "virgins" who are visited by all the rabble rout of travellers, they are not ladies for my money.

May 21st.—You tell me you are studying the English again; are you really *studying it*, or only dipping into it occasionally, leaving intervals sufficient between your lessons to forget them. A few weeks' steady application would put you in complete possession of the language, and I should be delighted when next we meet to have a free medium of communication between us. I fear I shall never acquire sufficient fluency in the French to speak it with ease and pleasure. I always feel shackled in it, and cannot express all that I think, nor give any turn or coloring to my thoughts; and what is social intercourse when one has to struggle with such impediments? Do therefore study English a little for my sake, and now and then take an extra lesson merely as an act of friendship.

You say you are in a state of warfare with Mademoiselle Antoinette; do not expect any aid or connivance on my part. I am her most faithful ally, and shall certainly take her part if you dare to advance beyond the

Pruth. In the meantime, until I see hostilities actually commenced, I remain as ever, your assured friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller, Madrid.*]

SEVILLE, May 28, 1828.

I have suffered some time to elapse, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, without replying to your charming letter, but I have had a long arrearage of letters to pay off to correspondents in Europe and America and many lie by me yet unanswered. O ! this continually accumulating debt of correspondence ! It grows while we sleep, and recurs as fast as we can pay it off. Would that I had the turn and taste for letter-writing of our friend the prince, to whom it seems a perfect delight ; who, like an industrious spider, can sit in that little dark room and spin out a web of pleasant fancies from his own brain ; or rather, to make a more gracious comparison, like a honey bee goes humming about the world, and when he has visited every flower, returns buzz—buzz—buzz to his little hive, and works all that he has collected into a perfect honey-comb of a letter. For my part, I know no greater delight than to receive letters ; but the replying to them is a grievous tax upon my negligent nature. I sometimes think one of the greatest blessings we shall enjoy in heaven, will be to receive letters by every post and never be obliged to reply to them.

Do not think, however, that what I have said applies to my correspondence with you ; or with that truly good boy, the prince. With me it is in letter-writing as in conversation, I must feel a particular interest in a person to be able to acquit myself with any degree of attention and animation in either ; but there are those with whom it is a real pleasure, both to converse and correspond. It is the number of uninteresting persons with whom one must keep up correspondence and conversation of mere civility that makes a toil of the common intercourse of life.

You tell me you have been at a bull-fight, and that you have renounced all amusements of the kind forever. I should be much mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, could you really relish those barbarous

spectacles. Depend upon it, it is neither the better nor the braver parts of our nature that is gratified by them. There appears to me a mixture of cowardice and ferocity in looking on in selfish security and enjoying the perils and sufferings of others. The "divinity that dwells within us" has nothing to do with pleasures of the kind ; they belong to our earthly, our gross and savage nature. I have sunk considerably in my own estimation since I have found I could derive gratification from these sights ; I should have been grieved to find you as bad in this respect as myself.

I am sorry to hear that you are to pass your summer in Madrid and not to visit Aranjuez or La Granja. What a pity that the diplomatic circle should be doomed to the sterile monotony of that city of the desert; what a residence this Seville might be made for a court ! Such a heavenly climate and delightful neighborhood ; such fine rides, such pleasant country retreats, such water excursions on the Guadalquivir ! I have visited some lovely places in the vicinity ; and whenever I find any situation peculiarly delicious, I am sure to find that it has been a favorite resort of those noble fellows, the Moors.

I made an excursion a few days since down the Guadalquivir to an old convent, called S. Juan de Alfarache, which is built among the ruins of a Moorish castle, and I dined at a country seat in the neighborhood, which had been the retreat of some Moorish family. You cannot imagine scenery more soft, graceful, luxuriant, and beautiful. These retreats are built along the side of a ridge of hills overlooking the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, and the serpentine windings of that river, with Seville and its towers rising at a distance, and the Ronda mountains bounding the landscape. But consider all this ridge of hills and the valley immediately below you a perfect garden, filled with oranges, citrons, figs, grapes, pomegranates ; hedged by the aloe and the Indian fig in blossom ; the whole country covered with flowers, such as in other countries are raised in hot-houses, but here growing wild ; for the very weeds are flowers and aromatic plants. Fancy all this lovely landscape rendered fresh and sweet by recent showers, the soft air loaded with fragrance and the hum of bees on every side, and the songs of thousands of nightingales reminding you of spring-time and the season of flowers.

In these country-seats one continually meets with the relics of Moorish labor and Moorish taste ; channels cut into the sides of the hills, through the living rock, in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

The pleasantest excursion, however, that I have made from Seville was to Alcala de la Guadayra. It is situated on the Guadayra, a beautiful little winding stream that throws itself into the Guadalquivir near to Seville. At Alcala there are noble remains of an immense Moorish castle, the towers and walls in fine preservation.

Nothing can be more charming than the windings of the little river among banks hanging with gardens and orchards of all kinds of delicate southern fruits, and tufted with flowers and aromatic plants. The nightingales throng this lovely little valley as numerously as they do the gardens of Aranjuez. Every bend of the river presents a new landscape, for it is beset by old Moorish mills of the most picturesque forms ; each mill having an embattled tower—a memento of the valiant tenure by which those gallant fellows, the Moors, held this earthly paradise, having to be ready at all times for war, and as it were to work with one hand and fight with the other. It is impossible to travel about Andalusia and not imbibe a kind feeling for those Moors. They deserved this beautiful country. They won it bravely ; they enjoyed it generously and kindly. No lover ever delighted more to cherish and adorn a mistress, to heighten and illustrate her charms, and to vindicate and defend her against all the world than did the Moors to embellish, enrich, elevate, and defend their beloved Spain. Everywhere I meet traces of their sagacity, courage, urbanity, high poetical feeling, and elegant taste. The noblest institutions in this part of Spain, the best inventions for comfortable and agreeable living, and all those habitudes and customs which throw a peculiar and oriental charm over the Andalusian mode of living, may be traced to the Moors. Whenever I enter these beautiful marble patios, set out with shrubs and flowers, refreshed by fountains, sheltered with awnings from the sun ; where the air is cool at noonday, the ear delighted in sultry summer by the sound of falling water ; where, in a

word, a little paradise is shut up within the walls of home; I think on the poor Moors, the inventors of all these delights. I am at times almost ready to join in sentiment with a worthy friend and countryman of mine whom I met in Malaga, who swears the Moors are the only people that ever deserved the country, and prays to heaven they may come over from Africa and conquer it again.

You promise to give me the news of the gay world of Madrid. I shall be delighted to receive it from you, but you need not go out of the walls of your own house to find subjects full of interest for me. Let me have all the news you can of your domestic circle; you have a world within yourselves; at least it was all the world to me while at Madrid. Stoffregen, I presume, is like Sindbad when he returned from his voyages, he has so much to relate. The prince talks something of coming to Seville. Is there any probability of it? I should mark the day of his arrival with a white stone, and would be delighted to be his cicerone.

Tell me everything about the children. I suppose the discreet princess will soon consider it an indignity to be ranked among the number. I am told she is growing with might and main, and is determined not to stop until she is a woman outright. I would give all the money in my pocket to be with those dear little women at the round table in the saloon, or on the grass-plot in the garden, to tell them some marvelous tales.

Give my kind remembrances to Mr. and Madame D'Oubril, and to all the household, large and small. I hope Mademoiselle Constance keeps her little flock in order, and that Madame Agnes has as great command as ever over the little sons. Tell my little Marie I kiss her hand and hold myself her loyal and devoted knight. If she wishes at any time the head of a giant or the tail of a fiery dragon, she has but to call upon me. My arm and my court sword are always at her command.

With the greatest regard, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER IX.

REMOVES TO A COTTAGE IN THE VICINITY OF SEVILLE.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI. — WILKIE.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—"CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—ARRANGEMENT WITH CAREY. —JOURNEY TO PALOS.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, IN REPLY TO ONE ANNOUNCING THE KING'S PERMISSION TO HIM TO INSPECT THE ARCHIVES OF THE INDIAS, AND GIVING HIM AN EXTRACT FROM HIS CRITIQUE ON "COLUMBUS."

N the first of July, Mr. Irving removed with John Nalder Hall, the young Englishman in delicate health, who had been his fellow-lodger at Mrs. Stalker's, to a cottage in the vicinity of Seville, where he passed six weeks, occupied upon the "Conquest of Granada" and a second edition of "Columbus." This cottage was inclosed by a high wall, and at sunset the keeper shut the gates and locked them in for the night. Occasionally the gates were closed also upon some suspicious-looking horsemen, who would come and go mysteriously, and to whom the keeper would appear to be giving harbor for the night.

The record in his diary of the second day's sojourn, would seem to mark their lonely abode for an ominous vicinity.

Wednesday, July 2d.—At Casa de Cera—write at "Granada"—evening go out with Hall who rides while I walk—make a tour by the river Guadayra—old Moorish mill—bridge near by, with cross on it of murdered traveller.

It was from this cottage, in which they hoped to get through the hot season better than they should at Seville, that the following letters were addressed.

In the second, which has more or less bearing upon his personal and literary life, will be found a description of these new quarters, for which he had exchanged his English boarding-house in Seville, and an allusion to the companion who shared them with him.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, July 11, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

. . . . I am so much out of the world here that I hear nothing. A newspaper three or four weeks old is full of intelligence to me, and quite fresh in its contents.

I have corrected my work on Columbus for a second edition, as far as I have the means of doing so. Mr. Rich writes me word that Mr. Navarrete says his third volume will contain some curious matter for my second edition. . . . I am told his work will not appear until September, and I presume we may allow a still more remote date in consequence of the customary delays in this country. I cannot defer the publication of the second edition for such an indefinite period. I believe the most material facts Mr. Navarrete alludes to are drawn from the papers of the pleito, between the heirs of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish crown. Should you have occasion to see Mr. Salmon in the course of your official transactions, I should take it as a kindness if you would pro-

cure me an order to inspect the papers and documents "in the pleito between the Admiral Don Diego Colon and the fiscal of the crown, *and any other papers that may relate to the history of Christopher Columbus.*" The part of the request underlined you may omit should it cause any difficulty. I believe an order will readily be granted for any specific documents. The difficulty only is with respect to general requests to search the archives. I find great kindness and attention here among the people of the cathedral and its librarians. In the course of my rummaging, I have come by chance upon a work on Cosmography, etc., by the Cardinal Pedro Aliaco, which is cited by Las Casas as having been several times in his hands, and full of marginal notes by Columbus and his brother, the Adelantado. I found the precise work, with all the marginal notes, mostly in Latin, remarkably neatly written. It is curious in the extreme, as containing relations, etc., of Columbus, of various things bearing upon his theory, and written prior to the discovery. None of the people of the library knew of its being the handwriting of Columbus ; or, indeed, seemed to attach any particular value to the book until I made them sensible of it. What a prize this would have been for friend Rich.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller Madrid.*]

Seville, July 20, 1828.

I ought to make you many excuses, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, for suffering so long a time to elapse without writing, but the weather set in exceedingly hot, and for a time seemed to incapacitate me for every mental exertion, and I afterwards became unsettled in all my customary habits by a change of residence, having taken up my quarters in a cottage about half a league from Seville. I shall now endeavor to get myself "*en train.*" From what I have written to you about scenes in Andalusia, I find you have taken an idea that this is a most lovely and most wonderful country ; but you must recollect I only speak of particular places The general appearance of Andalusian plains, for a great part of the year, is cheerless and sunburnt, from the heat of the climate and the want of trees, that prevalent defect in Spanish scenery. The cottage in which I

am residing looks out over an immense plain, called the "Tablada," which is now completely parched, and the air from it as warm as the vapor of a furnace. No trees are to be seen, except at a great distance a few plantations of olives—those wretched groves, which to my eye make a landscape still more arid. The great comfort of the cottage is a little garden behind it full of orange and citron trees, with a porch overhung with grape-vines and jessamines. I have taken up my quarters here with a young English gentleman, who is in a critical state of health from having broken a blood-vessel. The place suits me from its uninterrupted quiet. The mornings and evenings are cool from the prevalence of the sea breezes, and the nights are delicious. I pass my time here, therefore, completely undisturbed, having no visits either to pay or to receive; with a horse to ride about the plain for exercise, or to take me to Seville when I wish to visit the library. It is a long time since I have been so tranquil, so completely insulated, so freed from the noises and distractions of the town, and I cannot tell you how much I relish it. There is a quiet and deep enjoyment in sitting out in the air in the still serenity of the country, and passing one of these balmy summer nights in gazing at the stars. They have the purity and splendor in this clear atmosphere which I have witnessed nowhere else save in my own country. Though within only two miles of Seville, the landscape is as solitary as it would be at fifty miles' distance from a town in any other country; and nothing reminds one of the vicinity at night but the deep chimes of the cathedral bells, which are rich and melodious in their tones, and have a magnificent sound as heard across the plain. When I get for a time in the country, even in this comfortless and melancholy country of Spain, I feel such a tranquillity of the spirits, such a cessation of all those agitations and petty cares that perplex me in town, that I wonder at having passed so much of my life in scenes in which I take so little relish, and to which I feel myself so little adapted. We are great cheats to ourselves, and defraud ourselves out of a great portion of this our petty term of existence, filling it up with idle ceremonies and irksome occupations and unnecessary cares. By dint of passing our time in the distractions of a continual succession of society, we lose all intimacy with what ought to be our best and most cherished

society, *ourselves*. And by fixing our attention on the vapid amusements and paltry splendors of a town, we lose all perceptions of the serene and elevating pleasures and the magnificent spectacles presented us by nature. What *soirée* in Madrid could repay me for a calm, delicious evening passed here among the old trees of the garden, in untroubled thought or unbroken reverie—or what splendor of ball-room, or court itself, can equal the glory of sunset, or the serene magnificence of the moon and stars shining so clearly above me. . . . .

21*st*.—I have been dwelling most extravagantly, you will think, upon the charms of country life, and yet the deep chimes of the cathedral bells which throw such a solemn charm over the solitary plain in the evenings, seem to claim some testimony in favor of that noble building. If ever you come to Seville, be sure to visit its glorious cathedral. That, however, you will be sure to do; your good taste will not suffer you to keep away, but visit it more than once; visit it in the evenings, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows. Visit it at night, when its various chapels are partially lighted up, its immense aisles are dimly illuminated by their rows of silver lamps, and when mass is preparing amidst gleams of gold and clouds of incense at its high altar. Visit it at those times, and, if possible, go alone, or with as few gay ladies and gentlemen as possible, for they are the worst kind of companions for a cathedral. I do not think altogether, I have ever been equally delighted with any building of the kind. It is so majestic, ample, and complete; so sumptuous in all its appointments, and noble and august in its ceremonies. It is near the house where I lodged when in Seville, and was my daily resort. Indeed, I often visited it more than once in the course of the day. It is delightful to me to have a grand and solemn building of the kind near to me in a city. It is a resort where one gets rid of the noise, and nonsense, and littleness of the petty world around one, and can call up in some degree (though after all but slightly) a glow of solemn and poetical feeling ; the most difficult of all sentiments to be summoned up in a city.

A quiet saunter about a cathedral, particularly towards the evening, when the shades are deeper and the light of the painted windows more

dim and vague, has the effect upon me of a walk in one of our great American forests. I cannot compare the scenes, but their sublime and solitary features produce the same dilation of the heart and swelling of the spirit, the same aspiring and longing after something exalted and indefinite; something—I know not what, but something which I feel this world cannot give me. When my eye follows up these great clustering columns until lost in the obscurity of the lofty and spacious vaults, I feel as I have done when gazing up along the trunks of our mighty trees that have stood for ages, and tracing them out to the topmost branches which tower out of the brown forest into the deep blue sky—my thoughts and feelings seem carried up with them until they expand and are lost in the immensity. I find I am running into very long tirades in this letter, and am spinning out thoughts for the want of facts to relate. But I have no domestic gossip nor the chit-chat of a circle of acquaintances to communicate, which are the lively and interesting materials for a letter; you must excuse, therefore, my prosing. Give my love to all my dear little friends of the round table, from the discreet princess down to the little blue-eyed boy. Tell *la petite Marie* that I still remain true to her, though surrounded by all the beauties of Seville, and that I swear (but this she must keep between ourselves) that there is not a little woman to compare with her in all Andalusia. With my kindest remembrances to Mons. and Madame D'Oubril, and to my good friend, Mlle. Constance, I am, my dear friend, very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SEVILLE, July 21, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I find if one would not be forgotten by one's friends it is necessary to keep up a regular epistolary fire ; but what novelty can I furnish, vegetating as I do in the midst of a sunburnt Andalusian plain, to you, surrounded by the bustle of a diplomatic life, and the gayety and gossip of a capital? What can I tell you of Seville that you have not heard a thousand times? I know nothing of its inhabitants, for I have not mingled with them. As to the famed beauty of its women, I am inclined to set it

down as one of those traditional things that has commenced in fact, and been handed down from age to age, and from traveller to traveller, though it has long since become a falsehood. There are beautiful women in Seville, as (God be praised for all His mercies) there are in all other great cities ; but do not, my worthy and inquiring friend, do not come to Seville as I did, expecting a perfect beauty to be staring you in the face at every turn, or you will be awfully disappointed. Andalusia, generally speaking, derives its renown for the beauty of its women and the beauty of its landscapes, from the rare and captivating charms of individuals. The generality of its female faces are as sunburnt and void of bloom and freshness as its plains. I am convinced, the great fascination of Spanish women arises from their natural talent, their fire and soul, which beams through their dark and flashing eyes, and kindle up their whole countenance in the course of an interesting conversation. As I have but few opportunities of judging of them in this way, I can only criticise them with the eye of a sauntering observer. It is like judging of a fountain when it is not in play, or a fire when it lies dormant, and neither flames nor sparkles. After all, it is the divinity *within* which makes the divinity *without :* and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charms, than I have been by the most regular beauty.

I presume your secretaryship * multiplies your labors, and with your usual *Duende* habits keeps you in a continual bustle. You repine at times at the futility of the gay and great world about you. The world is pretty much what we make it; and it will be filled up with nullities and trifles if we suffer them to occupy our attention. My dear Prince—I ask pardon—my dear Dolgorouki—you have everything before you, and heaven has given you talents to shape and mould this gay chaos to your own purposes if you will but set about it rightly. Fix your attention on noble objects and noble purposes, and sacrifice all temporary and trivial things to their attainment. Consider everything not as to its present importance and effect, but with relation to what it is to produce some time hence. If

* The Prince, before an attaché, was now Secretary of Legation to the Russian embassy.

a pursuit—whether it is to lead to a valuable accomplishment, to add to your stock of serviceable knowledge, to increase your intellectual means, and give future dignity to your name. In society, let what is merely amusing occupy but the waste moments of your leisure and the mere surface of your thoughts; cultivate such intimacies only as may ripen into lasting friendships, or furnish your memory with valuable recollections. Above all, mark *one line* in which to excel, and bend all your thoughts and exertions to rise to eminence or rather to advance towards perfection in that *line*. In this way you will find your views gradually converging towards one point, instead of being distracted by a thousand objects. You will be surprised how soon you will become disentangled from the thousand petty cares, and petty pleasures, and petty troubles that are now spun round you like spiders' webs, and you will be surprised also to find how full of really great objects the world is around you, but which you were prevented from seeing by the intruding trifles *at the end of your nose.*

Have you heard from Wilkie since his arrival in London? I am extremely anxious to know how he finds himself after his return in his own native country, and how his late paintings are relished by his countrymen. I saw lately the portrait he made of a little girl after his return to Madrid; it was sent here to be forwarded to London. When I recollect how slowly he used to work and how laboriously to finish, I am astonished to perceive the facility with which he has adopted so opposite a manner. I think he has gained greatly in the freedom of his pencil and the general effect of his paintings.

You once offered me a Spanish work, entitled, I think, "*El origen de los Indias.*" I am just now engaged in some researches in which I wish to consult it, but cannot procure it in this place. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would send it to me, and I will return it when I have done with it.

I regret extremely that there is no likelihood of your visiting Seville while I am here. . . . . The chances of my return to Madrid are very slight, yet I cannot endure the idea that I am to leave Spain without seeing anything more of any of your household. But to return to Madrid would interfere with all my plans, and throw me again into the midst of

friendly connections from which it would cost me painful exertions again to tear myself. . . . .

Farewell, my dear Dolgorouki. Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the eleventh of August, Mr. Irving set out in a calesa, on a rough journey to Palos, fourteen leagues distant, whence the little squadron of Columbus made sail for the New World. He gave to the public an interesting sketch of this visit in the Appendix to the second edition of "Columbus," and the reader will also find some allusion to it in the following letter to Mr. Everett, which is in reply to one from that gentleman, inclosing a letter from Mr. Salmon, the Secretary of State, announcing the king's permission for him to inspect the archives of the Indias, and giving him an extract from a critique on "Columbus," which he was preparing for the "North American Review."

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, August 20, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter of the 12th inst. has made me most deeply and irretrievably your debtor. I thank you a thousand times for your persevering kindness in procuring me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias; and I cannot but feel gratified by the very handsome manner in which it was communicated to you by the prime minister. I believe the keeper of the archives had not received the order, but the moment he read the letter of Mr. Salmon, he put everything at my disposition, and he and his colleagues have shown me the most particular and unremitted atten

tions whenever I have visited the archives since. I find nothing relative to Columbus that has not been published by Navarrete, excepting the documents in the lawsuit between the heirs of Columbus and the Fiscal, from which I have made some minutes.

You are the best judge of the propriety of presenting a copy of my work to the king, and I will thank you to do as you think proper in the business. I should have felt diffident of such a thing, as savoring of the vanity of authorship, had the idea originated with myself, but I have no hesitation when sanctioned by your advice. I beg you will also express to Mr. Salmon how much I feel indebted to him for his repeated courtesies.

The extract from your critique on "Columbus" is so exceedingly flattering, that it quite agitates me. If I thought I could really merit the extent of your encomiums! yet they are opinions which you are deliberately giving to the press, and I know you do not commit your judgment lightly or rashly.

. . . . . .

Last week I made a journey to Palos, to visit the place from whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery. The journey was rather rough, and I had to put up with the usual evils of Spanish posadas, but I was extremely gratified. I had a letter to one of the descendants of the Pinzons, a most respectable and pleasant old gentleman, seventy-two years of age, healthful, cheerful, and active. He entertained me with great hospitality, made me acquainted with his family connection, and accompanied me to every place memorable in the history of the expedition. The Pinzon family is still numerous and apparently flourishing, and ever since the time of Columbus has continued in the neighborhood, principally at Moguer, where the best houses are occupied by members of the family, and they, for centuries, have filled the posts of trust and dignity of the little city. I visited Palos, the convent of La Rabida, the church at which Columbus read the order for the caravels, the church where he watched and prayed all night after his return, according to a vow which he had made in a storm at sea; in short, I sought everything that had any connection with him and his history. . . . .

CHAPTER X.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS TO PORT ST. MARY.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTER TO PETER. —LITERARY PLANS.—LONGING TO RETURN TO AMERICA.—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—REMOVAL FROM THE CERILLO TO THE CARACOL.—MURRAY'S OFFER TO HIM TO CONDUCT A MAGAZINE, AND TO WRITE FOR THE "QUARTERLY." —REPUGNANCE TO THE PROPOSAL.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, NOTICING MURRAY'S OFFER.—"CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—SALE OF AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.—RETURN TO SEVILLE.—ABRIDGMENT OF "COLUMBUS." —GIVEN GRATUITOUSLY TO MURRAY.—BARGAIN WITH THE CARVILLS FOR "COLUMBUS" AND ABRIDGMENT.—DEATH OF HALL.—ANECDOTE OF INVOCATION.—BARGAIN WITH MURRAY FOR "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—CLOSE OF 1828.

FINDING the heat too great at their cottage on the sunburnt "tablada" of Seville, Mr. Irving and Mr. Hall removed to a little country-seat about three quarters of a mile from the town of St. Mary, about eight miles from Cadiz, on the opposite side of the Bay.

It stands on a hill, [writes Washington to his brother Peter, September 2, the day after they had taken possession,] commanding an extensive prospect of sea and land, with Cadiz and its beautiful bay on one side and the distant mountains of Ronda on another.

The letter continues:—

I shall remain here until the end of September, perhaps a little longer, and think I may then pay another visit to Seville, to look into the archives of the Indias. Mr. Everett procured me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias, but it did not arrive until about a week before I left Seville, when the weather was so hot that it was almost impossible to do anything.

I shall remain some little time longer in Spain, until I can get more manuscript in sufficient train to insure its completion hereafter without difficulty—the getting up the work on Granada and the correcting of "Columbus" have hitherto engrossed me, and may occupy me some little time longer; after which I will endeavor to arrange other things, so as to be beyond the reach of chance or change of mind. I have quiet and leisure here to work, and with a little assiduity may make ample provision for all future wants; but when I once leave Spain, I fear I shall for a long time be unsettled and incapable of working. I am haunted by an incessant and increasing desire to visit America, and if I once get in motion it is a chance if I come to anchor again until I find myself at New York. I will endeavor, therefore, to provide against the possibility of such restlessness.

I give a few extracts from his diary, commencing the eleventh day after he and Mr. Hall had taken possession of Cerillo, the country-seat about a mile from Port St. Mary, before mentioned.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Find the persons of Mr. Crowley's house are coming out to take refuge in the Cerillo, through fear of the fever—cross to Cadiz to consult with Mr. Burton [the American consul] what course to take, as we must leave the Cerillo, and the country is alarmed by reports of fever in Gibraltar, and cordons are drawing in various places.

Friday, 12*th*.—Make preparations to return to Seville—learn that the steamboats are not permitted to come from Seville—our retreat in that direction cut off.

Monday, 15*th*.—Agree to take the Caracol at about $15 a month, partly furnished—move there this afternoon.—[This little retreat was a short distance from Port St. Mary, and commanded a fine view of the bay and city of Cadiz.—Here Hall was destined to find his end.]

October 12.—Receive letter from Murray; offers £1,000 a year to conduct a monthly magazine, and to pay liberally besides for any original articles I may insert; offers one hundred guineas an article for contributions for the "Quarterly Review."

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

PUERTO STA. MARIA, October 21, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Murray has offered me a thousand pounds a year to conduct a periodical magazine he is about setting up, to be devoted entirely to literature and the arts, without the least mixture of politics or personality, and to pay me liberally besides for any articles I may contribute to it. I have declined, as I do not wish to engage in any undertaking that would oblige me to fix my residence out of America; and, indeed, I am unwilling to shackle myself with any periodical labor. He also offers me a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the "Quarterly." This is extremely liberal, but, unfortunately, his review has been so hostile to our country, that I cannot think of writing a line for it. Had it been otherwise, I could hardly have resisted such a temptation. Since my tour in the old kingdom of Granada, I have finished and transmitted a work for publication on the subject of the Conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella. I collected materials for it about two years since, having been struck with the subject while writing the "Life of Columbus." My brother assisted me in my researches, but after I had roughly thrown it into form, I felt distrust on the subject, and let it lie. My tour reassured me, and I took it up resolutely at Seville, and worked it into regular form. Colonel Aspinwall, to whom I remitted the first part some weeks since, appears highly pleased with it, and has put it in Murray's hands, from whom I await a reply. It is in the form of a Chronicle, made up from all the old

Spanish historians I could lay my hands on, colored and tinted by the imagination so as to have a romantic air, without destroying the historical basis or the chronological order of events. I fancy it is as near the truth as any of the chronicles from which it is digested, and has the advantage of containing the striking facts and achievements, true or false, of them all. Of course it will have no pretensions as a grave historical production, or a work of authority, but I cannot help thinking it will present a lively picture of the war, and one somewhat characteristic of the times, so much of the materials having been drawn from contemporary historians.

The manuscript of the "Conquest of Granada," the work here alluded to as in the form of a Chronicle, had been despatched to America from Cadiz, a short time before, and the copyright was sold to Messrs. Carey & Co., of Philadelphia, for a term of five years, for $4,750 payable in two, four, eight, twelve, and eighteen months from the day of publication. In noticing Murray's offer of a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the "London Quarterly," in a communication to his brother Peter, which includes an allusion to the entire proposition, he says: "As for the 'Review' itself, it has always been so hostile to our country, I cannot draw a pen in its service."

It is a noteworthy fact in this connection, that it was afterwards made matter of opprobrium against him that he was a frequent contributor to the "London Quarterly," at a time when that periodical was distinguished for its hostility to the United States. But of this I may speak hereafter.

On the 3d of November Mr. Irving carried out his intention of running to Seville, "to make researches in the library left by Fernando Columbus, and in the archives of the Indias," leaving his companion at the "Caracol," expecting soon to follow him. A fortnight later, as appears by his diary, November 18, he received a letter from his brother Peter, informing him that some anonymous person in America was about to publish an abridgment of his "Life of Columbus," which, in his view, would be extremely injurious to both the work and himself: "as," he writes, "he must of course garble it, and mangle the style by alterations to avoid the law respecting copyright."

As the history would probably come to an abridgment, as a class or school book, Mr. Irving had intended to make one himself, but had delayed, fearing it might prejudice the sale of the larger work, if issued too soon; but now that he found himself menaced with this interference with his rights and the produce of his labors, before the extended history had been six months from the press, he set to work at once to carry out his purpose, writing immediately to his brother Ebenezer, to announce a forthcoming epitome by himself. To this course he was strongly urged by his brother Peter, to whom it appeared important to his interest, and the reputation of his work, that he should prepare an epitome of it to prevent its being garbled and mangled in the manner threatened. "Gibbon," he reminds him, "abridged his 'Decline and

Fall of the Roman Empire;' Goldsmith abridged his histories of Rome and Greece, and the public was thus put in possession of valuable school-books from the pens of those original authors." Then after one or two suggestions as to the reasons for the abridgments it might be well to state in the preface, to prevent the charge of book-making, he adds pleasantly: "By the way, your case is similar to that of Goldsmith, stated in the preface to a collection of his scattered Essays. You recollect his story of the fat voyager, who was to furnish slices of his own bacon, to support his shipwrecked companions, and insisted on having the first *cut* himself."

In his reply, dated November 19, the day succeeding the receipt of this unpalatable news, Washington writes:

> Your information of the intended piracy upon Columbus annoyed me at first excessively, for I have had so much fagging already with that work, that the idea of attempting an abridgment was intolerable, especially as I have so much other matter to employ my time upon during the short period I can yet linger in Spain. Still I cannot endure the idea that a paltry poacher should carry off the fruits of my labors. I sat down, therefore, this morning, and have already written about twenty pages, and now think I shall be able to digest the work into a very spirited and compact form, that will eventually be more profitable than the more bulky one, if not a better piece of literature.

In a subsequent letter to Peter, of November 30, he writes that he was getting on easily and rapidly with the abridgment; convinced that it would make a most compact, interesting, and entertaining work in one volume, of

a size to be widely and permanently salable. "I think," he adds, "the literary pirate will eventually prove a benefactor."

A fortnight later, he writes to the same brother:—

I have finished the abridgment, and shall send it off to America by the brig *Francis*, which sails from Cadiz for New York, about the 22d instant. I have had it copied, that I might forward a copy to Murray. It will make about five hundred pages of the "Sketch Book," or four hundred good full pages of ordinary printing. I finished it in nineteen days,—hard work, but I think it will be all the better for being written off at a heat. I have no doubt that it will prove a work of extensive and durable sale. All the passages and scenes of striking interest are given almost entire, and the other parts are compressed with clearness and fluency, and without losing in language, I think they gain in spirit by conciseness. The vessel by which it goes to America was originally advertised for the 15th, and to enable me to forward the MSS., man, woman, and child of my acquaintance here that understood English, volunteered to assist in copying it, so that I had it copied in the course of a very few days.

I have had no intelligence from Colonel Aspinwall of any definite arrangement with Murray for the "Conquest of Granada." From the tenor of his last letter, however, I feel satisfied he will get full terms; but I begin to fear the work will not be published until spring.

The copy of the abridgment for Murray, mentioned in this letter, he gave to that publisher without charge, who, it may be stated incidentally, disposed of an edition of ten thousand for his Family Library. If he failed of reimbursement from the more costly and extended history, the deficiency was no doubt made up by the gratuitous compendium.

The same day he writes to Mr. Everett, in reply to a letter not in my possession, respecting some points in the "History of Columbus," as follows:—

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, December 13, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I am not certain whether I have seen anything of the work of Count Nassione on the question of the birthplace of Columbus, but I have an idea that I found the amount of his arguments stated in some other work. It appears, however, that after writing two dissertations on the subject, he left it still undecided. I examined carefully and painfully every work and document I could find relative to the subject, and it cost me several days of hard and dry investigation. I came to the opinion in favor of Genoa from the reasons stated in my illustrations and from various other trivial reasons that I did not think it important to state. I conceived it proper to pay this respect to a question which has been made a subject of such voluminous controversy among grave men, but having once settled my opinion, I will take especial care not to unsettle it again. I have determined never to enter into disputes upon any of these contested points. They will continue to be contested until the day of judgment, and there will never be wanted champions on both sides in Italy to draw their pens and write volumes in the cause on the least provocation. As to the portrait at the Lonja, it is not likely to be a portrait of Columbus, but rather of his son Diego. It is too young for the admiral, and it is painted in a ruff, which article of dress was not worn in Spain until some years after his death, in the reign of Charles V. Should Count Massimino send you the work of Nassione, I shall feel much obliged to you if you will let me have a sight of it.

I have been indefatigably engaged for three weeks past in preparing an abridgment of "Columbus." I found that some literary pirate in America had advertised an intention to do so, which would not merely have

robbed me of part of the fruits of my labors, but would have presented my work in a mutilated and garbled state to my countrymen. . . . .

On the 19th of December, Mr. Irving transmits to his brother Ebenezer, "by Midshipman Farrand, who was recently in Seville," a copy of the abridgment for publication in America.

I beg you will have it published as quick as possible [he writes]. Print a good number ; let it make a volume of moderate size, and full, though clear and legible page, and let the price be moderate. Profit is of secondary importance. Manage the matter so as to command a circulation, and to drive the pirate ashore. . . . . If you have made a bargain with any bookseller for the publication of the second edition of "Columbus," you may modify the bargain so as to include the publication of this work, which I am confident will ultimately have a wide and general sale, for it has the marrow of the large work, and is abridged, I think, both spiritedly and fluently.

The brother to whom this letter is addressed, it may be here stated, made an arrangement with the Carvills, of New York, the purchasers of the first edition of Columbus, by which he disposed to them of the right of printing the second edition, and the abridgment for five years, for $6,000.

It was before the transmission of this abridgment, which was to find an undisputed field, and in the midst of the incessant labor of his hurried preparation, that Mr. Irving received the news of the death of the companion whom he had left at the "Caracol," and with whom he had spent so many months of lonely fellowship

on the tablada of Seville, and outside the walls of Port St. Mary. When he took leave of him, Hall was to have rejoined him in the course of a week or two.

In alluding to the death of this amiable and interesting companion in a letter to Brevoort, of December 20, Mr. Irving writes :—

He was intelligent, well-bred, and accomplished. His malady confined him almost entirely to the house. Sometimes he rode out a little, and I accompanied him, either on horseback or on foot, but most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he drawing and studying Persian and Arabic. . . . . I cannot tell you, my dear Brevoort, how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with any one but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman in the house in Seville where I am now boarding, and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manner. I could not have thought that a mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings.

It was the spirit of this young Englishman that the author invoked, and as the anecdote has already found its way into print, I will give it in the words in which I had it from his own lips :—

Hall [said Mr. Irving] was rather skeptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of a future life and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do ? "Why, Hall," I replied, "you are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why

I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come." "Nay," said Hall, "I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable." "Well, then," said I, "I am serious too, and I will." "Then," said Hall, "it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it."

After his death, the horse of Hall was brought to him at Seville, and one evening he rode him to their old retreat, at Casa Cera, near that city. Here, solemnized by the scene and its associations, and recalling their strange compact, he breathed an appeal for the promised presence of his departed friend. "But," said he, "he did not come, and though I have made similar invocations before and since, they were never answered;" adding half playfully, half mournfully: "the ghosts have never been kind to me."

It would seem from a letter of Hall, addressed to Mr. Irving at Seville, only a week before his death, that their residence at the Caracol had not been without its romance. "Sebastian," he writes, "had got hold of a story of several robbers secreted in a cave, in the bank surrounding the Caracol. He has seen several crawl in and out on their hands and knees of the holes in the bank. The Capitaz says he fears to inform against them, lest they should have money to release them from prison, and then we should all be assassinated. We shall have thieves in the water-jars next."

It is a little singular, also, that their residence at Casa de Cera, on the tablada of Seville, was proved to have

been a sort of robber rendezvous, and the keeper and his wife, before Mr. Irving left Spain, were arrested for giving harbor to robbers, who were traced to their cottage.

On the 27th of December, Mr. Irving received a letter from Colonel Aspinwall, informing him that he had made an arrangement with Murray, for the purchase of the "Chronicles of Granada:" 2,000 guineas, at long dates. "I have concluded everything with Mr. Murray," writes that gentleman, December 12. "He gives you your own price, but the notes are to be at eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four months, from January 10, 1829; the last note for £500, and all the rest for £400 each. The assignment is to be exactly like the last in terms, so that the property in the copyright will remain with you till the notes are paid."

In noticing this arrangement in a letter to Peter, of December 27, Washington writes :—

You see, therefore, that the colonel has gone for the whole, and got me the outside price of 2,000 guineas. As to the length of the dates it is a matter of minor importance ; between the old funds lying in the hands of the colonel and what I have in the hands of my banker at Madrid, I shall be able to get on until within reach of the first instalment, and shall probably have other funds arising, as I shall have to comply with the earnest request of an old literary friend, Allan Cunningham, to furnish him with an article for a Christmas work, to be illustrated by Newton, Leslie, Wilkie, etc. He offers me for a short sketch and tale, or for either, any sum I may ask, from £50 to £100. His object is, of course, to get my name in the list of his contributors. Murray also is very anxious for me to furnish him with a small popular volume.

I close the history of this year of the author's life with the following memoranda from his diary :—

December 30*th.*—Incapable of working—change my room—evening at the opera—Crocciato—introduced to the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa, daughter of Mr. Bohl.

Wednesday 31*st.*—Call this morning with Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins on the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa—make a long visit. The Marchioness relates many village anecdotes of the village of Dos Hermanos—return home and make a note of two of them—evening at home.

Thus ends the year—tranquilly.—It has been one of much literary application, and, generally speaking, one of the most tranquil in spirit of my whole life. The literary success of the "History of Columbus" has been greater than I anticipated, and gives me hopes that I have executed something which may have greater duration than I anticipate for my works of mere imagination. I look forward without any very sanguine anticipations, but without the gloom that has sometimes oppressed me. The only future event from which I promise myself any extraordinary gratification is the return to my native country, which, I trust, will now soon take place.

CHAPTER XI.

STILL AT SEVILLE.—LITERARY PLANS AND PURSUITS.—LETTER TO PETER.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.—RECEIVES DIPLOMA OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF ANDREW JACKSON.—REASON FOR ADOPTING A "NOM DE GUERRE" FOR THE "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—LETTERS TO PETER.—PUBLICATION OF "CHRONICLES OF GRANADA."—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—ABOUT TO LEAVE SEVILLE FOR GRANADA.

THE period of Mr. Irving's sojourning at Seville, where he had been since the third of November, was continued through the months of January, February, March and April; a visit to the Barbary States which he had meditated in the interim, having failed of its accomplishment. In pursuance of the purpose which I keep steadily in view, to make the author his own biographer, I intermingle some passages from his letters and diary, which will illustrate in his own words his life and literary plans and pursuits during these four months.

[*To Peter Irving, at Havre.*]

SEVILLE, January 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I shall endeavor to get up the chronicle of the invasion as soon as pos-

sible. The fag at the abridgment has rather thrown me out of the writing mood for a little while, but the fit is reviving. . . . .

In my last I mentioned my having received a letter from Allan Cunningham, begging me to furnish him with a short sketch and tale, or either one, for a yearly miscellany to be published next autumn, similar to the German almanacs. I have not yet replied, for I fear to crowd myself with work. Yet I remember Cunningham for a worthy, pleasant, clever man. He is a friend of Wilkie's, and his miscellany is to be illustrated by engravings from Wilkie, Newton, and Leslie. I shall endeavor to prepare something for him.* I feel anxious to make the most of my present sunshine, but the very anxiety agitates me, and I feel at times a little perplexed what to take hold of.

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

SEVILLLE, January 10, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I am very greatly obliged to you for your attention in forwarding me the diploma of the Royal Academy of History, and will thank you to remit the enclosed reply to Don Diego Clemencin, the Secretary. . . . . I feel very sensibly the compliment which the Royal Academy has paid me in making me a member, and should like to know to what member's proposition I am indebted for the measure.†

I fear my chronicle of the Conquest of Granada will not answer the high anticipations you appear to entertain of it. I have been hazarding a kind of experiment in literature, and the success is in some degree a matter of chance. The Conquest of Granada has hitherto been a fertile theme for tales of romance and chivalry; in the account I have given of it, there is nothing of love or gallantry, and the chivalry is the chivalry of actual life, as it existed at the time, exhibited in rugged and daring enterprises, and rough, hard fighting. I have depicted the war as I

* He sent Cunningham *The Widow's Ordeal.*

† The proposition came from Navarrete.

found it in the old chronicles, a stern, iron conflict, more marked by bigotry than courtesy, and by wild and daring exploits of fierce soldiery, than the gallant contests of courteous cavaliers. However, the work will soon be published, and then you will be able to judge of its merits; but do not indulge in high expectations nor form any romantic idea of its nature.

The following is in reply to a letter of Mr. Everett, received on the 10th, giving him the result of the Presidential election, in which Andrew Jackson received 178 votes; John Quincy Adams, 83.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, February 14, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your statement of the relative number of votes for General Jackson and Mr. Adams quite surprises me. It shows how fallacious are all calculations upon the humor of the people, since many of our electioneering astrologers were confident in their predictions that Mr. Adams would be re-elected. I was rather sorry when Mr. Adams was first raised to the Presidency, but I am much more so at his being displaced; for he has made a far better President than I expected, and I am loth to see a man superseded who has filled his station worthily. These frequent changes in our administration are prejudicial to the country; we ought to be wary of using our power of changing our Chief Magistrate when the welfare of the country does not require it. In the present election there has, doubtless, been much honest, warm, grateful feeling toward Jackson, but I fear much pique, passion, and caprice as it respects Mr. Adams.

Since the old general was to be the man, however, I am well pleased upon the whole, that he has a great majority, as it will, for the reasons you mention produce a political calm in the country, and lull those angry passions which have been exasperated during Mr. Adams' administra-

tion, by the close contest of nearly balanced parties. As to the old general, with all his *hickory* characteristics, I suspect he has good stuff in him, and will make a sagacious, independent, and high-spirited President; and I doubt his making so high-handed a one as many imagine. . . . . As I give the old fellow credit for some degree of rough chivalry, I have no idea that he will play a petty, persecuting game with his opponents, when their opposition has been fair and honorable. I do not apprehend, therefore, many changes of office from mere political pique, and I believe that a person like yourself, who has filled his office faithfully, ably, and respectably, will never be molested. . . . .

The London newspaper has blundered with respect to the title of my new work. It is called "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," by Fray Antonio Agapida. I have adopted a *nom de guerre*, as allowing me a freer scope in touching up and coloring the subject from my imagination.

I received recently a diploma as corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid; for which, I understand, I am indebted to the friendly services of Mr. Navarrete. I am quite anxious to see this third volume of voyages, which, I am told, is only waiting for a preface to be published.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

SEVILLE, March 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . Lent has just begun, and every amusement here is at an end. I shall remain in Seville to see Holy Week in April, which is celebrated here with great splendor. I shall then take my departure, and hope that by that time I shall have some manuscript in such forwardness as to be able to finish a work while moving from place to place, so as to have it out in the course of the summer. The loss of this winter has put me sadly behind my calculations. I have a craving desire to return to America, which has been increasing on me for the two years past, until now it incessantly haunts my mind and occupies all my dreams. I have

said nothing positively on the subject in my letters to our friends in America, nor shall I say anything, for so many circumstances and considerations have arisen to prolong my stay in Europe from year to year, that I do not like to state plans which may be frustrated. I am now resolved to go as soon as I can arrange my papers, so as to have materials to work upon for some few months without the necessity of much invention or planning. I know that otherwise, on returning home, I shall be so much distracted by society, etc., that I shall not be able to carry on any literary labor that requires leisure and calm thinking.

I may never have a more favorable time to return home than the present year, when I shall have one work just launched and another launching, and materials in hand for easy arrangement. If I defer it, God knows what may arise to prevent me.

"The work just launched," was the "Conquest of Granada," and the other "launching," was the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," now in readiness. "The materials on hand for easy arrangement" were a Sketch of the Life of Mahomet, prepared while at Madrid, and intended as introductory to other writings, which he had in contemplation connected with the Moorish domination in Spain; Legends of the Conquest of Spain; Chronicles of Don Pelayo, and the Successors of Don Pelayo; Chronicles of the Ommiades (or the house of Omeya, one of the two lines descended from Mahomet), Chronicle of Don Fernando Gonzalez, Count of Castile; Don Garcia Fernandez (his successor); the Seven Sons of Lara; and Chronicle of Fernando el Santo (the Conqueror of Seville); all of which, with the exception of Mahomet and the Legends, remained for a long time in a

crude state in his portfolio, and were afterwards worked upon though he never gave them to the press, except some fragments in the "Knickerbocker Magazine." We shall hereafter find, that as he was diverted from "Columbus" to engage upon the "Conquest of Granada," so he was led aside awhile from his "Life of Washington" to take hold of these chronicles.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

SEVILLE, March 11, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have a long letter from Wilkie, dated 30th January. He said he had met with Price* a few days before at a jovial dinner at Liston's ; he inquired much after you and me. His theatre, Wilkie says, is now the favorite one, and even excels Covent Garden in pantomime ; there is a moving picture in one of the pieces, painted by Stanfield, and said to be one of the finest works of art ever seen in a theatre. Young Braham and Liston form the strength of Drury Lane. Liston has twenty guineas a night. Wilkie had met Kenney at Mr. Samuel Rogers'. Kenney wears well. He had met with Leslie and Phillips (the portrait painter) and their whole families, men, women, and children, at Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont. Such is the princely style in which that nobleman entertains. Leslie is a rising man, both in the esteem of his friends and the favor of the public. Newton has lately been elected associate of the Royal Academy by a great majority. He is painting a picture of Gil Blas receiving in the posada the first visit of the Queen of the Philippine Islands. Newton, Wilkie says, is more sought after, for his society, by the great people than any one in the profession. The very favorable notice of "Columbus" that appeared in the "Literary Ga-

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre, New York.

zette," the first notice that was published of the work, was written, Wilkie says, by Lockhart. Sir Walter Scott has applied to Wilkie, Leslie, and Newton, for illustrations for a complete and new edition of the Waverley Novels.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 10, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I have this day received a copy of the "Conquest of Granada," sent to me *via* Gibraltar. Murray informs me that he keeps back the publication of it in England until the Catholic question is settled, as the public can read, talk, and think of nothing else. He says he has begun to print Moore's "Life of Lord Byron;" he adds, "he has executed his task in the most masterly manner, and it will be, I feel confident, one of the most interesting pieces of biography that ever was written." I heartily rejoice to hear this; for Moore's "Life of Sheridan" did not seem to give sufficient satisfaction. I know he feels this subject ten times as much as he did the other. His "Life of Sheridan" was always a job that went against the grain with him. Murray concludes his letter with a painful piece of intelligence concerning Moore, that he was "in daily apprehension of losing his only daughter." Let me know if you hear anything on the subject. She was a lovely little girl, and her death would be a terrible blow to both her parents.

Murray has published the Chronicle in a beautiful style. I observe he has altered the title-page. I had put "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, by Fray Antonio Agapida." He has inserted my name; I presume to make the work more immediately salable, but it is an unwarrantable liberty, and makes me gravely, in my own name, tell many round untruths. I here openly make myself responsible as an author for the existence of the manuscript of Agapida, etc., etc. Literary mystifications are excusable when given anonymously or under feigned names, but are impudent deceptions when sanctioned by an author's real name.

I have just looked into the work. It reads smoothly, and I trust will

have a good success among the literary ; but I suspect it will be heavy in the hands of mere readers for amusement. The former kind of success is most desirable and most advantageous in the long run. Should I find the Chronicle takes, I will be able to follow it up soon with the "Invasion," etc. . . . .

The "Chronicle," however, though regarded by Coleridge and other critical authorities as a "masterpiece of romantic narrative," and pronounced by our own noble poet, William Cullen Bryant, "one of the most delightful of his works," was not destined to achieve a sufficient popularity to encourage him to persevere in the same line.

Two days after the date of this letter to Peter, Prince Dolgorouki arrived in the diligence from Madrid, to whom Mr. Irving had written a fortnight before, in looking forward to his speedy coming :—

I am quite overjoyed at the prospect of soon meeting with you. I shall certainly remain in Seville until you come, and shall feel a new delight in revisiting with you all the lions of this place. I feel so attached to Spain, that the thoughts of soon leaving it are extremely painful to me ; and it will be gratifying to me to take a farewell view of some of its finest scenes in company with one who knows how to appreciate this noble country and noble people.

Mr. Everett sent by him, as Mr. Irving had requested in a previous letter, the "Edinburgh Review," containing Jeffrey's critique on "Columbus," and also, it would seem by the epistle which follows, the January number of the "North American," containing the Minister's own review of the work.

[*To Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 15, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Prince Dolgorouki has delivered me your letter and the two reviews you have had the goodness to send me. I have read with the greatest interest and satisfaction your ample, masterly, and beautiful review of my writings. I do not know how you can imagine that there are any passages to which I could take objection. You have, indeed, in giving a discriminating piece of criticism, pointed out certain errors into which I have run, and deficiencies which are incident to my nature ; it was your duty to do so. I am conscious of the truth of your remarks, and in making them you enhance the value and the authority of the exuberant encomiums you have passed upon me. A mere friendly eulogium would have had no weight with the public, and would have been very unsatisfactory to myself. Having spoken your mind freely about my defects, I feel the more confidence in your praises, and after making all due allowance for the effects of personal intimacy and kindness, I assure you it is deeply gratifying to receive such praise from such hands.

. . . . I feel certain that there must be many incorrectnesses in my writings, for though I labor sometimes carefully at parts, I often write very rapidly ; and what I write with facility and spirit I am not apt to retouch with any great solicitude. I labor more to bring up careless and feeble parts to a tone and keeping with the rest, than nicely to finish what appears to me already good. "Columbus" had more slovenliness of style in one stage of its preparation than any work I ever wrote ; for I was so anxious about the verity of the narrative, and had to patch it together from so many different materials, that I had no time to think of the language. It was not until I had completely finished it as to facts, that I went over the whole of it and endeavored to bring up the style.

I give a few of the entries in his diary between the date of the foregoing letter and that which is to follow :—

April 16th.—Miserere in the cathedral in the evening—walked in the cathedral with Dolgorouki until half-past eleven.

17th.—Went with Prince Dolgorouki to the Church of St. Thomas, to see the painting by Zurbaran—wrote letter to Madame D'Oubril—walked about Seville by moonlight with Dolgorouki.

18th.—Rending of the veil at the cathedral.

22d.—Sat for likeness to Escacena—write letters to the little D'Oubrils.

This last employment, in one naturally disinclined to letter writing, illustrates his fondness for children, of which, and their fondness for him, there are many indications in the letters addressed to him :—

"The children desire to be remembered to the chocolate merchant, and to assure you that they have not forgotten Hempen House, nor the German princess with the long nose;" writes Mr. Thomas Aspinwall to him at one time, and again at another: "Madame and all the young fry desire their kindest remembrance. They have picked out a tree for you to lie under, and tell them stories when you come to Highgate next summer."

In the following letter we find Mr. Irving about to take another look at Granada. "I had intended," he writes to Mr. Everett, "to visit the African coast; merely Tangiers and Tetuan for a few days, to get a peep at the turbaned Infidels in their own towns, but I fear I shall have to abandon the intention, as I find the Austrians are blockading Tangiers." He was the more desirous to visit Granada a second time, as he would now see it in all the beauty of its vegetation, and when he was there

before, the spring was not far enough advanced "to leave a full idea of the charms of the scenery."

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 29, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . The day after to-morrow I set off on horseback with Prince Dolgorouki for Granada, where I mean to indulge myself with a luxurious life among the groves and fountains of the Alhambra. I shall be there in the most splendid season, with moonlight nights. If I have a writing vein there, of which I am in hopes, I shall remain there for a month or six weeks. I beg you, therefore, to continue to write to me to the care of Don Miguel Walsh.

I have just received Navarrete's third volume, and will look over it to see what corrections it will be necessary for me to make in my "History of Columbus."

I write in extreme haste. Let me hear from you often. You have the true art of letter writing, for your letters always present the bright side of things, and put me in good humor and good spirits.

I will write to you at more length from Granada. The prince and myself travel alone. He came down here in company with the French ambassadress and a large party, but deserted them all to remain with me. He is of an amiable temper and a most affectionate disposition. . . . .

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XII.

SOJOURN IN THE ALHAMBRA.

THE GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.—PASSAGES OF LETTERS.—THE "CONQUEST OF GRANADA" PUBLISHED IN LONDON.—FINISHES THE "LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN."—LETTERS TO PETER ON THE SUBJECT.—LETTER TO DOLGOROUKI.—DUKE DE GOR.—HEARS OF HIS APPOINTMENT AS SECRETARY OF LEGATION TO LONDON.—LETTER THEREUPON TO MR. WETHERELL AT SEVILLE.—INDIFFERENCE TO OFFICIAL HONOR.—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE.—TO MR. EVERETT.—HIS PLAN OF RETURN BROKEN UP.—LETTER TO PETER.—REPLY TO THE OBJECTION THAT THE APPOINTMENT WAS BELOW HIS TALENTS AND POSITION.

MR. IRVING left Seville on the first of May, in company with the Prince Dolgorouki, and after a pleasant journey of five days on horseback, of which he has given us some particulars in the "Tales of the Alhambra," arrived at Granada. On the 12th of May, he left the Posada de la Espada, in which he had lodged on his arrival, and took up his residence in the Governor's quarters in the Alhambra, who had given him permission on the day previous to occupy his vacant apartments in that august old pile.

His letters speak with delight of this romantic residence.

You see [he writes to Peter, May 13] I date my letter from the old Moorish palace itself; for yesterday, by permission of the Governor of the Alhambra, the prince and myself moved into one of its vacant apartments. You may easily imagine how delightfully we are lodged with the whole pile at our command, to ramble over its halls and courts at all hours of day and night without control. The part we inhabit is intended for the Governor's quarters, but he prefers at present residing down in the city. We have an excellent old dame and her good-humored, bright-eyed niece, who have charge of the Alhambra, who arrange our rooms, meals, etc., with the assistance of a tall servant boy; and thus we live quietly, snugly, and without any restraint, elevated above the world and its troubles. I question if ever poor Chico el Zogoyby was as comfortable in his palace.

On the very evening of his occupation, he was surprised by a visit from his nephew, Edgar Irving, son of his brother Ebenezer, a midshipman in the navy, who was returning home from a cruise in the Mediterranean, when he heard of his being there, and left his ship at Gibraltar to pay him a visit. His sudden appearance in this romantic abode, was, writes his uncle, "as if he had dropt from the clouds, or been conveyed by some enchantment of the palace." On the morning of the 16th, the prince set off to continue his tour through Andalusia, and the following day his nephew took his departure for Andujar, Cordova, Seville, and so back to Gibraltar, leaving him the solitary tenant of the Alhambra.

Though I felt rather lonely and doleful after your departure [he writes to his nephew at Seville], yet I considered it fortunate that you departed when you did, for you would have found it excessively dismal here; the

weather being wet and gloomy, and so cold that for a day or two I had to remain the whole of the time wrapped in my cloak. For my own part I managed to occupy myself with my pen and papers, but I apprehend you would have found it a cheerless life to stroll about the cold marble halls even of a palace. The return of fine weather and sunshine has again restored all the charms of the Alhambra. I take my breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors or the court of the Lions ; and in the evening, when I throw by my pen, I wander about the old palace until quite late, with nothing but bats and owls to keep me company. Little Dolores, the bright-eyed Spanish girl who waits upon me, cannot comprehend the pleasure I find in these lonesome strolls ; as nothing would tempt her to venture down into the great dreary courts and halls of the palace after dark ; and Mateo Ximenes, the ragged historian who brushes my clothes, is sadly afraid I am very melancholy.

To the father he writes :—

I really felt heavy at heart when I bid him farewell, as he mounted his horse at the lower gate of the Alhambra, and I was for a long time on the top of the tower of Gomares, watching him with a spyglass, as I caught glimpses of him at the turnings of the road across the Vega, until I lost sight of him and his tall trudging guide, as they disappeared behind the foot of the mountain of Elvira. It reminded me of some of the poor Moors, who must have often watched from this tower the march of armies in that direction, as he departed by the Bridge of Pinos and the Puente de Lope, the most famous pass in the time of the Moorish wars.

Seven days after the departure of the prince, he writes to him :—

ALHAMBRA, May 23, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I have had great pleasure in receiving your letter from Malaga, by which I found that you had arrived so far in safety. . . . . For a

day or two after the departure of yourself and my nephew, I felt somewhat solitary, especially while the weather was clouded and rainy; but I got at work among my books and manuscripts, and have become quite busy and cheerful. . . . . The evening of the day of your departure, the Duke of Gor paid me a visit in the Alhambra. . . . . The next day I dined *en famille* with the duke; there were two or three gentlemen present besides the family, and I found the party extremely agreeable. I have since called at the house in the morning, and found the duchess surrounded by her beautiful children, and occupied in teaching some of them to write. The duke has many old chronicles, etc., and some curious manuscripts, which he has offered to lend me, and has undertaken to procure me access to the conventual libraries ; so that I have no doubt I shall find him and his family an acquaintance exactly to my taste.

The day before yesterday the Alhambra was invaded by a detachment of British officers, no less than seven. I dine with some of them to-day, who are quartered in a Fonda, just at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra. . . . .

The death of the Queen has completely closed the opera for a long time. I shall have therefore little inducement to descend into the city. I have been down but once in the course of several days. I feel perfectly delighted with the sweetness and tranquillity of my quarters, and as they will be daily improving in their charms as the weather settles and grows warmer and more sunny, I think I shall feel some difficulty in tearing myself away from them. . . . .

Dolores and the Tia send you a thousand expressions, but given with such volubility, and in such an Andalusian dialect, that I cannot understand half of them.

I am, my dear Dolgorouki, ever your attached friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his friend Henry Brevoort, he writes the same day:—

I have this morning received your most welcome letter of the 30th of March, which you forwarded to my brother Peter. You see I am still lingering in Spain, and I declare to you, I feel so much interested by this noble country and noble people, that though I have from time to time made resolutions and preparations to leave them, I have as often postponed my departure. By the date of my letter you will perceive I am *royally* quartered. I came to Granada about three weeks since, to pass a little time here during the finest season of the year, in company with a young Russian prince, the Secretary of the Russian Legation ; and the Governor of the Alhambra finding us poorly lodged in the town, gave us permission to take up our residence in a corner of the old Moorish palace, which had been assigned to him for his quarters, but which he had not taken possession of. Here, then, I am nestled in one of the most remarkable, romantic, and delicious spots in the world. I have the complete range, and I may say, control of the whole palace, for the only residents beside myself are a worthy old woman, her niece and nephew, who have charge of the building, and who make my bed, cook my meals, and are all kindness and devotion to me. I breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors, or among the flowers and fountains in the court of the Lions, and when I am not occupied with my pen, I lounge with my book about these oriental apartments, or stroll about the courts, and gardens, and arcades, by day or night, with no one to interrupt me. It absolutely appears to me like a dream ; or as if I am spell-bound in some fairy palace. . . . .

I think I shall be tempted to remain here for three or four weeks longer at least. I wish to enjoy the delights of this place during the hot weather, and to have a complete idea how those knowing Moors enjoyed themselves in their marble halls, cooled by fountains and running streams.

I thank you for the information you give me concerning the publication of my works. I am not sorry that the publication of the second edition of "Columbus" is retarded, as I may have to make a few alterations and corrections, in consequence of having just received Mr. Navarrete's third volume of documents, containing some relative to Columbus. For the same reason I am willing the Abridgment should be held back. If there

is any particular reason, however, for hastening the publication of the latter, let it take place, as the corrections would not be very material.

During my sojourn in the Alhambra, I shall have leisure and quiet to look over my manuscripts and to get them in order, so as to present some other work to the public before long. I shall also note down the corrections to be made in the "History of Columbus." . . . . Your particulars concerning our ancient cronies are peculiarly gratifying to me. Indeed, my dear friend, you cannot imagine how I dote on the remembrance of old friends and old times. I have laughed heartily at your account of that bulbous little worthy, Jack Nicholson. Give my hearty remembrances to him, and tell him I set as much store by him as ever, notwithstanding he does not write me any more letters. I am rejoiced to hear that . . . . has at length come uppermost in the political wheel. What a whirligig world we live in ! and then to have ——— for his faithful Squire ! I think it a pity fat Jack Falstaff had not lived in these piping times. I'll warrant me he would have had the robbing of the exchequer.

Your account of yourself is particularly encouraging—"that you might pass yourself off for a fresh bachelor of 35"—God bless us ! who knows but I may be the same—though I must confess, I think I am beginning to wax old as doth a garment, and am, like Jack Nicholson, gradually increasing in the belt. However, I begin to grow hardened and shameless in the matter, and have for some time past given up all gallanting, and declared myself an absolute old bachelor.

You seem to be all masking mad in New York, I am afraid our good city is in a bad way as to both morals and manners. What the cities of the old world take moderately and cautiously she gets roaring drunk with. I must say all this rioting and dancing at the theatres, with public masquerades every night in the week has a terribly low-lived, dissolute, vulgar look. We are too apt to take our ideas of English life from such vulgar sources as Tom and Jerry, and we appear to be Tom and Jerrying it to perfection in New York.

Give my kindest remembrances to your good parents and to all the Renwick family. It gives me sincere delight to hear that Mrs. Renwick

enjoys such good health and good spirits. My dear Brevoort, the happiest day of my life will be when I once more find myself among you all. We will then talk over old times, and vaunt as much of our old feats and old frolics as did ever Master Shallow and fat Jack. I have got so entangled, however, in literary undertakings here in Europe that I cannot break away without interrupting all my schemes, and sacrificing profits which a little time, patience, and perseverance will enable me to realize, and which I trust will secure me a moderate independence for the remainder of my existence. This alone keeps me from immediately returning. My dearest affections are entirely centred in my country.

Your affectionate friend,

W. IRVING.

It was on the day of the date of this letter, that the "Chronicles of Granada," which had appeared in New York on the 20th of April, were published in London, the work, though ready, having been kept back by Murray in consequence of the Catholic Emancipation question, which then occupied the minds and attention of everybody. In July, Aspinwall wrote him that Murray said it did not sell well, but that Newton was delighted with it, and Coleridge considered it the *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. Peter, who had set his heart upon his sticking to his imaginary chronicler, and completing his projected history of Moorish domination in Spain, under the guidance of that delusive personage Fray Agapida, wrote him that though some disliked the fiction of Agapida, and the dashes of comic humor gravely given through him, yet that many persons of taste and judgment, whose favorable opinion was no slight sanction, were delighted with

the amusing manner by which censure is conveyed by the bigoted and ill-directed praises of the old chronicle. The moral and the lesson, he observed, were both perfectly given in his view, while the mode of effecting the object was both original and highly entertaining.

At the date of the following letter, the author was about putting the finishing touches to "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain," which were brought to an end "in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829," though six years elapsed before their publication.*

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, May 30, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have been working for some days past upon the story of the "Invasion by the Moors;" part of what I have done I think will please, but I cannot help contracting the whole into very moderate limits. There are no substantial materials for an ample chronicle like the "Conquest of Granada." The history of "Don Roderick," as generally admitted by chroniclers, lies within a narrow compass. To follow the chronicle of the Moor Rasis in all its details would be to ride the invention of another, for it is just as much a fiction as the "Gonsalvo of Cordova" of Florian, and a great part of the fiction is flimsy and in bad taste. I will do what I can with it, but I have an internal feeling in these matters which is tyrannical with me, and which I vainly strive against; or if ever I do work against it I am sure to come lamely off. I have picked some parts out of the chronicle of the Moor which, worked up with materials from other writers, are admirable, and will add great richness to

* The *Legends* close as follows: "Written in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829." "Finished *Don Roderick*," is the entry in his diary of June 11.

the usual course of his history. But the greater part of his episodes I have had, on much reflection, and after repeated trial, to reject. I am anxious, before I leave my present quiet retreat, to put other manuscripts in order, so that I may have materials to work upon with facility, even in the midst of distractions ; but I find it difficult just now to apply myself with the vigor and assiduity I could wish. My mind is not sufficiently quiet and composed. I am full of anxiety to return home, etc. . . . . .

On the 12th of June, Mr. Irving vacated the Governor's apartments in the Alhambra, and moved his bed into the little chamber looking into the garden of Lindaraxa.

Nothing could be more favorable for study and literary occupation, [he writes to Peter the next day,] than my present abode. I have a room in one of the most retired parts of the old palace. One window looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa, a kind of patio, full of flowers with a fountain in the centre ; another window looks down upon the deep valley of the Darro, which murmurs far below, and in front of the window, on the breast of a mountain covered with groves and gardens, extends the old Moorish palace of the Generalife. I have nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales to interrupt the profound silence of my abode ; and at night, stroll until midnight about the galleries overlooking the garden and the landscape, which are now delicious at night from the brightness of the moon.

I am determined to linger here until I get some writings under way connected with the place, and that shall bear the stamp of real intimacy with the charming scenes described.

It is a singular good fortune to be thrown into this most romantic and historical place, which has such a sway over the imaginations of readers in all parts of the world, and I think it worth while departing from my original plan and remaining here a little while to profit by it.

I am so delightfully situated that I descend but rarely into Granada. I have a very excellent place of resort there, however, in the house of the

Duke of Gor. He is between thirty and forty years of age, extremely prepossessing in his appearance, frank, friendly, and simple in his manners; one of the best informed and most public spirited men in the place. The duchess is perfect amiability, and they have a charming family of children. The duke has a curious library, which he has offered for my use. He has procured me permission also to visit when I please the old Jesuit library of the university, where I am left to myself with the keys of the bookcases, to pass the whole day if I please, rummaging at perfect liberty. . . . . .

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

ALHAMBRA, June 15, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

Your letter from Seville was highly gratifying to me. . . . . .

How I regret you could not have remained here some time longer with me. With all your raptures about Granada you scarcely know anything of its real charms. The Alhambra requires warm summer weather to make one sensible of its peculiar delights, and as to the beauties of the scenery, they are only to be found out by quiet strolls in all directions. Such delicious walks as I have found out! and such enchanting prospects! really surpassing anything we have seen together. And then I have such a chamber! You remember the little suite of rooms locked up, where the Italian artist worked who had been repairing the Alhambra. It is an apartment built either by Charles V. or Philip, and terminates in the open gallery where Chateaubriand wrote his name on the wall. I have taken possession of that apartment, and one room is very comfortably fitted up as my bedroom and study. I never had such a delicious abode. One of my windows looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa; the citron-trees are full of blossoms, and perfume the air, and the fountain throws up a beautiful jet of water; on the opposite side of the garden is a window opening into the saloon of Las dos Hermanas, through which I have a view of the fountain of Lions and a distant peep into the gloomy halls of the Abencerrages. Another window

of my room looks out upon the deep valley of the Darro, and commands a fine view of the Generalife. I am so in love with this apartment that I can hardly force myself from it to take my promenades. I sit by my window until late at night, enjoying the moonlight and listening to the sound of the fountains and the singing of the nightingales; and I have walked up and down the Chateaubriand gallery until midnight. There is something so completely solitary and tranquil in thus being shut up in the centre of this great deserted palace. The good Tia and little Dolores remonstrated at first at my remaining alone in such a remote part of the old building, out of the reach of all assistance, especially as there was no fastening to any of the doors and windows, excepting a slight lock to the outer door. I could not resist the temptation of such a chamber, however, and passed several nights here, in defiance of robbers and *Moros encantados*. This day Mateo Ximenes has summoned up all his mechanical powers, and has been at work securing the doors and windows with bars and bolts, so that at present I am in a state to stand a tolerable siege.

Little Dolores is very grateful for your remembrances of her, and desires me to say a thousand kind things on her part. She is an excellent little being, with a great deal of natural cleverness united with great *naïveté*. She takes good care of me in consequence of your parting recommendation. Mateo Ximenes, the historiador, continues to be my *valet de chambre*, messenger, and occasional guide and companion in my strolls about the country, and has really taken me to several charming points of view which I should not otherwise have discovered. . . . .

If you can put me up a parcel of French and English newspapers and forward them to me by any *Corsario*, you will do me a vast kindness, for I am totally behindhand in the news of the day, and do not know which way the world is rolling. I do not care how old the papers are, for it is two or three months since I have seen any. Give my affectionate remembrances to the family, and believe me, my dear Dolgorouki.

Ever your attached friend and fellow-traveller,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 4, 1829.

. . . . I shall remain here some little time longer. The weather is intensely hot for travelling, while here I am living in a Mussulman's paradise. I cannot tell you how delicious these cool halls and courts are in this sultry season. . . . . My room is so completely in the centre of the old castle that I hear no sound but the hum of bees, the notes of birds, and the murmuring of fountains.

A day or two since the Duke of Gor passed the day with me, with his family of lovely children, the eldest a beautiful girl of about nine years of age. They came to breakfast, and stayed until night, and a pleasant day we had of it. . . . .

I live in the old palace as absolute and independent as the Rey Chico himself. . . . . My room is separated from the residence of the family by long galleries and halls, and the winding staircase of a tower; and when I barricade myself in it for the night, the little Dolores crosses herself to think I should venture to remain alone in such a remote part of this enchanted palace. In one of the great patios or courts there is a noble tank of water, one hundred and twenty feet long and between twenty and thirty feet wide. The sun is upon it all day, so that at night it is a delightfully tempered bath, in which I have room to swim at large.

The gardens in the neighborhood abound with fine fruits, strawberries, apricots, etc., etc., and *brebas* or early figs of that large, delicious kind which we met with one morning in a garden near Madrid. What I would give, my dear brother, if you were here to pass some time with me. It is just the kind of place that your imagination could conceive for a summer residence; one really lives here in a species of enchantment.

At the date of the following letter, the diary has this memorandum: "Finished MS. of 'Moor's Legacy.' Received letters informing me of my appointment as Secretary of Legation to London." The letter is addressed to

an English acquaintance, who had just returned to Seville from Madrid, and is from a copy preserved among the author's papers.

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR DON WETHERELL :—

. . . . You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Everett is superseded by a new minister, among the sweeping changes made by our new President. Another piece of news will probably surprise you almost as much as it has me, namely : that I am appointed Secretary of Legation to London. So goes this mad world ; honors and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them, and bestowed on those who have no relish for them. I received news of my appointment this morning, with packets of letters from my friends, urging me to accept a mark of respect conferred on me without any solicitation. I confess I feel extremely reluctant to give up my quiet and independent mode of life, and am excessively perplexed. There are many private reasons, independent of the mere wishes of my friends that urge me on, while my antipathy to the bustle, show, and business of the world incline me to hold back. I only regret that I had not been left entirely alone, and to dream away life in my own way.

You tell me that Don Juan Nicasio Gallego is translating my "Life of Columbus." If he wait a little while, the second edition will be published in America, with many alterations, and I will take care to forward him a copy.

I am scribbling this in a great hurry, as you may suppose, having to reply to the letters received this morning, and my mind being confused by their contents. When you write to your sister, give my kind remembrances to her and to the girls.

Give my kind regards also to your father and mother, and to all the folks of our little Tertullia, and believe me ever very truly,

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I received by the last post your letter of July 1st inclosing letters from E. I. and Brevoort, relative to a proposition to appoint me Secretary of Legation to London, and by your letter of July 5th, received this morning, I find the appointment has been made. I regret that you have not expressed your opinion or your wishes on this subject. I am only left to guess at them by your inclosing the note written to you by Beasley, wherein he says I must accept. Such seems to be the opinion and the desire of my brothers and friends in America. I have a thorough indifference to all official honors, and a disinclination for the turmoil of the world : yet having no reasons of stronger purport for declining, I am disposed to accord with what appears to be the wishes of my friends. My only horror is the bustle and turmoil of the world—how shall I stand it after the delicious quiet and repose of the Alhambra ? I had intended, however, to quit this place before long, and, indeed, was almost reproaching myself for protracting my sojourn, having little better than sheer self-indulgence to plead for it; for the effect of the climate, the air, the serenity and sweetness of the place, is almost as seductive as that of the castle of Indolence, and I feel at times an impossibility of working, or of doing anything but yielding to a mere voluptuousness of sensation. I found, therefore, that, like the Knight of Industry, it was necessary to break the charm and escape; and had resolved to depart for England preparatory to my embarkation for America. This appointment, therefore, will not much alter the course of my movements. . . . . I shall prepare for my departure for England; but I will not commit myself as to this appointment until absolutely necessary, as I may hear from you in the interim, and be induced to change my plans. My Spanish materials I can work up in England, where I can have all the necessary works, and where you will be within reach to consult with. Should I find the office of Secretary of Legation irksome in any respect, or detri-

mental to my literary plans, I will immediately throw it up, being fortunately independent of it, both as to circumstances and as to ambition.

The next day Mr. Irving was informed that his old friend Paulding, who was at Washington at the time, had earnestly seconded the appointment, and, indeed, had been a principal hand in promoting it. A day or two after, he received a letter from Paulding, strongly urging his acceptance, and advising him in that event to repair immediately to London to meet Mr. McLane, the newly appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, about the time of his arrival. He wrote to that gentleman the next day as follows:—

[*To Louis McLane, London.*]

ALHAMBRA, GRANADA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have just received intelligence of my being appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, and that I am expected to join you in London as soon as possible. It gives me great satisfaction, sir, to be associated in office with one of whom public report and the private communications of my friends speak in the highest terms of eulogy. I shall make all possible despatch in arriving at London, but must crave indulgence should I not be there as early as you could wish. This intelligence has been entirely unexpected, and has found me in the midst of occupations and engagements of a literary nature, from which it will require a few days to disentangle myself. The travelling in Spain, also, is slow, particularly at this sultry season. I trust, however, I shall be able to join you towards the end of August.

In the meantime, my dear sir, I remain with great respect and esteem,

Your very humble servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Mr. Everett he wrote the same day:—

ALHAMBRA, July 22d, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:—

It is with great regret that I perceive your name among the number of those who have fallen beneath the edge of the old general's sword; which certainly spares not. As you seemed to be in some measure prepared for the event, and are so independent of official honors by your varied talent and resources, I presume it has not much shaken your philosophy. I fancy you must have been somewhat surprised among the list of appointments to see my name as Secretary of Legation at London. You could not be more surprised than I was myself. I have neither sought nor desired office, nor has any application been made for me by my family or friends. But so it is in this world; they take from those who are willing and capable, and give to the indifferent and incompetent. I have been completely perplexed by this matter for a few days past. I have no inclination for office; and I question whether I have a turn for it; my recluse literary life, for some time past, has almost unfitted me for the bustle and business of the world, and I have no political ambition to urge me forward in an official career. My brothers and my most particular friends, however, have all written to me, urging me so strongly to accept this that I have yielded to their wishes, in opposition to my own. As the office has been unsought by me, so in accepting it I shall have it clearly understood, that I commit myself to no set of men or measures, but mean, as heretofore, to keep myself as clear as possible of all party politics, and to continue to devote all my spare time to general literature.

. . . . I am much gratified by the favorable opinion you express of the "Chronicle of Granada." I have had no intelligence from England since its publication. . . . . I have been passing eight or ten weeks delightfully in this old enchanted palace, and know not how I shall relish the smoke, the noise, the hurry, and the commonplace of London after such a tranquil and poetical abode. . . . . I am glad that Don Jorge * is

* The translator of the *Sketch Book* into Spanish.

likely soon to get his work into print ; as the old wives say, he has had a trying time of it. Ever faithfully, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his brother Ebenezer he wrote the same day (July 22) that his first thought on receiving the news of his appointment was to decline, but perceiving it was the earnest wish of his relatives, he had resolved to accept.

I have been in a great measure inclined also to this determination [he adds] by the very handsome manner in which the office has been offered me by government, without any view to party purposes, and without any solicitation by me or my friends. I consider it, therefore, as emanating from my country, and a proof of the good will of my countrymen, and in this light it is most flattering and gratifying to me. It is singular how circumstances conspire to prolong my absence from home. I had made up my mind to return to America this year. When I left Seville, I packed up my books in trunks and left them there ready to be shipped for New York. It was my plan, after making a tour in Andalusia and revisiting Granada, to embark for England, make literary arrangements in London, pay a farewell visit to Peter and our connections in Birmingham, and set sail in the autumn for New York. This appointment breaks up all this plan, and again puts off my return to an indefinite period. This is a great source of regret, for the desire to return home has been continually growing upon me, and all my schemes for a long time past have been shaped towards that end.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I received yesterday your letter of July 6th, inclosing those of J. K. Paulding and Beasley. You will have seen by my previous letter that I

had guessed at your wishes with respect to my appointment ; but your letter gives me great satisfaction in expressing your opinion so decidedly. I now feel assured and contented in the decision I had made. Never hesitate to give me your advice in all matters, whether trivial or important. You are my better half, and in most matters I have more confidence in your judgment than in my own.

I shall leave the Alhambra in the course of a very few days, but I shall leave it with great regret. Never in my life have I had so delicious an abode, and never can I expect to meet with such another. The weather is now intolerably hot, and even reaches some of the main halls and courts of the palace, but I have a delightful retreat in the halls of the baths, which are almost subterranean, and as cool as grottoes. For a fortnight past the old Count of Luque has been living in the Alhambra for his health. His chief infirmity, however, is old age, which even the airs of the Alhambra cannot cure. He is the lineal descendant of the Grand Captain, Gonzalvo, of Cordova, and appears to have some remains of gunpowder propensities, as he has been a great chasseur in his time, and even now amuses himself with firing at swallows from the balconies of the hall of Ambassadors in the lofty tower of Comares. The old gentleman and myself eat our meals together in the Patio de los Leones, amongst flowers and fountains, and in the evening the countess comes up to the Alhambra with a little party to play at Tresillo. I have this morning accompanied the old gentleman to town, and been over the whole of his palace, which is of his own planning and building, and an odd piece of architecture it is. In his archives I found a sword of the Grand Captain—and in the garret, covered with dust, several unwieldy arquebuses with matchlocks, which, doubtless, made a great noise in the time of the conquest of Granada.

A day or two after his despatch to Mr. McLane, he received a letter from his brother Peter, conveying the opinion of some friends, that the office conferred was

below his talents and standing in the world, to which he replied as follows:—

ALHAMBRA, July 25, 1829.

I have just received your letters of July 9 and 12. It is too late to be influenced by the afterthoughts of honest ——, suggested by the conversation of ——, as I have already written to Mr. McLane that I would join him in London. There is much force in what they say ; but after all, their objections are merely on motives of self-pride ; that I ought to hold myself above such minor appointments, etc. Such objections have little weight with me ; the only reputation of which I am ambitious is not to be increased or decreased by official station. Had the office of minister to London or consul to the same place been offered, mere considerations of convenience would have determined my choice between the two. Whatever ambition I possess is entirely literary. I cannot express to you how much the habit of turning my thoughts to this point continually has made me careless about all others. I accepted this appointment, theresore, because it would gratify my friends, and would link me with my country. . . . . I am perfectly content, therefore, for a time to be Secretary of Legation. If the world thinks I ought to be minister, so much the better ; the world honors me, but I do not degrade myself. have the same feeling in this respect that I have always had on points of precedence; I care not who takes the lead of me in entering an apartment, or sits above me at table. It is better that half a dozen should say Why is he seated so low down ? than any one should casually say What right has he to be at the top ? So much for these objections. . . . .

To the same brother he writes, July 28th, having secured travelling company:—

I have just received your letter, covering that of Edward Livingston, Mr. Van Buren, etc. I leave Granada this afternoon at five o'clock in a

kind of rumble-tumble called a Tartana, on two wheels. We put in mattresses on which we lounge, and knock our heads together; but it is better than travelling on horseback in this hot weather. I am now about to run the gauntlet along the Mediterranean provinces, and if I get out of Spain without being robbed, I shall really consider myself remarkably fortunate. The great part of our baggage, however, goes on by *Corsarios*, who are numerous and well-armed

CHAPTER XIII

DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA.—LAST LOOK OF THE ALHAMBRA.—JOURNEY IN A TARTANA.—UNEXPECTED CIVILITY OF THE DUKE DE GOR.—ROBBER MEMENTOES.—SPANISH TRAVELLING.—MOURNFUL FATE OF HIS TRAVELLING COMPANION.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE AT LONDON.—BARGAIN IN AMERICA FOR MOORE'S "LIFE OF BYRON."—TWO LETTERS FROM MOORE ON THE SUBJECT.—NEWTON.—WILLIAM E. WEST.—DETERMINES TO ESCHEW LITERARY DRUDGERY, AND GIVE DIPLOMATIC LIFE A TRIAL.—RESOLVES UPON A LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

WELVE days after his departure from Granada, Mr. Irving writes as follows from Valencia to Henry Brevoort:—

. . . . I left the Alhambra on the 29th of July, after having passed between two and three months there in a kind of oriental dream. Never shall I meet on earth with an abode so much to my taste, or so suited to my habits and pursuits.

I set out for Granada on my long journey for England, in company with a young Englishman, Mr. Ralph Sneyd. He is an Oxonian, ... and well bred, intelligent, and amiable. We have made our journey to this place in a kind of covered cart called a Tartana, drawn by a mule. In this we put two mattresses, on which we lolled as we were trundled along the mountain roads at the average of about twenty-eight miles a day. The heat of the weather at this season of the year made it unadvisable to travel on horseback, and as it was, we were obliged to lie by

several hours during the heat of the day, and travel very early in the mornings and in the evenings.

To his brother Peter, he writes six days before from Murcia, when only about two hundred miles on his journey:—

In the course of our journey I met with unexpected marks of the kindness and friendship of the Duke of Gor. Within a league of Guadix a carriage was waiting for us in which was the administrator of the duke's estates in that neighborhood. He conducted us to the duke's house in Guadix, which he informed us was at our command as long as we chose to remain there. Several canons of the cathedral and other persons of the place called to see us in the course of the evening. Ices and other refreshments were served us, and an excellent supper prepared for us. Sancho Panza would have considered himself in paradise in such an abode, but we left it about daybreak, and proceeded to Gor, a small village from which the duke takes his title. It is situated in a little green valley at the foot of lofty and rocky mountains. Here we passed the heat of the day and dined in the old family castle, now almost a ruin, and inhabited as a farm-house by one of the administrators of the duke, who had received orders to entertain us. I was extremely gratified by these marks of attention of the duke, as he had said nothing to me on the subject.

Two days later, August 6th, he writes to Peter from Alicant:—

We leave this at two o'clock in the afternoon in a Tartana, and have procured of the governor the escort of two soldiers, to continue with us for two days, until we have passed through some dangerous defiles of the mountains, and have reached the main post-road to Valencia; after which I trust we shall have little more to apprehend from this kind of gentry.

In the two days here mentioned, in which he passed through some of the most dangerous parts of the country for robbers, he writes :—

We have seen innumerable crosses by the road-side; mementoes of unfortunate travellers; and also the skulls of robbers hanging in iron cages. At one place four robbers were brought in who had been recently captured. In another, the dead body of a robber chieftain who had been shot through the head by the alcalde of the village. We have had the good fortune, however, to travel unmolested, and have at length reached a place from whence a line of diligence continues on to France.

From this place, which was Valencia, his letter to Brevoort was dated, from which I have given an extract at the commencement of the chapter. I continue with some further extracts from the same letter :—

We have been through some of the tracts most noted for robbers, but have escaped without being obliged to pay toll; though for the greater part of the way we had no other escort than a long-legged Portuguese, with a musket, who acted as our servant along the road. Travelling through the greater part of Spain is pretty much the same at present as it was in the days of Don Quixote. The posadas and ventas have seldom anything to give you; you must either bring your provisions with you, or forage for them through the village. Our beds at night were the mattresses we brought in the cart, which were spread on the floor, and we laid on them in our clothes. The mattresses of the inns, where they possess such conveniences, are not to be trusted at this season of the year.

We have now arrived at the diligence road, and shall henceforth travel more rapidly. To-morrow evening we start in the diligence for Barcelona, and in the course of a few days I hope to cross the Pyrenees and find myself in the gay country of France. I assure you, however, I shall leave Spain with feelings of great regret. A residence of between three

and four years in it has reconciled me to many of its inconveniences and defects, and I have learned more and more to like both the country and the people.

Mr. Irving remained in Paris a fortnight with his brother Peter, when hearing of the arrival of Mr. McLane at Portsmouth, he set off to meet him in London.

In a letter of October 6th, to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from that city, to which he had now returned after an absence of more than five years, he has this allusion to the fate of the travelling companion with whom he left Granada, and whom he describes to her as "of an old family in Staffordshire, the Sneyds, a young lady of which family, if you recollect, was engaged to be married to the unfortunate Major André."

For three or four days that we continued at Barcelona I was engrossed by the illness of my travelling companion, who was laid up by a fever, the consequence of too much exposure to the sun. As soon as he could bear travelling we set off in the diligence, and such was his eagerness to get to England that we did not go to bed until we arrived at Paris; travelling nine days and nights incessantly. The consequence was a return of his fever, which confined him to his bed for several days at Paris. His object was to get to England by the beginning of September, as he was to be presented to a living of one thousand pounds sterling a year. Another living of about the same income would fall to him in the course of a few years, and he was to have about fifteen thousand pounds from his mother. He had engaged himself to be married next spring to a beautiful girl, the daughter of the British consul at Cadiz; and was anxious to make every arrangement for a speedy return to Spain. All these pros-

pects, which had animated him throughout our journey, and had been the themes of our frequent conversation, had made him more and more impatient to get on the nearer he arrived to his journey's end. After being several days in bed at Paris, he took advantage of the first return of strength to set off with all haste for England. Poor fellow! on my arrival in London I was shocked at receiving intelligence of his death! The scenes I have had with his afflicted parents are too painful to be repeated.

The letter which follows touches upon his new functions, and gives some glimpses of old acquaintances.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq., Rouen.*]

LONDON, October 16, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . Ever since my arrival in London I have been so unsettled and so hurried about by various concerns that I have not had a moment to devote to literary matters. Mr. McLane being a stranger in London, and for a part of the time confined to his bed by illness, has needed my assistance incessantly. We have also had all our visits of ceremony to perform, which in this huge wilderness of a city take up a great deal of time. I trust the hurry and bustle is now over, and that I shall begin to have more time to myself. Mr. McLane is settled in a very commodious house, No. 9 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square; and I have taken lodgings immediately opposite in the same street, so that in half a minute I can step from my own sitting-room to the office of the legation, which is a very comfortable one and entirely at my command. There is likely to be but moderate scribe work in the legation, and Mr. McLane seems disposed to take the greater part of that off my hands, by employing young Walsh, who is attached to the legation, and whose father wishes him to be considered by Mr. McLane as a kind of private secretary. . . . .

Leslie continues rising in reputation. I have not seen any of the paintings he has produced during my absence, as they are dispersed in the col-

lections of various noblemen. He is about a large picture, which will be a very rich one—Falstaff regaling at the table of Justice Shallow. In this he introduces most of the characters of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," etc. He is at the same time painting a smaller piece—Uncle Toby looking into the Widow Wadman's eye. It is admirable—the figures much larger than those he used to paint, and executed with great spirit and freedom, and a happy union of beauty and humor.

King Stephen has opened Drury Lane with very tolerable prospects, considering the depressed state of theatres. He has kindly put me on his free list. He looks like the description of the "old commodore," who had been so terribly knocked about by the bullets and the gout, having chalk-stones forming on his knuckles, and rolling heavily in his gait.

I had a letter from Frank Ogden a few days since. He is quartered in our old lodgings under the care of the gentle Mrs. Kay, now a little more advanced in life, and a demure widow. She has tucked him into the French bed which she says Mr. Peter Irving used to think the most comfortable in the world; though Frank finds it rather short for his long legs. He has Mr. Peter's easy chair also, and keeps Mr. Washington's room and bed for the accommodation of a friend. He says he shall always have a bed and plate and knife and fork for you and myself when we choose to come to Liverpool. Mrs. Kay speaks of you with kind remembrance as one of the nicest men she ever knew; and includes me also in her grateful eulogies.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the following letter we find the author undertaking to make a bargain in America for Moore's "Life of Byron," and Godwin's "Cloudesley." For the English copyright of the Life, Moore was to receive from Murray 4,000 guineas, and he intimates in his diary that he should be satisfied if he got from America £300. It will be perceived hereafter that his wishes were gratified.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, November 6, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

Either by the present or the ensuing packet ship, you will receive a parcel of manuscript, being the first part of "*The Life of Byron*," by Thomas Moore, the poet. I wish you to act in respect to this work, as you would if it were my own; that is to say, make the best bargain you can with some principal bookseller for the purchase of it. Moore is my particular friend; our friendship is of several years' standing, and has ever been of the most unreserved and cordial kind. I am deeply interested in his welfare, and for the ease and comfort of his amiable family; and it will be very important for him just now to make something additional from the American publication of his work. The work will be published in London in two quarto volumes, but I presume may be published in America in two octavos. It will be extremely interesting, and cannot fail to have a great sale. As you will be enabled to give a bookseller a decided start so as to distance all competition, if not virtually to secure a copyright, you ought to receive a very large sum for the work. The bargain, however, must be struck quickly, and the work put to press without delay. Should there be any demur or slowness to make a bargain on the part of the publishers, you may tell them you are instructed in such case to print and publish the work at my expense and risk for the benefit of the author. I cannot think, however, but that there will be an eagerness to secure a work which, it is expected, will make more noise and have a wider circulation than any work that has appeared for some time past.

There must be one or two provisos made, namely, that the MSS. or printed sheets of the work be not shown about, and that no scraps be permitted to appear beforehand in the public papers; and that the publication of the work shall not take place until authorized by Mr. Moore himself, who will state by letter the day when it may be given to the public. Should anything prevent your attention to this matter, I wish you to place

it in the hands of Brevoort, or, if he be absent, of some other person in whom you can have full confidence. I am extremely anxious that something very handsome should be procured for this work; therefore do not hesitate to ask a round sum.

In a few days I shall likewise have another commission of the kind for you to execute. You will receive a manuscript copy of the first volume of a novel by Mr. Godwin (author of "Caleb Williams," etc.). The novel will be in three volumes. The two last volumes will be sent in sheets as printed. I have likewise promised Mr. Godwin (who is in very limited circumstances) to procure for him as much as possible from some American bookseller for his work. The bargain must be made promptly, and the work put to press, to secure the advantage of this early copy. As Mr. Godwin has great celebrity, and as his work must form a contrast to the general run of novels of the day, I should think it would command a ready and extensive sale. A publisher, therefore, ought to pay you a very handsome sum for thus effectually securing him the sole publication of the work.

It appears by his brother's reply, that Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, first made an offer to him of $750 for the Life, which they afterwards increased to $1,000. James and John Harper offered $850 at first, but concluded a contract at $1,500; a sum which came very opportunely to Moore to pay for some repairs on Sloperton Cottage. Both publishers were loth to take hold of "Cloudesley." The Harpers promised to look over the manuscript, and if it met their approval, said they might give $100; but on receiving it they returned it, and declined offering anything.

I give two characteristic letters of Moore, which I find among Mr. Irving's papers, connected with the successful result of this negotiation.

SLOPERTON COTTAGE, January 31, 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I don't like to bother a great diplomat such as you are, about matters of the shop—particularly as you won't come and be bothered here where I could have my wicked will of you—but time flies, and the golden moment (or rather silver one) for the arrival of my dollars from America ought to be here. Do, like a good fellow, poke them up a little about it, as, if the cash doesn't come, I must—go.

I would (but for the same dislike of pestering, etc.) have asked you to send out my sheets of "Lord Edward" for me—but sufficient to the day are the dollars thereof, and if you but get me these three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling out of the fire, I shall give you a dinner when I come next to town, at the Literary Union, and have Tom Campbell (who is now my particular friend) to meet you. He has indeed written me a letter which does him the highest honor, and shows him to be a sound fellow at bottom, whatever he may be at top. Seriously, nothing could be more manly and warm-hearted than the *abandon* with which he has again thrown himself upon my friendship and forgiveness.

God bless you, my dear Washington. Mrs. Moore, who pines for you, sends her best regards with those of,

Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

March 11, 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

You are the very man for my money. A thousand thanks for all the trouble you have taken, and you shall reap the usual reward by having more inflicted upon you, as I mean to avail myself of your kind services in the same way about my "Lord Edward." It grieved me not to see you while I was in town ; though for neither seeing, hearing, or smelling had I a single sense left from a most outrageous cold caught on my way from Ireland. I stayed but three days in town, and made one effort to reach you, but fruitlessly.

As to my precious bill, I must beg you to pay it into the hands of my

partners in the Row, and, I would say, the thirteen pounds too, but that Bessy has put in a claim for that fraction for herself ; but then how to get hold of it—couldn't you just run down with it to her some fine morning ? it would be a *galanterie* worthy of you.

Ever yours,

T. Moore.

The following extract, with some report of his old cronies, is from a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 7, written just after he had returned from a visit of three or four days to his sister's at Birmingham, with an account of which the first part is occupied.

Newton is quite the fashion ; everything he paints, his very sketches and studies, are eagerly bought up. Leslie is working assiduously at his great picture, Falstaff and his companion banqueting at Master Shallow's. It will be his greatest work as to study and execution. His picture of Uncle Toby looking into Widow Wadman's eye (which is a capital hit), is half done, and put by until the large picture is completed.

Little West, the painter, is at the country-seat of Francis Baring, or at some seat in the neighborhood ; being fully employed in painting up the whole country. He has been in town but once in two or three days since I have been here, when we had a merry dinner, he, Newton, and myself, at Mills' lodgings. I expect him shortly in town, to remain.

Father Luke is in Ireland, where he has been very successful. He has long had a hankering to return to London, and wrote to Newton a few days since, mentioning that the tidings of my residence here had determined him—having a grateful recollection of the strong green tea he used to drink at our lodgings. He has authorized Newton, therefore, to look out for lodgings for him.

I find the following entry in Mr. Irving's diary, now about to be laid aside :—

November 23*d.*—Dined at Sir Robert Inglis'—present Sir James Mackintosh and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce and daughter, Mr. Miller —Sir James Mackintosh proposed to me to join him, Sir Walter Scott, and Moore in their historical project.

At the close of this year, Mr. Irving was bending his thoughts to a life of Washington, and vainly flattering himself that he would begin upon it at once, as we gather from this intimation in a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 18, written soon after some overtures from Dr. Lardner for a history of the United States, to which at first he was inclined to listen.

I have abandoned the idea of the "History of the United States," but have determined immediately to undertake a work in lieu of it, which will be more universally popular ; and which, if tolerably executed, must be a valuable and lasting property. I mean a life of Washington. I shall take my own time to execute it, and will spare no pains. It must be my great and crowning labor.

Years, however, were to elapse before this final labor of his pen was even commenced.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—AWARD OF A GOLD MEDAL BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—THE OXFORD HONOR.—SKETCH OF WILLIAM IV. —LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—ARTICLE IN THE "LONDON QUARTERLY."—LETTER TO LOUIS MCLANE FROM PARIS AFTER THE ELEVATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE SAME.—TALLEYRAND.—LITERARY CONCERNS.—BREVOORT.—DOLGOROUKI.—PETER POWELL.—JOHN RANDOLPH.—THE "VOYAGES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS" IN THE PRESS. — NEWTON. — LESLIE. — KENNEY. — PAYNE. — RECEIVES NOTES FROM MURRAY FOR THE "VOYAGES."

I OPEN this chapter with a letter of Mr. Irving to his early friend, Gouverneur Kemble, who was now occupying his bachelor home in the noble solitude of the highlands of the Hudson. It was situated nearly opposite West Point, and a few miles north of the old colonial seat of Captain Philipse, that favorite haunt of Irving, Brevoort, Kemble, and Paulding, in days long gone by. Kemble was now the proprietor of an extensive foundry, from which he occasionally supplied the government with cannon, and to "the forges and fires" of which the letter alludes :—

LONDON, January 18, 1830.

MY DEAR KEMBLE :—

I am most heartily obliged to you for your letter, which smacks so much of old times and early fellowship ; and I take it the more kindly o'

you, because I believe I was in your debt for one or two previous letters, which from the hurry of various affairs I had suffered to remain unanswered. I had hoped and designed to have been by this time once more among you all in New York, and had trusted to find in you a boon companion, to keep me in company and countenance in my old bachelorhood, and to have philosophized good humoredly with me on all we had seen and experienced. This diplomatic appointment, however, has toppled down all my air castles, and has fixed me for a time amidst the smoke and fog of London. I have a most craving desire to visit old friends and old scenes; and there is no place I should feel greater delight in beholding than our ancient nest in the highlands. The poor captain is gone! and I should miss him sadly, but I have an idea that I should relish your stronghold of Cold Spring hugely. I cannot act up to your advice in keeping myself thin, to mount your hill without blowing; I have a villainous propensity to grow round and robustious, and I fear the beef and pudding of England will complete the ruin of my figure. . . . .

Why cannot you leave your forges and fires in the highlands for a season, and take a lounge for a few months in London? The crossing of the ocean at present is nothing; and you might be back before your fires had gone out or your irons grown cold; and return too with a whole budget of materials for after thought and after talk. By all accounts you must have made money enough to be able to take the world as you please; and having neither wife nor child to anchor you at home, I do not see why you should not now and then take a cruise. Think of this. I should be delighted to meet you in London, and you and Peter and myself would have some cozy hours together.

Give my affectionate regards to James Paulding and his wife, and to such of our old cronies as are within hail.

I am, my dear Kemble,

Ever very affectionately your old friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On his birthday, the 3d of April, the author received

verbal intelligence that the Royal Society of Literature had that day voted him one of their fifty-guinea gold medals. "What makes this the more gratifying," he writes to Peter at Birmingham, "is that the other medal is voted to Hallam, author of the 'Middle Ages.'"

Two days afterwards, he received the following official announcement of the intended honor:—

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,
PARLIAMENT STREET, April 5, 1830.

SIR:—I have the honor to acquaint you that at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, held on Saturday last, for the purpose of awarding the two Royal Medals annually placed by his Majesty at the Society's disposal, to be adjudged to the authors of literary works of eminent merit, or of important literary discoveries, one of the medals was adjudged to you.

You are consequently requested to attend at the anniversary meeting of the Society, to be held at this place on Thursday the 29th instant, at three o'clock, in order to be presented with the said Medal.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CATTERMOLE,
Secretary.

This medal has a figure of Mercury on one side; on the other the head of George IV., with the inscription "Georgius IV. Reg: Soc: Litt: Fundator et Patronus: MDCCCXXIII." Round the rim of the medal is inscribed: "Washington Irving. Litt: Human: Insigni."

It is a curious incident connected with its history, that after his return to America, this medal was once secretly

stolen, and as furtively restored; the thief, during the confusion of a fire in the neighborhood, taking it from the safe of his brother's office, where it was deposited, and afterward slyly opening the door of that brother's residence at night and throwing it into the hall; a compunctious restitution to which the inscription no doubt contributed.

In less than a month after the presentation of the gold medal, as if honors, like misfortunes, should not come single, the modest author found himself committed for the degree of LL.D., which the University of Oxford proposed to confer on him. "Overruling the ultra-modesty of your scruples," writes the Rev. Arthur Matthews, May 19, "I have not hesitated to *commit* you with the academical authorities of Oxford, where you will be due on the 23d of June, the day fixed for the ceremony of annual commemoration in the theatre, at which it is usual to confer honorary degrees." It was not without great diffidence and reluctance that Mr. Irving yielded to a compliment which so many are found to covet. The reception of the proposed honor, however, was deferred to another year, in consequence of the dangerous illness and impending death of the king, which would throw a gloom over everything, and deprive the ceremony of all *éclât*.

"I have heard nothing further on the subject of the Oxford honor," he writes to Peter, June 6, 1831, when the year had nearly rolled round, and the appointed time was approaching, "and hope the matter may be

dropped." It was not dropped, however, for after sealing his letter, he opens it again to inform his brother in a postscript that the degree was unanimously awarded him; that the day of the ceremony was the 15th of June, when he must certainly be there. He accordingly repaired to Oxford at the appointed time, when the proposed dignity of LL.D. was conferred. The ceremony was somewhat embarrassing to the modest recipient of the honor, who, on advancing to receive the complimentary degree, was greeted with prolonged acclamations from the students, mingled with cries of "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Ichabod Crane," "Rip Van Winkle," "Geoffrey Crayon," "Columbus," "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," etc. I have heard him say that he was quite overcome, though all the time contending with a laugh at the vociferous and saturnalian applause. The ceremony over, he hurried back to London to take leave of Mr. McLane, who was then on the eve of returning to America. Though by no means insensible to this compliment to his character and literary fame, he never used the title. In a letter of November 25, 1851, to Donald G. Mitchell, the popular author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," whose writings he had enjoyed "with peculiar relish," and who was proposing to dedicate some new volume to him with the title appended to his name, he writes in accepting what he deems the "overflattering" compliment: "I would only suggest that in your dedication you would omit the LL.D., a learned dignity urged

upon me very much 'against the stomach of my sense, and to which I have never laid claim."

The following letter, addressed July 27, to his brother Peter, then on a visit to his sister at Birmingham, after the death of George IV., and before the coronation of his successor, gives a playful sketch of the new monarch, William IV.

. . . . The king keeps all London agog ; nothing but sights, and parades, and reviews. He is determined that it shall be merry old England once more. Yesterday morning there was a splendid review in St. James Park, at which all the world was present. Then a royal breakfast at the Duke of Wellington's, attended by the dignitaries of the court and several of the foreign ministers, Mr. McLane among the number. In the afternoon there was held a chapter of the order of the Garter, for the installation of the king of Wurtemburg. Then a grand dinner at the palace at which Mr. and Mrs. McLane "assisted." . . . . In the evening there was a brilliant dress ball at the Duke of Wellington's, at which I was present. The king was there in great spirits, notwithstanding the busy day he had been through. He spoke to everybody right and left in the most affable manner, and I observe he has an easy and natural way of wiping his nose with the back of his forefinger, which I fancy is a relic of his old middy habits. Upon the whole, however, he seems in a most happy mood and disposed to make every one happy about him, and if he keeps on as he is going, without getting too far out of his depth, he will make the most popular king that ever sat on the English throne.

The following letter was written just after news of the flight of Charles X. from the French capital, and touches briefly upon some literary arrangements. The article in the "Quarterly," for which Lockhart, its conductor, sends

him fifty guineas, was a review of the "Conquest of Granada," published in that periodical in May. It was a mere illustrative and explanatory review, written by him at the special request of Murray, a year after the publication of the work, to clear up some misconceptions, to which the use of that fictitious personage, Fray Antonio Agapida, had led, and did not contain a line commendatory of the work, though it was afterwards made the foundation of an ignoble charge against him, that he was not above puffing his own works. He had not asked or expected any compensation for it. Some of the observations in this article were afterwards embodied by him in a "Note to the Revised Edition of the Chronicles," published at New York by G. P. Putnam, in 1850. The reader will find the note at the end of the Introduction to the volume.

[*To Peter Irving, Birmingham.*]

LONDON, August 3, 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

Henry and myself set off this evening at six o'clock for Southampton, to cross on the steamboat to Havre. Mr. McLane has been kind enough to permit me to make out Henry's passport as attached to the legation; this will be a peculiar protection to him in entering and coming out of France. I trust, however, the sanguinary struggle is over: by the last accounts all is tranquil at Paris. It has been a brilliant revolution. I cannot but regret that I was not at Paris at the time. However, I shall get there in time to witness some of the effects. The excitement and exultation of the Parisians, etc., etc.

I hope they will make no terms with the Bourbons.

I shall now expect to see Spain in a complete combustion.

. . . . I received a letter from Lockhart this morning from Scotland, inclosing me Murray's check on a banking house in London for fifty guineas, for the article in the "Quarterly," and hoping that I would contribute further articles occasionally.

Six days later (Aug. 9) he writes to Mr. McLane from Paris:

I have just returned from the Chamber of Deputies, where the Duke of Orleans has taken the oath, signed the charter, and been hailed king. His appearance, manner, and language were manly, frank, and dignified. The whole ceremony was simple and noble, and conducted with perfect good sense and good taste. The English papers will, of course, give all the details. Mr. Rives was the only member of the diplomatic corps present, except a young gentleman of the name of Cradock, who is attached to the British embassy. The new king will be called "Louis Philippe." His elevation to the throne appears to give general satisfaction. There is no great show of enthusiasm, for, in fact, the feelings of the Parisians are a little exhausted by their recent excitement. There is, however, what is likely to wear much better than enthusiasm, universal cheerfulness and rational content. People seem generally convinced that they have taken the most effectual measure to produce tranquillity and to insure the perpetuity of the great political blessings they have attained. All Paris is quiet; everything goes on as usual, and you would scarcely credit your senses that this capital a few days since was a scene of civil war, and at the mercy of the rabble.

McC——— is here, under the military title of colonel. He witnessed some of the scenes of the revolution from his window, with pen in hand, writing reams of letters to his friends in America. He is hotter in the head than ever, and seems to think a revolution one of the simplest and safest remedies possible for any political malady. He thinks he knows exactly how to administer the dose and superintend its operation.

C—— is here, and they have consultations together. God help the inflammable South !

After Mr. Irving's return to London, Mr. McLane took a little holiday to visit the curiosities at Paris, during which interval his Secretary of Legation addressed him a letter (dated September 17), of which I give the following extracts :—

. . . . Before you receive this, you will doubtless have read in the newspapers the shocking accident that has befallen Mr. Huskisson at the great ceremony of opening the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, where he was run over by one of the steam carriages, and one of his thighs and legs crushed and lacerated in so dreadful a manner as to render it impossible at the time to perform an amputation. His life is despaired of, and it is very probable we shall this evening hear of his death.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington but very recently made overtures to Palmerston, the two Grants, and Melbourne, to receive them into the cabinet, but that they *refused* unless Huskisson should be admitted. It is added, that after much demur and consideration the duke intimated that even this point might be accommodated. If such should really be the case, the melancholy accident in question has effectually removed a great obstacle to an important change in the cabinet. At any rate it has relieved the present cabinet from a formidable opponent, who, if not propitiated, would have made himself felt in the coming session. It is a heavy loss, however, to the country.

Talleyrand's appointment * seems to be but little relished in this country, and indeed it is an unworthy one. The new government should have shown some regard to morals as well as talents in such a conspicuous appointment. And, in fact, the talents of Talleyrand are not of the kind suited to the day and the crisis. The policy is of the dissolute,

* Talleyrand was appointed minister to England.

heartless kind of the old school ; the trickery and intrigue of cabinets and saloons; not the policy suited to a free country and a frank and popular government. I question the greatness of any political talent that is not based upon integrity.

As to Talleyrand, he cares for nobody and nothing. His patriotism is a mere local attachment, like that of a cat which sticks by the house, let who will inhabit it.

On Mr. McLane's return to London, the Secretary took a diplomatic furlough which he passed in the family group at Birmingham, suspending the printing of "The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," then in progress, and taking down with him some manuscripts upon which he hoped to get to work.

In a letter to Peter, dated October 22, he makes allusion to Brevoort, then on a visit to Europe, and Dolgorouki, and gives us likewise a glimpse of John Randolph, and Peter Powell. "Peter Powell has come back from Italy," said Wilkie to him, "and we shall now have him serving up to us the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo." In the view of the painter, there was no grotesque perversion to which his daring mimicry was not equal.

I received last evening your letter dated Sunday, 17th, which, though you set out by saying you had nothing of any interest to say, proved one of the most pleasing and satisfactory that I have received from you for a long time, for it showed me that you were enjoying a cheerfulness of spirit and golden serenity of mind, worth all the world's wealth and glory, and quite above it all. Your dreamy morning in the Louvre and Tuileries was quite in character. I hope and trust, my dear brother, you will be spared to enjoy many, many such, and that the rest of your life

will be passed in an easy literary leisure among those scenes that are most to your taste and fancy.

I have been profiting also by the late fine weather to make a few rambles about the metropolis and its vicinity, with Brevoort and Dolgorouki. Yesterday, which was such a delicious autumnal day as is rarely seen in England, we went down to the Gallery at Dulwich, and afterwards dined at a country inn ; returning to town part of the way on foot, part per coach.

Peter Powell returned lately from his Italian tour, or rather sojourn ; as short and merry as ever, and still more learned in painting, intending, I believe, to devote himself to landscape painting, by way of helping to make both ends meet.

Randolph is here, and more meagre and eccentric than ever. He says he left St. Petersburg on account of ill health, the climate not agreeing with him, and because it was no longer necessary for the object of his mission that he should reside there. He gave me a very minute account of his presentation to the emperor and empress, with each of whom he had long conversations, and I believe made the empress laugh at least as much by the point of his conversation as by any peculiarity of manner. The story of his kneeling to the emperor must have arisen from what he relates himself ; that in advancing, as one of his legs is contracted and somewhat shorter than the other, he limped with it in such a manner that he supposes the emperor thought he was about to bend one knee, as he made a movement as if to prevent such a thing, and said "No, no." Randolph, however, is too well informed on points of etiquette, and too lofty a fellow to have made such a blunder. I have no doubt, however, that he has left behind him the character of a rare bird.

Randolph, however "well informed on points of etiquette," had his own notions about doing things, and I have heard Mr. Irving give an amusing account of his presentation at court in London, as it came under his own notice. Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for him

in a carriage, and they found him prepared to accompany them with black coat, and black small clothes, with knee buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword, and a little black hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. "No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by—!" To some observation, as to the propriety of his dress, "I wear no man's livery, by —!" "But," said Mr. Irving, "the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword." "O now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by —!" Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. "There now, Randolph," said he, "you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume." In the antechamber, the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence chamber, he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned Mr.

Irving; "Irving," said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time; "who's your friend, Hokey Pokey?" Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis: "That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States."

Some time afterwards, Mr. Irving was dining with the Duke of Sussex, and he inquired after McLane, who had returned to his own country; then, pursuing his inquiries, he added with a significant smile, "and how is our friend Hokey Pokey?"

"Randolph," said Mr. Irving, in concluding these anecdotes, "a long, gaunt, thin, poke of a fellow, with no beard, small features, bright eyes, attracted attention wherever he went—he was queer, but always wore the air and stamp of a gentleman."

I asked what impression he made by his conversational powers. "He was remarkable in this respect," he replied: "but he was not at home among the London wits. I dined with him when Sydney Smith and others were present, but he did not shine. *He was not in his beat.*"

The following extract of a letter to Peter Irving, dated London, October 29, 1830, gives a little insight into his literary labors:—

I am jogging on with the printing of the Voyages. Murray has returned from Scotland, and expresses himself highly pleased with the part of

the work that is already in print. I have received the sketches from Spain of the convent of La Rabida, Palos, the arms of the Pinzons, etc., which will be engraved as illustrations. The whole of the edition of the abridgment of "Columbus" (ten thousand copies) is, I am told, already sold.*

December 3d he writes to Peter, snugly quartered "in the old Hotel de Breteuil," at Paris:—

My literary concerns remain in *statu quo*. I have not been able to think of them since last I wrote you. As this gust of diplomacy is now blown over and the bustle of visiting, etc., incident to a change of ministry, I hope to be able to resume my pen a little on my own account. . . . .

Our diplomatic situation at this court is as favorable and gratifying as we could desire, being treated with marked respect and friendliness by the royal family, and by the various members of the administration, both of the old and new ministry; and all this appears to be spontaneous; as, while we have fulfilled all the usual forms of mere civility and etiquette, we have never courted any favor or attention, but have rather held ourselves in reserve, and let the advance be made from the other party.

I trust the general effect of our mission here will be to place the relations of the two countries on a more amiable footing, generally, and at the same time to establish freer intercourse personally for our diplomacy at this court, where it was formerly received with coldness and reserve. Nothing can be more easy and frank than the manner with which at present we are enabled to carry on our business with the ministers and at the public offices. These considerations in some measure reconcile me to the interruption this diplomatic episode has made in my quiet literary life, and console me amidst the official bustle, and the distractions of court pageantry, and London life, which after all have no longer novelty or charm for me, and are a grievous tax upon my spirits.

* It will be recollected he had given the Abridgment to Murray.

Dolgorouki has received orders from his court, regularly attaching him to the embassy here, with a great augmentation of his appointments. He will therefore remain in London.

This is very gratifying to me, as he is a very interesting and valuable companion, and I believe is most sincerely and strongly attached to me. He has taken up his quarters in Maddox Street, so that he is close at hand. I find him a great stimulator to me in literary matters.

I dined a few days since with David Wilkie, who is getting on with his picture of John Knox preaching. I believe you have seen the study for it. It will, I think, be his grandest production, and will distance all modern competition in his art. It is admirable to see the simplicity of the man, surrounded by the splendid productions of his genius. . . . .

Newton has three subjects in hand : One, Bassanio reading the letter, and his wife anxiously watching him. The subject is not striking, but he will make a beautiful picture of it, by the effect of coloring, dresses, etc. Another is, Lear reclining in a chair, with the physician on one side, and Cordelia on the other. The figure of Lear, as merely sketched, is very grand. I think the picture will be very effective. The third is a pretty little thing from Pope's "Rape of the Lock"—Belinda contemplating herself in her toilet glass. It will have the charm of Newton's grace and color.

Leslie is employed on a small picture of Petruchio in the scene with the tailor, etc. I have not seen it.

Kenney has made his appearance of late, more weazen than ever. He has a romantic drama in blank verse coming out at Drury Lane, founded on a Spanish subject, and I believe taken originally from a Spanish play. It has some striking scenes, but I think the "situations" are produced by rather extravagant means. Still John has a coarse palate and strong stomach, and relishes powerful dishes.

Payne has also revisited the glimpses of the sun, and has dined with me. He is as fresh and fair as a rose, and appeared to be in marvelous good spirits, notwithstanding that he was as usual up to the ears with negotiations for some half a dozen pieces of various kinds. He left a three act comedy with me for perusal a long time since, which has really

some very good scenes, and is accepted at the theatre on condition that he will reduce it to two acts, which, in fact, would be an improvement. As I have heard nothing from Payne on the subject for some time past, I apprehend that he has forgotten this one of his multifarious offspring.

I close the record of this year with the following passage from a letter to his brother Peter, who was now suffering under a return of his headaches, which had made him sensitive to all the noises and interruptions of Paris, without being able to enjoy its amusements. He had therefore retired to Havre, for "a little quiet life, under the wing of the worthy Tom Tug," as Washington was fond of styling Peter's true and kind-hearted friend, the American Consul Beasley. "Give Tom Tug a hearty embrace for me," is one of his affectionate messages to Peter.

The letter from which the extract is taken, is dated December 21, 1830. The volume is the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus;" a work to which he had been prompted by Peter.

A few days since I sent the last page of the volume of Voyages to the printer, and have since received three notes of hand from Murray, dated December 17, at six, nine, and twelve months, for £175, making five hundred guineas, or £525. I have indorsed them over and remitted them to H. Van Wart, with orders to pass them to your credit. They will form a fund, therefore, which you can draw against whenever you please.

CHAPTER XV.

PAULDING.—SLIDELL'S "YEAR IN SPAIN," AND THE REVIEW IN THE "LONDON QUARTERLY."—BARGAIN WITH CAREY & LEA FOR THE "VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS." — LETTER TO BREVOORT. — A CHANGE IN THE EMBASSY. — THE AUTHOR CHARGÉ.—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE.—ARRIVAL OF MR. VAN BUREN, THE NEW MINISTER. — LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE. — RELIEVED FROM THE LEGATION.—LAST MEETING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT. — NEWTON'S SECOND LIKENESS.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS. — BARLBOROUGH HALL. — HARDWICK CASTLE.—NEWSTEAD ABBEY. — DERANGEMENT OF LITERARY PLANS. — REFORM AND CHOLERA.

IN February of this year Mr. Irving writes to his brother Ebenezer at New York:—

I send a copy of Slidell's "Year in Spain," which I corrected for the press, and got Murray to publish in a very creditable style. It will give the lieutenant a complete launch in literature.

Send the copy, and also the number of the "Quarterly Review," to Mr. Slidell's father with my kind regards.

The copy of the "Quarterly,' which he here requests to be sent to Mr. Slidell's father, contained a review of the "Year in Spain," which was written by himself, and no doubt helped the success of the work in England.

This review was given gratuitously to the "Quarterly,"

and with the explanatory article on the "Conquest of Granada" before alluded to, constituted his only contributions to that periodical, of which he had before written, when Murray had offered him 100 guineas an article: "It is so hostile to ou rcountry that I cannot bear to lift my pen in its service." The "Review" was most distinguished for this hostility during the editorship of William Gifford.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 1, 18[illegible].

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I had a letter from E. I. lately. He had made a bargain with Carey & Lea of Philadelphia about the "Voyages;" they are to give fifteen hundred dollars for the privilege of printing three thousand copies, and he binds himself to allow them three years to sell off the edition, though he trusts they will sell it in less than two. I observe they advertise it to be published in one octavo volume. I think the arrangement a good one. . . . . I believe I told you Murray's first edition of the abridgment of "Columbus," of which he printed ten thousand copies, is sold, and he is putting another edition to press. The "Companions" seem to be very successful, and what is a good sign are favorites with the publisher.

. . . . Kenney has been trying all the season to get a tragedy performed at Drury Lane, but has been kept in suspense until he is as thin as an apothecary's spatula. I had a note from him a few days since, telling me he was to have a few "vagabonds" to dine with him to-morrow, and begging me to give him my company, as Macready was to be there and my presence might be of service to him (Kenney). If I feel well enough I shall go.

To Brevoort at Paris, he writes the same date:—

We are in the beginning of an eventful week. This evening will determine the fate of the present cabinet, which is in a tottering condition, and we are looking daily for decisive news from Paris. We must have tidings of moment, too, from Poland, though I fear we shall have dismal news from that quarter. However, *the great cause of all the world* will go on. What a stirring moment it is to live in. I never took such intense interest in newspapers. It seems to me as if life were breaking out anew with me, or that I were entering upon quite a new and almost unknown career of existence, and I rejoice to find my sensibilities, which were waning as to many objects of past interest, reviving with all their freshness and vivacity at the scenes and prospects opening around me. I trust, my dear Brevoort, we shall both be spared to see a great part of this grand though terrible drama that is about to be acted. There will doubtless be scenes of horror and suffering, but what splendid triumphs must take place over these vile systems of falsehood in every relation of human affairs, that have been woven over the human mind, and for so long a time have held it down in despicable thraldom.

June 6, he writes to his brother Peter at Birmingham:—

. . . . Mr. McLane has received permission to return home, and an invitation to a seat in the cabinet. The former he avails himself of immediately, and will sail from this port either on the 22d inst., or on the 1st July, most probably the latter. The seat in the cabinet will be a matter of further consideration. I remain here as *chargé d'affaires;* though it is expressly stated that I remain on *secretary's pay.* I trust, however, another minister will be appointed with as little delay as possible, so that I shall be relieved by autumn at furthest. . . . .

The following letter was addressed to Mr. McLane, who had arrived in the United States from London, early in August, and now filled the place of Secretary of the Treasury, made vacant by the recent dissolution of Gen-

eral Jackson's cabinet; to which the resignation of Mr. Van Buren in April, as Secretary of State, had led the way. Mr. Van Buren was now coming out to London, to succeed Mr. McLane as American Minister to the Court of St. James; Mr. Irving in the interim acting as *chargé*.

[*To Louis McLane.*]

LONDON, August 30, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I was greatly gratified and obliged by your letter of July 31, and rejoiced to find that you were all once more safely landed on our own shores. I hope and trust that everything will go prosperously with you, and that your situation at Washington will prove as happy to yourself as I am sure it will be advantageous to the country. I am sick to very loathing of the correspondences with which our papers have been filled for some time past, and my only consolation is, that the European papers are so taken up with their own concerns, and the public mind here so bewildered with reform, revolution, and cholera morbus, that there is no space or leisure for comments upon our follies. Yet it is grievous to think that we should so shamefully use the advantages which all the rest of the world are striving at the cost of heart's blood to obtain. I look forward for better things from the new cabinet, and trust that it will not suffer private feuds and private interests to take up the time that should be devoted to the great questions and concerns of the nation. Affairs are going on here "as it pleases God," that is to say, very little to the satisfaction of man. The whigs have been so long out of harness that they do not understand well how to draw together, and the great reform omnibus moves but heavily, and has great difficulty in surmounting the impediments continually put in its way. Lord John is almost knocked up by the fatigues and perplexities he has undergone ; not understanding very clearly, it is insinuated, the nature of the mighty egg he has been employed to hatch, and being worn out by being obliged to sit so long

upon the nest. The anti-reformers swear that the egg is already addled, and they begin to crow with some heart on the supposition. There is certainly some misgiving and anxiety among the conductors of the measure, and a very general discontent and impatience throughout the country. Still I trust the measure will ultimately prevail.

I will deliver your message to Lord Holland when I see him. He has asked most kindly after you whenever I have met with him ; indeed you have reason to be highly gratified with the impression you have left behind you generally. It is exactly such a one as a man of honorable ambition and kind feelings should covet ; a mixture of the highest esteem and respect with the most cordial good-will. . . . .

I trust the government will perfectly understand that in declining to continue here as secretary, I am influenced by no feeling of petty pride or mistaken etiquette. I have no idea of any derogation in returning from a casual and transient elevation as *chargé d'affaires* to the duties of the secretaryship, and should have made a point of discountenancing such false punctilio by my example, did not other considerations, of which you are well aware, induce me to desire for the present a total emancipation from official duties.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to the arrival of Mr. Van Buren, and to my release from London and its harassing life, as soon as I shall have put him up to the routine of affairs and the usages of the town. I shall then turn my attention to my own private affairs, and make preparation for my return to the United States ; but I begin to fear I shall not be able to arrange them so as to return before next year.

On the 20th of September, Mr. Irving retired from the legation, and two days after he informs his brother Ebenezer that he should set off in a few days with Peter for Birmingham, where he should occupy himself diligently in preparing some writings for the press, and that he should not be able to return home till next year.

On the 28th of September, two days before his departure for Birmingham, Scott arrived in London on his way to Italy, and Lockhart, thinking he would enjoy the society of a friend, sent for Mr. Irving to dine with him. It was just after the fatigue of travel, and though Scott rallied a little afterwards, and made a better appearance in this his final interview with Mr. Irving, he showed sadly the eclipse of his powers. It was a family dinner, Lockhart and wife (Anne Scott), himself and Scott being all. Scott was seated when he entered; and as he approached him and took him by the hand, "Ah! my dear fellow," said he, "time has dealt lightly with you since last we met." At dinner, amid the conversation of the others, his mind would occasionally gleam up, and he would strike in with some story in his old way; but the light would soon die out, and his head would sink, and his countenance fall as he saw that he had failed in giving point to what he was telling. The others would resume, and attempt to divert attention by talking of matters in which he might not be disposed to join. "How different," said Mr. Irving in relating this mournful experience, "from the time I last dined with him, when Scott was the life of the company, all hanging on his lips; everybody making way for his anecdote or story." After dinner the ladies went up-stairs, and Lockhart said to his guest, "Irving, give Scott your arm." As the latter approached, and Scott took his arm, while he grasped his cane with the other hand, "Ah!"

said he, "the times are changed, my good fellow, since we went over the Eildon hills together. It is all nonsense to tell a man that his mind is not affected, when his body is in this state."

This was his last meeting with Scott, that noble spirit in whom he had so much delighted, and who, in his estimation, was only second to Shakespeare. Lockhart, in the memoirs of his life, errs in saying that Mr. Irving saw him frequently at this time, for though Scott remained in London for several weeks, Irving left the second day after this interview for an absence of more than a month, which was divided between Birmingham, Sheffield, and Barlborough Hall.

From Sheffield, where he was on a visit to his nephew, Irving Van Wart, a temporary resident of the place, he addressed a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated October 14, from which it will be seen that Newton had embarked for his native country, carrying with him a likeness for which Mr. Irving had recently been sitting, and which he pronounces the best that had ever been taken of him. "My friend Newton," is his language, "who sailed from London a few days since, took with him a small portrait of me, for which I had sat at your request. It is the most accurate likeness that has ever been taken of me."*

* This second likeness of Newton's, taken about nine years after the first for his friend Brevoort, is now the property of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, a daughter of the sister to whom it was sent.

A fortnight later, Mr. Irving addressed to the same sister the following account of some curious and interesting visits and excursions :—

BARLBOROUGH HALL, October 28, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

. . . . I left Sheffield about five days since to pay a long-promised visit to the owner of this mansion, which is in Derbyshire, about twelve miles from Sheffield. It is an old hall, built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the owner declares it is the original of Bracebridge Hall, for which in truth it might have stood for a model. It is in the midst of a beautiful country, and stands in the centre of one of those princely domains which render English country gentlemen little sovereigns.

I am writing in my bedchamber, one of the most delicious old panelled rooms, with stone-shafted windows, ancient portraits, silk curtains of old-fashioned needlework by some of the family dames of the olden time. Mine host, the Rev. C. R. Reaston Rodes, is a man of great wealth and greater eccentricity ; a kind of *wet* parson, if I may borrow that phrase from the Quakers ; as he is a complete *bon vivant*, hunts, shoots, races, and keeps a kind of open house. His neighbors say that hospitality is his greatest vice. With all this he is an excellent scholar, something of a poet, and a most kind, generous, and warm-hearted man. He has restored the old mansion in the ancient style ; keeps up the old usages, particularly the ceremonials of Christmas, and, notwithstanding his extreme buoyancy of spirit and bustle of existence, manages all his affairs and conducts his whole establishment with admirable system. Such a character and such a mansion, as you may easily suppose, furnish me much food for amusing speculation.

My worthy host has taken me all about the neighboring country to see the curious old edifices with which it abounds. We were yesterday at Hardwick Castle, an antiquated pile belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, but which he never inhabits except on a casual visit of a day at a time. The castle is maintained in its old style, with the ancient furni

ture, tapestry, etc. There are state apartments which Queen Elizabeth once occupied in one of her progresses through the kingdom, and there is another apartment in which poor Mary, Queen of Scots, was once confined. The bed and all the furniture remain as in her time. There is an immense picture gallery, with the portraits of all the Cavendishes and their connections, and of various of the British monarchs. This curious old pile stands on the brow of a hill with a lordly park about it, and commanding a wide and beautiful prospect. . . . .

October 30th.— Since I wrote the above I have made an excursion with Mr. Rodes to Newstead Abbey, once the seat of Lord Byron, which is about seventeen miles from this. It is now in the possession of a Colonel Wildman, who was once schoolmate of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and who has an enthusiastic veneration for the bard. He is a gentleman of immense fortune, and is expending enormous sums in putting the old abbey in complete repair. It is a most ancient, curious, and beautiful pile, of great extent and intricacy ; and when restored will be one of the finest specimens of the mingled conventual and baronial buildings in England. Everything relative to Lord Byron is preserved with the most scrupulous care. The bedroom he occupied, with all its furniture as it stood, many of his books, his boxing gloves, etc., etc.

The monument erected by him to the memory of his favorite Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, still stands in the garden ; and a descendant of Boatswain, a huge dog which had accompanied Lord Byron to Greece, and returned with his dead body to England, now strolls about the Abbey, and is a cherished favorite of Colonel Wildman. Our visit was a most interesting one, and was rendered still more agreeable by the polite attentions of Colonel Wildman, who accompanied us all over the abbey, and explained everything to us. At parting, he invited me to pass some days with him whenever I should have an interval of leisure, and expressed a wish to consult with me about various inscriptions he proposed to put up in various parts of the edifice. I had nearly omitted one little memento of poor Byron, that peculiarly touched me. On the bark of an elm, in a grove of the abbey garden, are engraved the names of himself and his sister : "Byron—Augusta." These were cut by himself on his

last visit to the abbey, on the day when he sold and transferred it to another. His sister was with him at the time, and they took a melancholy farewell stroll through this grove. She since pointed out the inscription, and mentioned the particulars to Colonel Wildman.

I am now on the point of taking leave of Barlborough Hall, and of my most hospitable host and his charming wife, whom I ought to have mentioned more particularly. I have promised, should I be in England, to pass the Christmas holidays with them.

London, November 5th.—I have just time to add a line in conclusion to this letter. I arrived in London about four days since, where I shall pass a little time, and then pay a visit or two in different parts of the country. I am at this time excessively busy in correcting and finishing some of my writings, and getting my literary matters in order, after the long interval of busy life that has interrupted them.

His literary plans, however, were destined to further derangement. He writes to Peter the next day (November 6):—

The restlessness and uncertainty in which I have been kept, have disordered my mind and feelings too much for imaginative writing, and I now doubt whether I could get the "Alhambra" ready in time for Christmas. . . . . The present state of things here completely discourages all idea of publication of any kind. There is no knowing who among the booksellers is safe. Those who have published most are worst off, for in this time of public excitement nobody reads books or buys them. There is the double risk of a work falling dead from the press, and of the bookseller failing before the payment falls due. Those publishers who are safe, are wary of publishing until the present crisis is past, lest they should be only filling their ledgers with bad debts. You have no idea of the gloom that hangs over "the trade," and will continue to do so until reform and cholera have passed by.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER FROM NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—JOURNEYINGS WITH MR. VAN BUREN.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE "ALHAMBRA."—LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. BRYANT, TRANSMITTING VOLUME OF HIS POEMS FOR ENGLISH PUBLICATION.—LETTER FROM GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO SAMUEL ROGERS.—REJECTION OF MR. VAN BUREN AS MINISTER.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—MILLS.—MATTHEWS.—LESLIE.—PETER POWELL.—BARGAIN WITH COLBURN AND BENTLEY FOR THE "ALHAMBRA."—EMBARKATION.—LANDS AT NEW YORK.—RECEPTION.—PUBLIC DINNER.—SPEECH.

HE following letter finds Mr. Irving again at "the romantic old pile" of Newstead, where, he tells his brother Peter, he is lodged in Lord Byron's room and bed, and only vexed "that he cannot catch some inspiration from the place."

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, January 20, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son, on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage, as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping place was Oxford, to visit the noble collegiate buildings ; and

thence we went to Blenheim, and visited the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, one of the finest palaces in England. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born and the church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the "Sketch Book." You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre." From Stratford we went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and then to Birmingham, where we passed a part of three days, dining at Van Wart's; continuing our tour we visited Litchfield and its beautiful cathedral, Derby, Nottingham, Newstead Abbey, Hardwick Castle, etc., etc., and finally arrived on Christmas eve at Barlborough Hall, where we had engaged to remain during the holidays. Here, then, we passed a fortnight, during which the old hall was a complete scene of old English hospitality. Many of the ancient games and customs, obsolete in other parts of England, are still maintained in that part of the country, and are encouraged by Mr. Rodes. We accordingly had mummers, and morris dancers, and glee singers from the neighboring villages; and great feasting, with the boar's head crowned with holly; the wassail bowl, the yule clog, snap-dragon, etc., etc. There was dancing by night in the grand tapestried apartments, and dancing in the servants' hall, and all kinds of merriment. The whole was to have wound up by a grand fancy ball on Twelfth Night, to which all the gentry of the neighborhood were invited, when Mr. Rodes received news of the death of a relative, which put an end to the festivities.

. . . . After leaving the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rodes we came to Newstead Abbey, on an invitation from Col. Wildman, the present proprietor. Mr. Van Buren and his son remained but a couple of days, but I was easily prevailed upon to prolong my visit, and have now been here about a fortnight; and never has time passed away more delight-

fully. I have found Col. Wildman a most estimable man, warm-hearted, generous, and amiable, and his wife charming both in character and person. The abbey I have already mentioned to you in a former letter as being the ancestral mansion of Lord Byron, and mentioned frequently in his writings. I occupy his room, and the very bed in which he slept. The edifice is a fine mixture of the convent and the palace, being an ancient abbey of friars granted by Henry VIII. to the Byron family. At one end is the ruin of the abbey church; the Gothic front still standing in fine preservation and overrun with ivy. My room immediately adjoins it, and hard by is a dark grove filled with rooks, who are continually wheeling and cawing about the building. What was once the interior of the church is now a grassy lawn with gravel walks, and where the high altar stood is the monument erected by Lord Byron to his dog, in which he intended his own body should be deposited. The interior of the abbey is a complete labyrinth. There are the old monkish cloisters, dim and damp, surrounding a square, in the centre of which is a grotesque Gothic fountain. Then there are long corridors hung with portraits, and set out with figures in armor, that look like spectres. There are ancient state apartments that have been occupied by some of the British sovereigns in their progresses, and which still bear their names. These have been restored by Col. Wildman, with great taste, and are hung with ancient tapestry, and quaintly furnished. There are large halls, also, some splendidly restored, others undergoing repairs; with long vaulted chambers that have served for refectories and dormitories to the monks in old times. Behind the edifice is the ancient abbey garden, with great terraced walks, balustrades, fish ponds, formal flower plots, etc., all kept up in admirable style, and suiting the venerable appearance of the building. You may easily imagine the charms of such a residence connected with the poetical associations with the memory of Lord Byron. The solemn and monastic look of many parts of the edifice, also, has a most mysterious and romantic effect, and has given rise to many superstitious fables among the servants and the neighboring peasantry. They have a story of a friar in black who haunts the cloisters, and is said to have been seen by Lord Byron. He certainly alludes to him in his

poems. Then there is a female in white, who appeared in the bedroom of a young lady, a cousin of Lord Byron, coming through the wall on one side of the room, and going into the wall on the other side. Besides these there is "Sir John Byron, the little, with the great beard," the first proprietor of the abbey, whose portrait in black hangs up in the drawing-room. He has been seen by a young lady visitor, sitting by the fireplace of one of the state apartments, reading out of a great book. I could mention other stories of the kind, but these are sufficient to show you that this old building is more than usually favored by ghosts.

We are here in the centre of Robin Hood's country, what once was merry Sherwood forest, though now it is an open country. There are some tracts of the forest, however, remaining in ancient wildness, with immense oaks several hundred years old, mostly shattered and hollow, and inhabited by jackdaws. I have rode through the green glades of these monumental forests, and pictured to myself Robin Hood and all his renowned band of outlaws ; and I have visited many points of the neighborhood which still bear traces of him, such as Robin Hood's chair, Robin Hood's stable, his well, etc., etc., and I have the line of Robin Hood's hills in view from the windows of my apartment. I am thus in the midst of a poetical region.

For several days past the Duke of Sussex (brother to the king) has been on a visit at the abbey. His presence has caused a succession of dinners and fêtes, which has drawn to the abbey the most agreeable company of the neighborhood, and given me an opportunity of seeing all the "flowers of the forest." It has been delightful to see the old cloisters and the terraced walks of the garden enlivened by beautiful groups of ladies. and to hear the halls resounding in the evening with the harp and piano. The Duke of Sussex is a most amiable man, and puts every one at ease by his sociable and good-humored manner. I had frequently seen him at court and met him at formal diplomatic dinners, on which occasions he had always been extremely civil in his conduct toward me ; but in thus meeting him in the country I experienced a more familiar cordiality.

I shall remain here a few days longer and then return to London, to attend to my literary affairs, which from various circumstances have been a

little retarded. . . . . Give my love to all your household. Ever most affectionately your brother, W. I.

Mr. Irving was still at Newstead, when he received the following letter from the American poet, William Cullen Bryant, now one of the throned names of modern literature, who, having achieved a well-earned celebrity in his own country, was disposed to try what welcome he was likely to meet at the hands of a kindred nation.

[*William Cullen Bryant to Washington Irving.*]

NEW YORK, December 29, 1831.

SIR :—

I have put to press in this city a duodecimo volume of 240 pages, comprising all my poems which I thought worth printing, most of which have already appeared. Several of them I believe you have seen, and of some, if I am rightly informed, you have been pleased to express a favorable opinion. Before publishing the work here, I have sent a copy of it to Murray, the London bookseller, by whom I am desirous that it should be published in England. I have taken the liberty, which I hope you will pardon a countryman of yours, who relies on the known kindness of your disposition to plead his excuse, of referring him to you. As it is not altogether impossible that the work might be republished in England, if I did not offer it myself, I could wish that it might be published by a respectable bookseller in a respectable manner.

I have written to Mr. Verplanck, desiring him to give me a letter to you on the subject ; but as the packet which takes out my book will sail before I can receive an answer, I have presumed so far on your goodness as to make the application myself. May I ask of you the favor to write to Mr. Murray on the subject as soon as you receive this ? In my letter to him I have said nothing of the terms, which of course will depend

upon circumstances which I may not know, or of which I cannot judge. I should be glad to receive something for the work, but if he does not think it worth his while to give anything, I had rather he should take it for nothing, than that it should not be published by a respectable bookseller.

I must again beg you to excuse the freedom I have taken. I have no personal acquaintance in England, whom I could ask to do what I have ventured to request of you; and I know of no person to whom I could prefer the request with greater certainty that it will be kindly entertained. I am, sir,

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to accompany this letter with a copy of the work.

There are many things really exquisite in the volume [writes Mr. Irving a few days later], yet I despair of finding a bookseller that will offer anything for it, or that will even publish it for his own benefit. Such is the stagnation of the literary market. When reform and cholera have passed away, and the public mind becomes a little tranquil, there will doubtless be a revival, but until then authors like the manufacturers must suffer.

The letter from Verplanck, which follows, probably reached Mr. Irving at the same time with the foregoing.

[*Gulian C. Verplanck to Washington Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, December 31, 1831.

DEAR IRVING :—

My friend Bryant, some of whose poetry I know you have read and admired, has been correcting, collecting, and is about to publish a volume of his poems in New York. I need not praise them to you. A letter re-

ceived from him this morning informs me that he has sent a copy of them to Murray, and has referred him to you as to the character of the work. I believe that I am answerable myself for this liberty, though he asks me "to inform (you) of the liberty he has taken." His object is an honorable publication in Europe, though I take it for granted that profit would be acceptable, which I am happy to say is not necessary. You will receive a copy of the book, which I have not yet seen in the present shape; but his "Lines to the Past," "Lament of Romero," "Southern Wind," and everything painting our own scenery I am sure can be eclipsed by nothing of our own day; the *first* I have thought by nothing in the language.

Few but would agree with Verplanck in this eulogy of Bryant's "Lines to the Past," as eclipsed by nothing in the language. Mr. Irving immediately addressed Murray on the subject, as will appear from the date of the following reply from his son, which I find among his papers:

[*To Washington Irving.*]

ALBEMARLE STREET, January 30.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Mr. Bryant's volume of poems has not yet made its appearance, though I believe it is on its way. Knowing as I do my father's antipathy to every thing in the shape of poetry of the present day, I doubt whether he will be disposed to publish it. If so, I will forward the volume to you when it comes to hand.

Very truly yours,

J. MURRAY.

Murray, whose affairs were very much embarrassed at the time, did *not* incline to any poetical venture. Mr. Irving accordingly took the poems to Mr. Andrews, a fashionable bookseller, who agreed to publish them on

condition that he [Mr. Irving] would edit them, and write a dedication, to which he cheerfully consented. But the literary market, as we have seen, was at low water at this time, in consequence of the prevalence of reform and cholera, and while the poems were passing through the press, the publisher became alarmed for the effect of an offensive line in the poem of "Marion's Men,"

> "And the British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is heard."

fearing that it would prejudice the sale of the work with the English public, and bring him in a loser.

In deference to his scruples, though giving little weight to them himself, Mr. Irving thoughtlessly consented to expunge the obnoxious adjective British, so as to make the line read—

> "And the foeman trembles in his camp"—

It was an act done in a spirit of kindness to bookseller and author, without pausing to inquire whether he had authority to make the change without the sanction of the latter, and though it never formed a ground of complaint by Mr. Bryant, it will be seen hereafter that Mr. Irving was assailed for the alteration by another, and replied, as Bryant himself has remarked, with "mingled spirit and dignity." I now give as a part of the history of this transaction, Mr. Irving's letter of Dedication to Rogers,

prefixed to the poems, with that poet's and Bryant's rejoinders.

[*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*]

My dear Sir :—

During an intimacy of several years' standing I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States.

Many of these poems have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and some of them, I am aware, have met your eye and received the stamp of your approbation. They could scarcely fail to do so, characterized as they are by a purity of moral, an elevation and refinement of thought, and a terseness and elegance of diction, congenial to the bent of your own genius and to your cultivated taste. They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class.

The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.

The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of

foliage ; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace ; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Neither, I am convinced, will it be the least of his merits in your eyes, that his writings are imbued with the independent spirit and buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country.

It is not my intention, however, to enter into any critical comments on these poems, but merely to introduce them, through your sanction, to the British public. They must then depend for success on their own merits ; though I cannot help flattering myself that they will be received as pure gems, which, though produced in a foreign clime, are worthy of being carefully preserved in the common treasury of the language. I am, my dear sir,

Ever most faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, March, 1832.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I wish I could thank you as I ought, but that is impossible. If there are some feelings which make men eloquent, mine are not just now of that class. To have been mentioned by you with regard on any occasion, I should always have considered as a good fortune. What then must I have felt, when I read what you have written ? If I was a vain man before, I am now in danger of becoming a proud one ; and yet I can truly say that never in my life was I made more conscious of my unworthiness than you have made me by your praise.

Believe me to be

Your very grateful and very sincere friend,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

March 6, 1832.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I have received a copy of the London edition of my poems forwarded by you. I find it difficult to express the sense I entertain of the obligation you have laid me under, by doing so much more for me in this matter than I could have ventured, under any circumstances, to expect. Had your kindness been limited to procuring the publication of the work, I should still have esteemed the favor worthy of my particular acknowledgment; but by giving it the sanction of your name, and presenting it to the British public with a recommendation so powerful as yours, on both sides of the Atlantic, I feel that you have done me an honor in the eyes of my countrymen, and of the world.

It is said that you intend shortly to visit this country. Your return to your native land will be welcomed with enthusiasm, and I shall be most happy to make my acknowledgments in person.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours,

WM. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Irving was crossing the ocean on his way home at the date of the foregoing letter, which was intended to reach him in Europe. As soon as Bryant heard of his return, he addressed him this second letter of acknowledgment, which was the first received :—

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I wrote to you some time since, to express my thanks for the kind interest you have taken in the publication of my book in England, but perceiving your name in a morning paper among those of the passengers in the last Havre packet, I conclude that my letter has not reached you. I take this opportunity, therefore, of doing what my absence from New York will not permit me to do at present in person, namely, to say how exceedingly I am obliged to you for having done so much more for my

book than I was entitled under any circumstances to expect. I was not vain enough to hope that you would give it to the British public with the sanction of your name, or take upon yourself in any degree the responsibility of its merit. To your having done so, I ascribe the favorable reception, for such it is, so far as I am able to judge, which it has met with in Great Britain, as well as much of the kindness with which it is regarded in this country.

I am, sir, very gratefully and truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

Having anticipated a little to give the foregoing letters, I must now go back to a period just preceding the London publication of the poems.

February 14th, Washington writes to his brother Ebenezer from London :—

It is a deplorable time for publishing in England: reform and cholera! The latter has just made its appearance about the lower skirts of the city. The panic about it, however, has in a great measure subsided. I feel no apprehension of it, and even if it spreads shall not leave town until all my literary arrangements are complete.

Two days later he writes to Peter :—

You will perceive, by the papers, that there are repeated cases of the cholera about the skirts of London. Never did a nation take more pains to put itself into a panic and a scrape than this. I doubt very much whether these cases are anything worse than what they have almost every year, and certainly the experience of three or four months during which this cholera has been *raging* in various parts of the island shows it to be one of the most moderate epidemics that had ever laid a country desolate.

Mr. Irving was, on all occasions of peril or panic, the reverse of an alarmist.

The letter which follows bears date on the sixth of March, and will show, among other matters of interest, how he regarded the Senate's refusal to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England. The pretext for this rejection, it may be remembered, was found in a passage of that gentleman's instructions when Secretary of State, to Mr. McLane, respecting his negotiations with the English Ministry for the reopening of the trade with the British West Indies; a privilege which had been forfeited in former administrations, and which was restored under the Presidency of General Jackson. Webster and Clay opposed the confirmation, and it was lost by the casting vote of the Vice-President, John C. Calhoun.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 16, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER :— . . . .

Mr. Van Buren pursues pretty much the plan you thought of, when you spoke of the possibility of his nomination being rejected. Some of his friends were urgent for his immediate return, to throw himself into the Senate, and attack his foes sword in hand. We had long talks on the subject; the result was that he determined to remain here a few weeks until he had put the affairs of the legation in a fair train; then to visit some parts of the continent, and to sail for the United States so as to be there in June; by which time the public sentiment will have had time to express itself fully and sincerely, without any personal agitation on his part. This is certainly the most dignified course, and I think will

be the most popular. I look upon his rejection as a very short-sighted and mean-spirited act of hostility ; and regret that Clay should have suffered party politics so far to have corroded his naturally generous and chivalrous nature as to have been concerned in it. But such a long and losing game as he has been playing, is apt to spoil the noblest temper.

The rejection by the Senate was unexpected by Mr. Van Buren, as it was by myself. We both thought there would have been talking and threatening on the subject ; but that he would have been confirmed by a bare majority. This news took him, therefore, by surprise, and when he was suffering under indisposition; but he bore it with great equanimity. There were just at the time levees, and drawing-room and state dinners, in honor of the Queen's birthday. He was in doubt whether to appear at them, as it had been represented in the papers that the vote of rejection stripped him of his diplomatic functions, and rendered all that he had done nugatory, unless sanctioned by the Senate. I advised him to take the field and show himself superior to the blow leveled at him; at the same time I had the statement in the papers corrected and the fact made known, that his appointment and all his acts were valid until the end of the session of Congress, unless he should be previously recalled by the President. He accordingly appeared at all the court ceremonials ; and, to the credit of John Bull, was universally received with the most marked attention. Every one seemed to understand and sympathize in his case ; and he has ever since been treated with more respect and attention than before by the royal family, by the members of the present and the old cabinet, and the different persons of the diplomatic corps. This I consider an earnest of the effect that will be produced by the same cause in the United States. I should not be surprised if this vote of the Senate goes far towards ultimately elevating him to the Presidential chair.

The more I see of Mr. V. B., the more I feel confirmed in a strong personal regard for him. He is one of the gentlest and most amiable men I have ever met with ; with an affectionate disposition that attaches itself to those around him, and wins their kindness in return.

I presume you will see, by the papers, how royally King Stephen * has been acting. You know he went from here, released from all his debts by an act of bankruptcy, and in bad odor with his creditors and the public. He returned a short time since, with money in both pockets, and he paid off all his debts with interest to the amount of several thousand pounds. Cooper, the actor of Covent Garden, received £1,000, which he had considered lost. One of the creditors had died in the interim ; but King Stephen sought out his heirs and paid the money punctually. The papers are all loud in his praise, and it is pronounced "*a splendid instance of honesty.*"

"Robert the Devil" is brought out in a higgledy-piggledy manner at various theatres ; the music but partially picked up by ear and by scraps. The real score of the music is purchased for the opera.

Frank Mills has caught a dramatic mania, and aided in cooking up the piece for Drury Lane. He wrote the songs, and a Mr. Beasley (not Reuben) the dialogue.

The success at the two great theatres is not as great as was expected. I am glad to find Mills taking to the theatre, instead of the turf. He is likely to lose less money by Pegasus than by a race-horse. I called on him a day or two before the first performance of the play, not having seen him for many months. His servant said he was not up ; but I sent word that the manager of the theatre wanted to see him and he must come out in his *robe de chambre.* There was no resisting the summons of a king of shreds and patches, and Mills was caught by one of those small hoaxes of which he is so fond. I had a very pleasant breakfast with him. We brightened the chain of old friendship. I have since dined *tête-à-tête,* and been to the play with him, and been much amused with his gossip and vagaries in his new vein.

The relation of this little hoax practiced on Mills, who, it may be remembered, was an Oxonian, with whom he

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre in New York.

had become intimate some years before, brings to my mind a similar piece of fun which Mr. Irving played off on Mathews, the eminent comedian, to whom he had given letters to America. He was in the theatre in London, when the great mimic, after his return from his professional tour in this country, gave a dramatic monologue in which he served up Brother Jonathan in racy and relishing caricature. The travesty was very successful and was received by John Bull with great applause. After the performance, Mr. Irving stepped behind the scenes, and sent in a message to the player that an *American* was outside and wished to speak with him. Mathews, who was changing his dress, when startled at the unexpected summons, came out at once in a state of nervous excitement, still struggling into the sleeves of his coat. On seeing who his visitor was, his countenance immediately brightened, and seizing him by both hands, he exclaimed: "My God! Irving, is it you, my dear fellow? I am very glad to see you." "Yes, it is me," said Mr. Irving, "but confess that you expected to find a tall Kentuckian with a gun on his shoulder."

In some further extracts from the letter to Peter, of March 6, already given in part, he writes:

I shall endeavor in the course of a few days, to make a flying visit to Birmingham, which must be my last one prior to my sailing for the U. S. I shall endeavor to arrange my affairs, so as to cross from Southampton to Havre about the 1st of April, and to sail from thence by the first packet that departs.

. . . . Leslie will have three pictures at the Exhibition—a fine scene from Catherine and Petruchio, a very charming family picture of the family of the Marquis of Westminster (*ci-devant* Lord Grosvenor), and a pretty picture of two figures from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," where the French Grisette is untwisting the papers from her hair and throwing them into Tristram's hat, who is examining one of them with an air of whimsical annoyance, finding it to be his travelling remarks.

I passed an evening at Leslie's not long since, when Peter Powell acted his melodrama in great style, and gave his oratorio into the bargain ; it was a great comic treat.

Mr. Van Buren will leave London about the 1st April, and will probably visit Holland before coming to Paris.

I write nothing about the cholera, because I scarcely think about it.

On the 23d of March, Colonel Aspinwall had concluded a bargain with Colburn and Bentley for 1,000 guineas, for the two volumes of the "Alhambra," at six, nine, and twelve months; and Mr. Irving was now all anxiety to be on the high seas, on his way to the home from which he had so long been severed. March 28th, he sends the dedication for the American edition ; and April 2d, he was to leave London for Southampton, and embark on the 3d for Havre, where he expected to meet and take leave of Peter, who remained behind unable, from the infirm condition of his health, to attempt the voyage. He embarked at Havre April 11, and arrived at New York May 21, after a passage of forty days.

Our voyage [he writes to Peter] was rather boisterous and wintry, excepting the latter part, when we ran to the south into the latitude of the Bermudas, and found smooth seas and summer weather The wind

headed as we approached our port, and the ship had to come to anchor outside of the bar at the Hook ; but I got into a newsboat at sea, had a delightful sail up the bay, and landed on one of the wharves of the city about sunset.

His reception was most cordial. The delight with which he renewed his acquaintance with his native country overflows in his letters.

I have been absolutely overwhelmed [he writes to Peter] with the welcomes and felicitations of my friends. It seems as if all the *old standers* of the city had called on me ; and I am continually in the midst of old associates who, thank God, have borne the wear and tear of seventeen years surprisingly, and are all in good health, good looks, and good circumstances. This, with the increased beauty, and multiplied conveniences and delights of the city, has rendered my return home wonderfully exciting. I have been in a tumult of enjoyment ever since my arrival ; am pleased with everything and everybody, and as happy as mortal being can be.

The day on which the letter was written from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Irving had to undergo the severe ordeal of a public dinner, given to him by his early friends and townsmen, to express their gratification at his return, and to welcome him to his native city. The warm and affectionate zeal which had been displayed in getting it up could not but be deeply gratifying, and the testimonial was so cordial that he could not decline the invitation, though loth at all times to any public exhibition of himself, or anything that savored of parade or display. "I look forward to it with awe," he writes to

Peter, "and shall be heartily glad when it is over." What made it the more trying to his nerves, was that a speech would be expected from him of course, and though bred to the bar, as we have seen, he was altogether unpracticed in speaking in public, and from an over sensibility of temperament could not rely upon the control of his powers on such occasions. Some of his friends, to whom he expressed his apprehensions of a breakdown, advised him to put himself in training, but he shrunk from the idea of studied preparation, and said, though in danger of a breakdown under any circumstances, he would be sure of such a result if he undertook to marshal his thoughts, and arrange his words beforehand. He must therefore trust to luck.

I was absent from the city when the dinner took place, but I have heard his early and honored friend, Charles King, the President of Columbia College, pronounce it, years afterward, the most successful public banquet ever given in the United States—the occasion was so rare, the homage so spontaneous, the hilarity so inspiring. It took place at the City Hotel. When Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, who presided on the occasion, had concluded a very complimentary address, he gave: "Our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land."

The rest I quote from one of the newspapers of the day, the "Morning Courier:"—

Mr. Irving on rising was greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed that he believed most of his hearers were

sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking, but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature if he was not roused and excited by the present scene.—After renewed cheering, he proceeded in as nearly as can be recollected, the following words :—"I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who, though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of the patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I had been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me [here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion] that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge ; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. [Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.] Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights

I had left covered with green forests [alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus]. But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent—when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me :

"'This was my own, my native land.'"

Mr. Irving was here interrupted by immense applause: when the cheering had subsided, he went on as follows : "It has been asked, 'Can I be content to live in this country ?' Whoever asks that question, must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to ? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles, and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these, to a country where all is life and animation ; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation ; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live ? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son ? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and his ambition—if possible—to found a name ? [A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed :]—I am asked how long I mean to remain here ? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer as long as I live." The roof now rung with bravos, handkerchiefs were waved on every side, "three cheers" again and again, and plaudit upon plaudit following in such quick succession, begun, ended, and begun again, that it was some time before the

toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows—

"*Our City*—May God continue to prosper it."

Mr. Irving got through his speech better than he had hoped, but not so well, perhaps, as if he had not been so frequently interrupted by cheers, which had a tendency to disturb the current of his thoughts. He had no idea of closing when he did, I have heard him say, but the acclamations which followed the declaration "as long as I live," were so prolonged that it gave him time to think it was as well to stop. He had got on so far so much better than he anticipated, that he felt, he said, it might be a tempting of Providence to continue, and so he wound up. Newton, who sat near him, and feared for the effect of his nervous perturbation, observed afterwards to a relative from whom I have the anecdote: "I trembled for him, until I saw him seize the handle of a knife and commence gesticulating with that; then I knew he would get on."

The day succeeding the dinner, Newton addressed the following letter to Peter Irving, who had been warmly remembered by his old friends at the festivity, with many regrets for his continued absence, which had now been prolonged to twenty-three years.

New York, May 31.

My dear Sir:—

The packet sailing to-day, and Washington being out of town, I seize a moment to write you a few lines that you may be, as soon as possible,

aware of the happiness which he and all around him are enjoying from his welcome arrival here—his delight seems to be boundless, and it ought to be so, for I do not know how either his pride or his affections could be more gratified than by the enthusiastic and kind reception he meets with—it is really an era in this place! A public dinner was given to him yesterday, attended by all the *élite* of the place and neighborhood—an assembly of nearly three hundred persons: it was *the* most interesting occasion of the kind I ever witnessed—conducted in the best taste and demonstrating the best feelings. Washington was a little nervous at the prospect of a *speech;* but the real feeling of the moment burst forth, and he not only got on well, but with real eloquence.

Among the many genial and happy speeches made on the occasion, that of John Duer, the accomplished scholar and eloquent advocate, which preceded his toast to—

"The Memory of the Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker,"

is still remembered with delight by those who had the good fortune to hear it, for the brilliancy of its wit and the refinement and delicacy of its humor.

CHAPTER XVII.

PETER IRVING IN PARIS.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIMSELF.—PUBLICATION OF THE "ALHAMBRA."—ITS RECEPTION.—EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.—THE OLD GENERAL.—HENRY CLAY.—MEETING WITH COOPER, THE TRAGEDIAN.—VISIT TO THE HAUNTS OF RIP VAN WINKLE.—TOUR TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—AT TARRYTOWN.—THE BRAMIN.—SARATOGA SPRINGS.—TRENTON FALLS.

THE excitement and exhilaration that followed Mr. Irving's arrival in his native city did not soon subside. "I have been topsy-turvy ever since," he writes to Peter, after a hurried and laborious though joyous round of visits and congratulations among his friends; friends, at his departure "clustered in neighboring contiguity in a moderate community, now scattered widely asunder over a splendid metropolis." New York had been advancing rapidly in wealth and population since he left, and at this date numbered more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. "I have repeatedly wished, since my return, that you could be here with me," he writes to Peter, whose prolonged exile from his native land now threatened to be final. "The mode of living, the sources of quiet and social enjoyment, and the sphere of friendly and domestic pleasures, are improved and

multiplied to a degree that has delightfully surprised me."

The brother to whom this extract was addressed, now sixty years of age, had made no resolution to spend the remainder of his days in Europe, and in a letter to his friend Beasley, the American consul at Havre, lying before me, expresses "a great desire to return home," but, he adds, "at my time of life, and in my state of health, and with my acquired habits and my aversion to a sea voyage, in which I am accustomed to suffer so much, I do not think a return probable." He was now living in Paris, whither he had withdrawn from Havre for solitude and regimen.

In a letter to Washington, dated August 19, he gives this sketch of his life in the great metropolis: —

I live so retired in the midst of this great city, in consideration of my health, that I know little of what is passing, and see but few of our many countrymen who resort to it. Society is a vortex, and I am obliged to keep resolutely without the margin, or I should inevitably be engulphed. I therefore avoid dinners and *soirées*, and abstain as far as possible even from visits. By pursuing rigidly this course, I escape the indisposition to which I seem peculiarly liable ; and Paris is so full of resource for a literary lounger, in its libraries, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its noble institutions in every department of science, its palaces and gardens, all open to the stranger, and its places of amusement all easy of access, that a man may lead here the life of a hermit, and at the same time a life of luxurious enjoyment. I have also punctual correspondents and supplies of newspapers in the reading-room and in my own apartment, through the attention of our friend Beasley, so that I can supervise the

operations of the great world as I would overlook a game of chess. We read of anchorites who retired to caves and cells, amid rocks and deserts, when infirmities or other causes rendered them unsuitable to mingle in society, and the world seems to have sanctioned and approved their taste. I feel justified, therefore, in my more cheerful seclusion.

The passage I have quoted from this letter of Peter exhibits the character of the invalid, and the wise and beautiful spirit of philosophy which, in the midst of his ailments, he contrived to put into life whatever of comfort and enjoyment it could be made to yield.

In the first letter written to his brother Washington, after hearing of the safe arrival of the vessel at New York, Peter mentions that a French translation of the "Alhambra" had been published in two octavo volumes, and the work had received favorable notices in several of the Parisian journals, from which he extracts some paragraphs. It would appear from this that the publication of the "Alhambra" in England, and possibly its translation in France, preceded its appearance in America, where it was issued by Messrs. Carey & Lea on the 9th of June, three weeks after the author's arrival in his own country. He had expected that its publication would precede his arrival, and it is not easy to see why it did not, as the contract of his agent, Ebenezer Irving, granting to Carey & Lea "a right to print, publish, and vend five thousand five hundred copies," bears date as early as the 17th of March. The time required for disposing of these five thousand five hundred copies was not to exceed the

last day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four. After the printing, if the work should be prepared for publication from stereotype plates, the author was to have the privilege of taking the plates at a fair value, if he should elect to do so. The consideration was three thousand dollars, payable in three equal notes, bearing date on the day of publication, in six, nine, and twelve months. The amount paid by Colburn & Bentley for the absolute copyright of the work, as has been before stated, was one thousand guineas, in six, nine, and twelve months.

The "Alhambra" was published in Philadelphia in two duodecimo volumes. I give two extracts, which may serve as a specimen of the immediate tone of criticism. The first I take from a Baltimore paper of June 16, seven days after the publication:—

The "Alhambra" displays the characteristic excellences of Mr. Irving —the easy, natural narrative, the smooth and elegant diction, the pithy humor. The grace and polish of his style are generally considered Mr. Irving's chief merit. A too high value cannot, certainly, be put upon these qualities in a book: the want of them sinks many an otherwise good one. But still, they are secondary. It may even be said, that they cannot exist without the presence of more substantial qualities. You cannot give a high polish to a common substance: an intrinsic fineness of grain is indispensable to this; and hence, the existence of a high degree of polish on the exterior denotes internal excellence of material. Gracefulness, too, is inseparably connected with something internal; it is not an addition, but rather an emanation.

When, therefore, the style of Mr. Irving is made the object of especial

commendation, it must be recollected that the qualities of style are dependent upon the qualities of the matter they set forth. The character of the style of an author is ultimately determined by that of his thoughts and feelings. It is not merely to peculiar cultivation—to the study of good models, however serviceable as auxiliary exercise—that is owing the charm of Mr. Irving's style ; but it is to the soundness of his intellect—the correctness of his feelings—to his susceptibility to the beautiful and the touching—his accuracy of observation—to the harmony of his mind with nature and with itself—in short, to those capabilities whose combined action constitutes his individuality as a man, and his superiority as a writer.

Under the light, and sometimes fantastic sketches of the "Alhambra," these capabilities are all manifested. Like the slight and airy fabric of a Gothic spire, the volumes have a solid basis : their most marvelous fictions rest on a shrewd observation of real life. Beneath the *naif* narration of the wildest dreams of oriental imagination, there flows a current of good sense; behind some of the most comic and grotesque scenes there lurks a latent wisdom.

The next extract I take from the "New York Mirror," of June 23, a weekly periodical edited by George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Nathaniel P. Willis—names well known in the literary world. After speaking of the serious disadvantage a popular writer has to contend against in the unmeaning and vague expectations elicited by a brilliant fame, and alluding to the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" as the greatest enemies his future productions would ever meet, the critic proceeds :—

Yet the "Tales of the Alhambra" are brilliant and striking, told with the most delightful grace of language, and addressed to the imagination

of all classes. The preliminary sketches, relating to the author's ramblings over Spain, his approach to the palace from which the volumes derive their title, his drawings of character, his minute household observations, his moonlight thoughts on that interesting scene, his reveries from the various points of prospect, are, in our estimation, really delicious. Their very familiar and easy simplicity makes them so. They are impressed in every page, every line, every word, with the reality of truth and the glow of nature. They are evidently no inventions, but transcripts. His scenes stretch away before you; his people move, look, and walk with an individuality and a force only to be produced by the hand of a master. Indeed, these opening pages are full of those delightfully graphic and pleasing delineations peculiar to this author, and worthy of the best parts of the "Sketch Book."

This "beautiful Spanish Sketch Book," as it was happily designated by Prescott, the historian, was also very favorably noticed in the "Westminster Review" for July, in an article which, after singling out portions as of great felicity, concludes thus:—

The whole is a luxury, but of an extremely refined order. As a work of art, it has few rivals among modern publications. Were a lecture to be given on the structure of the true poetical prose, nowhere would it be possible to find more luculent examples. Many paragraphs, and even chapters, want but the voice to make them discourse most eloquent music.

The "North American Review" for October, which contained, by the way, a review of Wheaton's "History of the Northmen," from the pen of Mr. Irving, in an article written by the distinguished Edward Everett, remarks of it: "The subjects are all wrought up with great felicity," "and are among the most finished and elegant specimens

of style to be found in the language." I know not whether it was before or after the publication of the "Alhambra" that the poet Campbell remarked to an American gentleman, from whose brother I have the anecdote: "Washington Irving has added clarity to the English tongue."

The "Alhambra" was dedicated to David Wilkie, the painter, his companion, as we have seen, in many Spanish scenes, though he did not accompany him to Granada. When it appeared, the author was at Washington, to which city he had repaired a few days after the public dinner which had welcomed his return, to make his bow to the head of the Government, and settle his accounts as *chargé*. He wished also to pass a little time with the McLanes, from whom he had received the most pressing letters of invitation, and who had already prepared a room for him. Mr. McLane was, at this period of great political discord and discontent, Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson, who was soon to launch his memorable veto at the bill for the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, while glancing ominously at the imperial State of South Carolina, preparing to pass her ordinance of nullification, accompanied with threats of secession, and armed hostility and defiance to the Government.

My journey (he writes to Peter, from Washington, June 16) was rapid but delightful, being for the greater part of the way in splendid steamboats, and at one place for some distance on a railroad. I slept in Phila-

delphia, and arrived at Washington in the evening of the second day. Here I was received with acclamation by the McLanes, large and small, and have now spent nearly a fortnight with them in the most delightful manner. . . . .

McLane stands the fatigue and annoyance of his station much better than I had anticipated, and seems generally in better tone of spirits than he was at London.

I have been most kindly received by the old general, with whom I am much pleased as well as amused. As his admirers say, he is truly an *old Roman*—to which I would add, *with a little dash of the Greek:* for I suspect he is as *knowing*, as I believe he is *honest*. I took care to put myself promptly on a fair and independent footing with him ; for, in expressing warmly and sincerely how much I had been gratified by the unsought, but most seasonable mark of confidence he had shown me, when he hinted something about a disposition to place me elsewhere, I let him know emphatically that I wished for nothing more—that my whole desire was to live among my countrymen, and to follow my usual pursuits. In fact, I am persuaded that my true course is to be master of myself and of my time. Official station cannot add to my happiness or respectability, and certainly would stand in the way of my literary career.

I have renewed my acquaintance with Clay, who looks much better than I had expected to find him, and very much like his former self. He tells me he has improved greatly in health since he was dismissed from office, and finds that it is good for man as well as beast to be turned out occasionally to grass. Certainly official life in Washington must be harassing and dismal in the extreme.*

I have been offered public dinners at Philadelphia and Baltimore, but have declined them, as I shall all further ceremonials of the kind; but the general manifestation of cordial kindness and good-will I have met in all places and at all hands, since my arrival, is deeply gratifying.

* Henry Clay had been Secretary of State under the Presidency of John Quincy Adams. The latter, a veteran statesman, retired from the chair of state, was now serving his country as a member of the House of Representatives. Clay was in the Senate.

In the following letter to his brother Peter, we have an account of his first meeting with his old theatrical friend, Thomas A. Cooper, and Mary Fairlie, his wife, the "Sophy Sparkle," as before noted, of "Salmagundi:"—

PHILADELPHIA, *June 21st.*—I have only time to write a few hurried lines at long intervals, my time and mind are so much engrossed in my present hurried existence. I left Washington a few days since, and stopped a couple of days at Baltimore, where I was so much pleased that I have determined to pay it a visit of some space in the autumn.

This morning I was seated at breakfast at the public table of the Mansion House, when Cooper entered to take his repast. I recognized him instantly; indeed, he retains much of his shape and look, though the former is a little squarer and heavier. I immediately accosted him. He took his seat beside me, and we had an interesting dish of chat. He was on the point of starting for his home at Bristol, and invited me to pay his wife and family a visit, and return in the afternoon steamboat. So said, so done. I took my seat beside him in a light, open carriage, with a tall stripling in the uniform of a cadet of West Point, whom he introduced as his eldest son, and who had much of his mother's countenance. I found Mary Fairlie in a pretty cottage in the pretty town of Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware. She was pale and thinner than I had expected to find her, yet still retaining much of her former self. I passed a very agreeable and interesting day there. . . . .

Mary talked much about you, and, like all your old friends, expressed the most longing desire to see you in this country. After dining with them, I got on board a steamboat that was passing at five o'clock, and was whisked up to this city in an hour and a half.

NEW YORK, *June 28th.*—Since writing the foregoing, I saw Cooper act a few scenes of Macbeth, before a very thin Philadelphia audience. He acted much as formerly, excepting rather more slowly and heavily. His form is still fine on the stage, but his countenance is muzzy and indistinct. I was engaged for the evening, and could only stay to the end of

his dagger and murder scene. I should think his Macbeth equal to any they have at present in England, though this is not saying much. It did not relish with me, however, as in the olden time; but a thin and cold-hearted audience is enough to dampen the spirit of a performer, and to chill the feelings of a spectator.

Charles Joseph Latrobe and the Count de Pourtales, the travelling companions mentioned in the following letter, made the acquaintance of Mr. Irving at Havre previous to his embarkation, and were his fellow-passengers across the Atlantic. They also accompanied him, as will be seen hereafter, in his roving expedition to the prairies of the far West. Latrobe afterward wrote a work, entitled "The Rambler in North America," which was published in London in 1835, and inscribed to Washington Irving, "in token of affectionate esteem and remembrance."

[*To Peter Irving, at Paris.*]

NEW YORK, July 9, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I wrote to you some days since, giving an account of my excursion to Washington. Since then I have been for a few days up the Hudson. I set off in company with James Paulding, Mr. Latrobe, and the Count de Pourtales, whom I have found most agreeable travelling companions. We left New York about seven o'clock, in one of those great steamboats that are like floating hotels, and we arrived at West Point in about *four hours*. Gouverneur Kemble's barge, with an awning, was waiting for us, and conveyed us across the river into a deep cove to his cottage, which is buried among beautiful forest trees. Here we passed three or four hot days most luxuriously, lolling on the grass

under the trees, and occasionally bathing in the river. You would be charmed with Gouverneur's little retreat; it is quite a bachelor's Elysium. . . . . From thence we took steamboat, and in a few hours were landed at Catskill, where a stage-coach was in waiting, and whirled us twelve miles up among the mountains to a fine hotel built on the very brow of a precipice, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world. We remained here until the next day, visiting the waterfall, glen, etc., that are pointed out as the veritable haunts of Rip Van Winkle.

This was the author's first visit to the scene of his renowned story, published twelve years before. "I have little doubt," writes Peter in reply, "but some curious travellers will yet find some of the bones of his dog, if they can but hit upon the veritable spot of his long sleep." The letter proceeds:—

The wild scenery of these mountains outdoes all my conception of it. Leaving the hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon, we took steamboat the same evening, and landed in New York at six o'clock the next morning, after enjoying a comfortable night's sleep. In fact, one appears to be wafted from place to place in this country as if by magic.

It will be borne in mind that Peter had left the country in the beginning of 1809, just after the invention of steamboats, and that it was altogether natural in Washington, in writing to him, to refer constantly to the changes and improvements that had taken place in the country during the lapse of twenty-three years in which he had been away. At the close of the letter which I have quoted in part, he mentions an intended excursion

to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, which, says Peter in reply, "are altogether strangers to me."

Three weeks later, when he had just returned to Tarrytown from a visit to Boston and a tour to the White Mountains, he writes to Peter (August 3):—

At Boston I passed five days, a great part of which was in company with Newton and his friends. . . . . Here I met with Mr. Latrobe and Count Pourtales, and we proceeded on our tour to the White Mountains. The journey through the centre of New Hampshire was delightful —the roads good, the inns good, and the country beautiful beyond expectation. A fine medley of lakes and forests, and bright, pure running streams. At an inn at the head of a fine lake* we paused for part of two days. On my return to the inn after a ramble, I observed a pleasant face smiling at me from the parlor window. I entered, and who should it be but Mrs. L———, who, with our worthy Paris friend, of apple-pie memory, and their children, was making the same tour with myself. I was delighted, as you may suppose, at the rencontre. We kept together through the mountains, when Latrobe and Pourtales left me, and made a tour through Vermont, and I took a seat in L———'s carriage and proceeded with him down the valley of the Connecticut. We followed the course of that lovely river to Springfield, through a continued succession of enchanting scenes; when I parted from them, and made the best of my way to New York. After passing a day in the city, which is desolate and deserted on account of the cholera, I came off with the Bramin to this place, where a great part of the family forces is collected. Here I am in a little cottage, in which is Mr. Paris' family, and a number of the Bramin's young fry, among which are his two eldest daughters, whom I have now seen for the first time.

"The Bramin" was his brother Ebenezer, whom, by

* Lake Winnepisaugee, or Winnipisiogee.

some whimsical fancy, he now styles by this designation, the first written trace of it which I meet. "Brom" and "Captain Greatheart" were the familiar titles by which, in earlier days, he passed among his brothers.

On the 4th of August he left Tarrytown for Saratoga Springs, where he was joined by Latrobe and Pourtales, who were to accompany him in a tour he was then meditating through the western part of the State of New York, but which was destined to extend to the remote West. Among the visitors to the Springs he found many old friends, with whom he resumed acquaintance. "It quite delights me," he writes to Peter, "to find how soon I fall into the current of old intimacies, and forget the lapse of years."

From the Springs he proceeded to Trenton Falls, from whence he writes to Peter, August 15:—

This place has risen into notice since your departure from America. The falls are uncommonly beautiful, and are on West Canada Creek, the main branch of the Mohawk, within sixteen miles of Utica.

My tour thus far has been through a continued succession of beautiful scenes; indeed the natural beauties of the United States strike me infinitely more than they did before my residence in Europe. The accommodations for travellers also have improved in a wonderful degree. In no country out of England have I found such excellent hotels, and such good fare, in places remote from cities. I am now in a clean, airy, well-furnished hotel, on a hill, with a broad, beautiful prospect in front, and forests on all the other sides. My travelling companions and myself have the house to ourselves. Our table is excellent, and we are enjoying as pure and delightful breezes as I did in the Alhambra. The murmur of

the neighboring falls lulls me to a delicious summer nap, and in the morning and evening I have glorious bathing in the clear waters of the little river. In fact, I return to all the simple enjoyments of old times with the renovated feelings of a schoolboy, and have had more hearty homebred delights of the kind since my return to the United States, than I have ever had in the same space of time in the whole course of my life.

The cholera—that Asiatic scourge which had crossed the Atlantic in June to Quebec—was at this time extending about the country, and spreading great alarm, so that the whole course of business, as well as pleasure was interrupted. Many of the towns through which he would have to pass would be in the first stage of panic and outbreak. This was then the case with Utica. About sixteen miles from Trenton Falls, where his letter is dated. "I shall leave that place out of my route," he writes, "though hitherto I have never avoided the malady, nor shall I do so in the course of my tour; simply observing such general diet and habits of living as experience has taught me are best calculated to keep my system in healthful tone."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHANGE OF TRAVELLING PLANS.—LETTERS TO MRS. PARIS.—TOUR THROUGH OHIO.—VOYAGE ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.—BLACK HAWK.—THE PRAIRIES OF THE MISSOURI.—A LAUNCH INTO SAVAGE LIFE.—LETTER TO PETER.—NEW ORLEANS.—WILLIAM C. PRESTON.—SOJOURN AT WASHINGTON.—LETTER TO JAMES K. PAULDING.—LETTERS TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE FROM WASHINGTON.—RETURN TO NEW YORK.—AGAIN AT BALTIMORE.—LETTER THENCE TO PETER IRVING.—HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER.—VISIT TO OLD DUTCH VILLAGES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.—A KNICKERBOCKER EXCURSION WITH MR. VAN BUREN.—ABRIDGMENT OF "COLUMBUS" RECOMMENDED AS A CLASS-BOOK FOR THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

HEN Mr. Irving set out on his journey, he was meditating a tour in the western part of the State of New York, and in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In the following letter we find him changing his purpose, and embarking in an extensive expedition into the far West, beyond the bounds of civilization, in company with one of the three Commissioners appointed by the Government to treat with deputations of different tribes of the Indians. The Commissioners were to rendezvous at Fort Gibson, seven hundred miles up the Arkansas. It was an opportunity to see the aborigines of America in their own wild territory, too tempting to be resisted.

[*To Mrs. Paris, at New York.*]

CINCINNATI, September 2, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

You have no doubt heard from our brother E. I. of the alteration, or rather extension of my travelling plans, in consequence of which I shall accompany the Commissioners on their expedition into the territories west of the Mississippi, to visit and hold conferences with the emigrating Indian tribes. The Commissioner, Mr. Ellsworth, who invited me to this journey, and whom I accidentally met on board of a steamboat on Lake Erie, is a very gentlemanly and amiable person, and an excellent travelling companion. I have also my old fellow-travellers, Mr. Latrobe and the young Count Pourtales, who are delighted with the idea of travelling on horseback through the forests and prairies, camping in tents at nights, and hunting deer, buffaloes, and wild turkeys. We have made a very interesting tour through Ohio. We landed at Ashtabula, a small place on the shore of Lake Erie. From thence we proceeded along the ridge road parallel to the lake to Cleveland, and thence through the centre of the State to this city, where we arrived last evening. I have been greatly delighted with the magnificent woodland scenery of Ohio, and with the exuberant fertility of the soil, which will eventually render this State a perfect garden spot. When the forests are cleared away, however, the country will be a vast plain, diversified here and there by a tract of rolling hills; and nothing will compensate for the loss of those glorious trees, which now present the sublime of vegetation.

In the course of our journey we diverged from the direct route, to visit one of those stupendous and mysterious Indian antiquities which are among the wonders of the land. Immense ramparts and mounds of earth extending for miles, that must have required the united labors of a vast multitude, and have been intended to protect some important city or some populous region. These works are now in the depths of thick forests, overgrown with trees that are evidently the growth of centuries. Nothing relative to them remains in Indian tradition, nor is the construc-

tion of such vast works in any way compatible with the habits and customs of any of our aboriginal tribes. You may imagine what a subject for speculation and reverie the sight of such monuments presents in the silent bosom of the wilderness.

We shall leave Cincinnati very probably the day after to-morrow. Indeed, I remain as brief a time as possible in towns and cities, for the attentions I meet with are often rather irksome and embarrassing than otherwise. I went into the theatre, last evening, to see the acting of Mrs. Drake, with which I was wonderfully delighted, when, to my astonishment and dismay, the manager came out between the acts, and announced that I was in the house. As you partake of the nervous sensibility of the family, you may conceive how I felt on finding all eyes thus suddenly turned upon me. I have since had a note from the manager, requesting me to visit the theatre on Tuesday evening, and to permit him to announce it. I have declined it, of course, and have induced my companions to hasten our departure, that I may escape from all further importunities of the kind.

I hope my countrymen may not think I slight their proffers of kindness and distinction; no one can value their good opinion more highly ; but I have a shrinking aversion from being made an object of personal notoriety, that I cannot conquer. . . . .

I hope you will take care of my little man John during my absence. See that he is well clad, well schooled, and well drilled. Keep him with you, if he is useful to you, and let brother E. I. charge to my account all expenses for his maintenance, clothing, etc.

The "little man" alluded to was a German lad of about eleven years of age, who crossed the water with Mr. Irving. The latter conceived a liking for him on shipboard, and took him in his employ. He remained with him for three years, when he went with his father to try his fortunes in Illinois, where, with a loan from

Mr. Irving of one hundred dollars, he entered eighty acres of land. Some year afterward he made a visit to Sunnyside, the father of sundry children, and with the hundred dollars advanced to him by Mr. Irving transmuted, by Western alchemy, into seventy thousand.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

St. Louis, Mo., September 13, 1832.

My dear Sister :—

I wrote to you from Cincinnati, which place I left in a steamboat on the 3d inst., and arrived the next day at Louisville, Ky. There we embarked in another steamboat, and continued down the Ohio to its confluence with the Mississippi, when we ascended the latter river to this place, where we arrived late last night. Our voyage was prolonged by our repeatedly running aground in the Ohio from the lowness of the water. Twice we remained aground for the greater part of twenty-four hours. The last evening of our voyage we were nearly run down and sent to the bottom by a huge steamboat, the *Yellow Stone*, which came surging down the river under the impetus of "high pressure" and a rapid current. Fortunately our pilot managed the helm so as to receive the blow obliquely, which tore away part of a wheel, and staved in all the upper works of one side of our boat. We made shift to limp through the remainder of our voyage, which was but about twelve miles. I have been charmed with the grand scenery of these two mighty rivers. We have had splendid weather to see them in—golden sunshiny days, and serene moonlight nights. The magnificence of the Western forests is quite beyond my anticipations; such gigantic trees, rising like stupendous columns—and then the abundance of flowers and flowering shrubs. . . . .

I am writing late at night, and with difficulty, for I have unluckily strained the fingers of my right hand a few days since, so that I can scarcely hold a pen. Good night.

September 16th.—Since writing the foregoing, I have been to Fort Jefferson, about nine miles from this, to see the famous Black Hawk, and his fellow chiefs, taken in the recent Indian war. This redoubtable Black Hawk, who makes such a figure in our newspapers, is an old man, upward of seventy, emaciated and enfeebled by the sufferings he has experienced, and by a touch of cholera. He has a small, well-formed head, with an aquiline nose, a good expression of eye ; and a physician present, who is given to craniology, perceived the organ of benevolence strongly developed, though I believe the old chieftain stands accused of many cruelties. His brother-in-law, the prophet, is a strong, stout man, and much younger. He is considered the most culpable agent in fomenting the late disturbance ; though I find it extremely difficult, even when so near the seat of action, to get at the right story of these feuds between the white and the red men, and my sympathies go strongly with the latter.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

INDEPENDENCE, MO., September 26, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

We arrived at this place on the day before yesterday, after nine days' travelling on horseback from St. Louis. Our journey has been a very interesting one, leading us across fine prairies and through noble forests, dotted here and there by farms and log-houses, at which we found rough but wholesome and abundant fare, and very civil treatment. Many parts of these prairies of the Missouri are extremely beautiful, resembling cultivated countries, embellished with parks and groves, rather than the savage rudeness of the wilderness.

Yesterday I was out on a deer hunt in the vicinity of this place, which led me through some scenery that only wanted a castle, or a gentleman's seat here and there interspersed, to have equaled some of the most celebrated park scenery of England.

The fertility of all this Western country is truly astonishing. The soil

is like that of a garden, and the luxuriance and beauty of the forests exceed any that I have seen. We have gradually been advancing, however, toward rougher and rougher life, and are now at a little straggling frontier village, that has only been five years in existence. From hence, in the course of a day or two, we take our departure southwardly, and shall soon bid adieu to civilization, and encamp at night in our tents. My health is good, though I have been much affected by the change of climate, diet, and water since my arrival in the West. Horse exercise, however, always agrees with me. I enjoy my journey exceedingly, and look for still greater gratification in the part which is now before me, which will present much greater wildness and novelty. The climax will be our expedition with the Osages to their hunting-grounds, and the sight of a buffalo hunt.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

FORT GIBSON, ARK., October 9, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I arrived here yesterday afternoon in excellent health, after ten or eleven days' travel from Independence, from whence I last wrote to you. Our journey has lain almost entirely through the vast prairies, or open grassy plains which extend over all these frontiers, diversified occasionally by beautiful groves, and deep fertile bottoms along the streams of water. We have encamped almost every night, excepting when we stopped at the Missionary establishments scattered here and there in this vast wilderness. The weather has been beautiful. We have encountered but one rainy night and one thunder storm. I have found sleeping in a tent a very sweet and healthy kind of repose, and have been in fine condition ever since I left Independence. It is now upward of three weeks since I left St. Louis and took to travelling on horseback, and it has agreed with me admirably. On arriving at this post, I found that a mounted body of rangers, nearly a hundred, had set off two days before to make a wide tour to the West and South, through the wild hunting countries, by way of protecting the friendly Indians who have gone to the buffalo hunting,

and to overawe the Pawnee Indians, who are the wandering Arabs of the West, and continually on the maraud. Colonel Ellsworth and myself have determined to set off to-morrow morning in the track of this party. We shall be escorted by a dozen or fourteen horsemen, so that we shall have nothing to apprehend from any straggling gang of Pawnees; and we shall have three or four Indians with us as guides and interpreters, besides the servants that have accompanied us hitherto. A couple of Creek Indians have been dispatched by the commander of this fort to overtake the party of rangers, and order them to await our coming up with them, which we expect to effect in the course of three days; and to find them in the buffalo range on the Little Red River. . . . . I am in hopes that we may be able to fall in with some wandering band of Pawnees in a friendly manner, as I have a great desire to see some of that warlike and vagrant race. We shall have a Pawnee captive woman with us as an interpreter.

You see I am completely launched in savage life, and am likely to continue in it for some weeks to come. I am extremely excited and interested by this wild country, and the wild scenes and people by which I am surrounded.

I am uncertain whether Mr. Latrobe and Pourtales will accompany me on this further tour. I left them about forty miles behind, at one of the agencies, and they have not yet arrived here, though they probably will in the course of the day. I am writing in great haste, having all my preparations to make.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

GREENPOINT, near the RED FORK OF THE ARKANSAS,
October, 18, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

I wrote to you when about to start from Fort Gibson, under an escort, to join the exploring party of rangers. We came up with them, in the course of three or four days, on the banks of the Arkansas. The whole troop crossed that river the day before yesterday, some on rafts, some

fording. Our own immediate party have a couple of half-breed Indians as servants, who understand the Indian customs. They constructed a kind of boat or raft out of a buffalo skin, on which Mr. Ellsworth and myself crossed at several times, on the top of about a hundredweight of luggage—an odd way of crossing a river a quarter of a mile wide.

We are now on the borders of the Pawnee country, a region untraversed by white men, except by solitary trappers. We are leading a wild life, depending upon game, such as deer, elk, bear, for food, encamping on the borders of brooks, and sleeping in the open air under trees, with outposts stationed to guard us against any surprise by the Indians.

We shall probably be three weeks longer on this tour. Two or three days bring us into the buffalo range, where we shall have grand sport hunting. We shall also be in the range of wild horses.

I send this letter by a party of the men who have to return to escort two or three sick men, who have the measles and fevers. The rest of the camp is well, and our own party in high spirits. I was never in finer health, or enjoyed myself more, and the idea of exploring a wild country of this magnificent character is very exciting.

I write at the moment of marching. The horses are all saddled, and the bugle sounds for mounting. God bless you. I shall not have another opportunity of writing until I return to the garrison of Fort Gibson. We are far beyond any civilized habitation, or even an Indian village.

Love to all. Your brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MONTGOMERY'S POINT, MOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, November 16, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

I arrived safe and sound at Fort Gibson about a week since, after thirty-one days' tour in the wilderness west of the Territory. Our tour was a very rough but a very interesting and gratifying one, part of the time through an unexplored country. We led a complete hunter's life,

subsisting upon the produce of the chase, camping by streams or pools, and sleeping on skins and blankets in the open air; but we were all in high health; and, indeed, nothing is equal to such a campaign, to put a man in full health and spirits. . . . . We got out of flour, salt, sugar, etc., and had to eat our meat without bread or seasoning, and drink our coffee without sweetening. Our horses were tired down by the pasturage being withered, and by their having been coursed after buffaloes and wild horses. Some of them had to be left behind; and those of us who brought back our horses to the fort, had to walk, and lead them for the greater part of the three or four last days.* The very evening of my arrival at Fort Gibson a steamboat came up the river, and was to return down it the next day. I took advantage of it, and embarked, and have just put my foot on shore at this place this morning. The steamboat proceeds down the Mississippi, in the course of an hour or two, for New Orleans, and I think of continuing on in her, to be governed in my future movements by the reports I shall receive of the health of New Orleans, and the facilities of proceeding from that place on my route homeward, where I am now very anxious to arrive. . . . .

He continued down the Mississippi in the steamboat in which he had descended the Arkansas to New Orleans, where, he writes to Peter from Washington,—

I passed a few days very pleasantly. It is one of the most motley and amusing places in the United States—a mixture of America and Europe. The French part of the city is a counterpart of some provincial French town; and the levee, or esplanade along the river, presents the most whimsical groups of people of all nations, castes, and colors—French, Spanish, half-breeds, creoles, mulattoes, Kentuckians, etc., etc. I passed

* In a letter to Peter, he mentions that though they had an occasional alarm, they passed through the country without seeing a single Pawnee, "I brought off, however," he adds, "the tongue of a buffalo, of my own shooting, as a trophy of my hunting, and am determined to rest my renown as a hunter upon that exploit, and never to descend to meaner game." The particulars of this feat will be found in his *Tour on the Prairies*, published in 1835.

a couple of days with Judge M———, Mrs. McLane's brother, on his sugar plantation, just at the time they were making sugar.

From New Orleans I set off in the mail stage, through Mobile, and proceeded through Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia, to this place—a long and rather dreary journey, travelling frequently day and night, and much of the road through pine forests in the winter season. At Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, I sought our friend Preston, who resides in that place, is a member of the Legislature, and one of the leaders of the nullifiers. . . . . I passed a day most cordially with him, talking and laughing over old times, and recalling the scenes and personages of our rambles.

[This was William C. Preston, the brilliant orator, formerly travelling companion of himself and Peter in Scotland and England.]

Preston spoke of you with the most lively regard, and called to mind a host of your pleasantries. I dined with him at Governor Hamilton's, the nullifying Governor, whom I had known when a young man at New York, and who is a perfect gentleman, but a Hotspur in politics. It is really lamentable to see such a fine set of gallant fellows as these leading nullifiers are, so madly in the wrong.

Governor Hamilton had just then transmitted to the Legislature of South Carolina his message, inclosing the nullifying edict of the convention of its people, and invoking the coöperation of the two branches to carry into effect this measure of *peaceable* redress, for he claimed it to be essentially of a pacific character. When Mr. Irving took leave, the Governor gave him a warm invitation to "come soon" and see him again. "O yes!" was the playful but suggestive reply; "I'll come with *the first troops.*"

Mr. Irving arrived in Washington just before the Presi-

dent issued his proclamation of December 10, generally understood to be the production of his distinguished Secretary of State, Edward Livingston, containing an able exposition of the nullifying question, and of the Constitution of the country, and furnishing to South Carolina a significant intimation of the fallacy of any hopes of annulling peaceably within her limits a law of the General Government. He was hastening back from his prolonged tour to pass a Christmas among his family and friends, and had intended to stop but two or three days in Washington; yet he found it such "an interesting place to see public characters," and the "crisis" so "interesting," that he was induced to linger here, with the exception of a brief excursion to Baltimore, during the remaining term of Congress, a period of three months. "I am very pleasantly situated," he writes. "I have a very snug, cheery, cosy room in the immediate neighborhood of McLane's, and take my meals at his house, and in fact, make it my home. I have thus the advantage of a family circle (and that a delightful one) and the precious comfort of a little bachelor retreat and *sanctum sanctorum*, where I can be as lonely and independent as I please."

I give some letters and passages of letters written during this interval:—

[*To Peter Irving.*]

McLane is hard worked by his office, but it is a kind of work that agrees with him, and he is generally in better health, looks, and spirits than he was at London.

I found Gouverneur Kemble here, to my great surprise. He had business at the War Department, being a great contractor for founding cannon, etc. He has been consulted, also, by the Committee of Ways and Means, of which Gulian C. Verplanck is chairman, in the formation of a bill for the reduction of the tariff. I hope such a bill may be devised and carried as will satisfy the moderate part of the nullifiers; but I confess I see so many elements of sectional prejudice, hostility, and selfishness stirring and increasing in activity and acrimony in this country, that I begin to doubt strongly of the long existence of the general Union.

The following is addressed to his old friend and early literary associate, James K. Paulding, then Navy Agent at New York, whom some were seeking to displace, from his want of due subserviency to the behests of party.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1833.

MY DEAR PAULDING :—

I have just returned from an interview with the President on the subject of the rumor of your removal from office. He assured me it was the first word he had heard on the subject; and had you heard the terms in which he spoke of your official conduct, you would feel not merely secure of your office, but proud of holding it, guaranteed by such sentiments. The more I see of this old cock of the woods, the more I relish his game qualities.

As to rumors, they are as numerous as they are absurd. Gouverneur's particular friend Bankhead, the British *chargé d'affaires*, has just returned from New York, very gravely charged with one concerning myself; namely, that I was *to marry Miss* ———, *and receive the appointment of Postmaster of New York!* Now either the lady or the office would be a sufficient blessing for a marrying or an office-craving man; but God help me! I should be as much bothered with the one as with the other. . . . .

With affectionate regards to Gertrude and the family, I am, my dear James, yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is in reply to a letter of Kemble, invoking his aid in inducing Leslie to accept the offer of the Professorship of Design, at the Military Academy at West Point:—

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1833.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:—

. . . . I will write to Leslie, and state to him what advantages he will have in fixing himself at West Point; though I shall cautiously refrain from giving any advice or using any persuasion in the matter. It is a delicate and responsible thing to influence a man in a measure that is to change his whole situation and course of life. I think it doubtful whether he will accept. For my own part, few things would give me equal pleasure to having him on this side of the Atlantic, and in my neighborhood.* . . . .

Charles Kemble and his talented daughter are here, turning the heads of young and old. I find they became very sociable with you, and speak of you with great regard.

God bless you, my dear Kemble. I hope to be with you before long.

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A week later he writes to the same correspondent from Washington.

* Leslie did accept the position, but only to retain it for the brief period of six months, when he returned to England.

MY DEAR KEMBLE :—

. . . . An attempt is making to bring the subject of the tariff to a close in the House this week, by night sessions. I feel extremely doubtful, however, of the bill being carried. The braggadocio speeches and proceedings of South Carolina have raised a spirit of indignation among many who would otherwise be inclined to redress the grievances complained of, and this feeling is taken advantage of by those interested for the manufacturers.

I understand that Governor Hayne is making every preparation for warlike measures. I hope and trust that this will all turn out a game of brag; at any rate, the measures taken by the General Government are such as to entangle the nullifiers in all kinds of financial and fiscal difficulties, and to make any act of hostility plainly proceed from themselves.

I think I shall remain here a few days longer, to hear the outbreaking which will take place on Monday next, and which must call all the champions of the different creeds into the field, and elevate the standards of the new parties that are to spring out of this great conflict.

I am, my dear Kemble, yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The "outbreaking" was to take place on a discussion of certain resolutions offered by John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, declaratory of the powers of the Government and the States, and involving the question whether a single State had power to annul the laws enacted by a whole nation. How deeply it interested him, we find from the following letter to his brother Peter, written after his return to his native city, from which he had been absent more than seven months, seeing, during that period, more of his own country and its prominent characters, than most persons would see in a lifetime.

New York, April 1, 1833.

My dear Brother :—

I am shocked, when I look back upon the long time I have suffered to elapse without writing to you ; but, indeed, indeed I could not help it. I have been so completely bewildered by the variety of scenes, circumstances, and persons crowding upon my attention, that for months past I have lost all command of my time or my thoughts. The period that has passed since my arrival in this country has been one of the greatest and most delightful excitement I have ever experienced, and the excitement still continues, and unfits me for any calm application. Wherever I go, too, I am received with a cordiality, I may say an affection, that keeps my heart full and running over.

My sojourn in Washington prolonged itself through the whole session. I became so deeply interested in the debates of Congress, that I almost lived in the capitol. The grand debate in the Senate occupied my mind as intensely for three weeks, as did ever a dramatic representation. I heard almost every speech, good and bad, and did not lose a word of any of the best. I think my close attendance on the legislative halls has given me an acquaintance with the nature and operation of our institutions, and the character and concerns of the various parts of the Union, that I could not have learned from books for years.

After leaving Washington, I got detained most delightfully at Baltimore for three weeks by the extreme hospitality of the inhabitants.

It was during this visit to Baltimore that he made the acquaintance of John P. Kennedy, who had lately risen into fame as the author of "Swallow Barn," and with whom his acquaintance soon ripened into lasting intimacy.

On the 15th of April, two or three weeks after his return to New York, he writes to Peter :—

Since my return, I have been going the rounds of dinners, etc., until

I am as jaded as I was in London. . . . . Time and mind are cut up with me like chopped hay, and I am good for nothing, and shall be good for nothing for some time to come, so much am I harassed by the claims of society.

Soon after the date of this extract he set off on an excursion to the South, to visit the upper part of Virginia, accompanied by his nephew, John T. Irving, Jr. At Washington they heard of the assault of Lieutenant Randolph upon the nation's chief magistrate — an indignity perpetrated on board of the steamboat as she stopped at Alexandria on her way to Fredericksburg, where the President was proceeding to lay the corner-stone of a monument about to be erected to the mother of Washington. Mr. Irving arrived at Fredericksburg in the afternoon, after the ceremony of laying the corner-stone had been concluded.

I saw a good deal of the President that evening, and the next morning [he writes to Peter, from Baltimore, May 17]. The old gentleman was still highly exasperated at the recent outrage offered him by Lieutenant Randolph, of which, ere this reaches you, you will have heard and read, *usque ad nauseam*.

It is a brutal transaction, which I cannot think of without indignation, mingled with a feeling of almost despair, that our national character should receive such crippling wounds from the hands of our own citizens.

From Fredericksburg he proceeded to Charlottesville, where he visited the Jefferson University, and had to fight off from an invitation to a public dinner on the part

of the students. Pursuing his journey, he crossed the Blue Ridge, but unfortunately, at this interesting point of his tour, the weather changed, and he traversed the mountain in a heavy rain, that shut up the whole prospect, and harassed him with small intermission during his continuance in the valley. He returned to New York in time to be present on the arrival of President Jackson on his Northern tour.

The reception of the President, yesterday [he writes to Peter from New York, June 13], was one of the finest spectacles I ever witnessed. I accompanied the Corporation, and a large body of the citizens, in a superb steamboat to Brunswick, to meet him. The ceremonials you will see in the papers; but you can hardly form an idea of the increased splendor given to spectacles of the kind by our steamboats, and the increased population and beauty of our city.

On the 31st of July he is about leaving his "quarters at Oscar's very pretty country box, about two miles below Tarrytown," to go to Saratoga Springs for a few days to take the waters, being a little out of order from a late accident, in being thrown from his gig. After a fortnight's visit to the Springs, where he met with many old friends, and formed several very agreeable acquaintances, he made an excursion to Schaghticoke, and visited Herman Knickerbocker, whom he had known at Washington about twenty years before, when he was Congressman, and with whom the name still formed a bond of fellowship. "I found him with a houseful of children," he

writes to Peter, "living hospitably, and filling various stations—a judge, a farmer, a miller, a manufacturer, a politician, etc., etc. He received me with open arms, and I only escaped from his hospitality by promising to come another time, and spend a day or two with him."

He afterward proceeded down the river to Kingston, where he passed a day in looking about the neighborhood, and visiting the old Dutch villages on the skirts of the Catskill Mountains—scenes in his story of "Rip Van Winkle" now explored for the first time.

It is an amusing fact in this connection, that not long before his death, Mr. Irving received a letter of inquiry from a young lad at Catskill, informing him that he had "lately been engaged in arguing with a very old gentleman" whether, in his "beautiful tale of 'Rip Van Winkle,'" he referred "to the village of Catskill or Kingston," and appealing to him as the only adequate authority to settle the disputed question. "He little dreamt," said Mr. Irving, in exhibiting the letter, "when I wrote the story, I had never been on the Catskills." I think the reader will enjoy the concealed humor of his reply, though I fear it must have been somewhat perplexing to the ingenuous lad, whose "desire for knowledge" had prompted the inquiry.

SUNNYSIDE, February 5, 1858.

DEAR SIR :—

I can give you no other information concerning the localities of the story of "Rip Van Winkle," than is to be gathered from the manuscript

of Mr. Knickerbocker, published in the "Sketch Book." Perhaps he left them purposely in doubt. I would advise you to defer to the opinion of the "very old gentleman" with whom you say you had an argument on the subject. I think it probable he is as accurately informed as any one on the matter. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr. Irving had been so much in motion since his return to his native country, that he had little opportunity to resume his long-interrupted literary occupations. It might seem, from the tone of the following reply, that his brother Ebenezer was becoming a little anxious that he should get to work again with his pen. His brother felt increased anxiety, also, that the Legislature of New York had recently recommended his abridgment of "Columbus" as a class-book for the common schools —a measure which he thought likely to produce him an ample revenue out of that single work, if proper arrangements were made to have the recommendation acted upon.

The reply is dated from Washington, whither he had gone to combat a disposition of his friend, McLane, to resign his seat in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, October 7, 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I want to get to work as much as you can wish me to do so, but God knows my mind and time are so cut up and engrossed, that I am almost in despair of ever getting quiet again. I hope the Abridgment may turn out in any degree profitable; but it has to work its way, I apprehend, through a world of trickery and counter management.

The following to Peter glances at another Knickerbocker excursion with Mr. Van Buren :—

[*To Peter Irving.*]

NEW YORK, October 28, 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I have received several letters from you of late, which, in consequence of my interrupted and irregular life, have not been punctually answered. I have been moving about almost incessantly during the summer and autumn, visiting old scenes about the Hudson. I made a delightful journey with Mr. Van Buren in an open carriage from Kinderhook to Poughkeepsie, then crossing the river to the country about the foot of the Catskill Mountains, and so from Esopus, by Goshen, Haverstraw, Tappan, Hackensack, to Communipaw — an expedition which took two weeks to complete, in the course of which we visited curious old Dutch places and Dutch families. I then made a rapid move to Washington to be with Mr. McLane during a crisis of the Cabinet, when he was much disposed to resign — a measure which would have been very injurious to his interests and happiness. . . . .

I am now getting at home upon American themes, and the scenes and characters I have noticed since my return begin to assume a proper tone and form and grouping in my mind, and to take a tinge from my imagination.

Ten days later, November 8, he writes to the same brother :—

I am busy with my pen, and feel that I shall work a great deal, and produce much new matter, beside setting loose much manuscript that has lain for some time by me, in a manner bound up.

When I get all my copy-rights in my hands again, which will be in about a year, they will be a new source of profit. Independent of all this,

I now begin to feel confidence that my Abridgment is going to be, of itself, a steady and *handsome* revenue.

These sanguine-anticipations of profit from the Abridgment of "Columbus" were not destined to be realized. The Carvills, in consideration of four hundred dollars, had, in the previous April, released his agent, Ebenezer Irving, from the conditions of their agreement for the unexpired time, which extended to June 30, 1834; but the difficulties of getting it into complete circulation, from the rivalships of other school books, made the recommendation of the Legislature to some extent a nullity.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST NOTION OF "ASTORIA."—A NOMINATION TO CONGRESS OFFERED AND DECLINED.—HIS DISTASTE FOR POLITICS.—THE "CRAYON MISCELLANIES."—PUBLICATION AND RECEPTION OF THE "TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES."—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PREFACE.—FARMS OUT HIS PRIOR WORKS TO CAREY, LEA & CO., FOR A TERM OF SEVEN YEARS.—NO. II. OF THE "CRAYON MISCELLANY."—"ABBOTSFORD" AND "NEWSTEAD."—SUNNYSIDE IN EMBRYO.—NO. III. OF "THE CRAYON MISCELLANY."—THE "LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN."—ITS PUBLICATION.—THE WORKMEN BUSY UPON HIS COTTAGE.

PASS over the first portion of this year, which was spent in the bosom of the domestic circle at No. 3 Bridge Street, the residence of his brother Ebenezer, with the exception of a flying visit to Philadelphia in June, in the course of which he picked up his material for Ralph Ringwood, and a few summer excursions, and come at once to the following letters to myself, in which he broaches the subject of "Astoria"—the work which he gave to the public in 1836, and which was to link his name with the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, "where rolls the Oregon."

These letters were addressed to me at Jacksonville, Ill., to which place I had gone from my native city, New York, the preceding year. At the date of the first I had

been meditating a visit to New York, though not with the intention of remaining as the letter supposes.

[*To Pierre Munro Irving.*]

NEW YORK, September 15, 1834.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

. . . . John Jacob Astor is extremely desirous of having a work written on the subject of his settlement of Astoria, at the mouth of Columbia River; something that might take with the reading world, and secure to him the reputation of having originated the enterprise and founded the colony that are likely to have such important results in the history of commerce and colonization.

The old gentleman has applied to me repeatedly in the matter, offering to furnish abundance of materials in letters, journals, and verbal narratives, and to pay liberally for time and trouble. I have felt aware that a work might be written on the subject, full of curious and entertaining matter, comprising adventurous expeditions by sea and land, scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains, incidents and scenes illustrative of Indian character, and of that singular and but little known class, the traders and voyageurs of the Fur Companies. Still I am so much engrossed with other plans, that I have not time for the examination of papers, the digesting of various materials, etc., and have stood aloof from the undertaking, though still keeping the matter open.

Since I have heard of your inclination to return to New York, however, it has occurred to me that you might be disposed to take this subject in hand; to collate the various documents, collect verbal information, and reduce the whole to such form that I might be able to dress it up advantageously, and with little labor, for the press.

In an interview which I had with Mr. Astor, a day or two since, in which he laid before me a variety of documents, I accordingly stated to him my inability at present to give the subject the labor that would be requisite, but the possibility that you might aid me in the way I have

mentioned; in which case I should have no objection to putting the finishing hand to the work. The old gentleman caught at the idea, and begged me to write to you immediately. He said he would be willing to pay you whatever might be deemed proper for your services, and that, if any profit resulted from the sale of the work, it would belong, of course, to the authors.

I lay this matter before you, to be considered in contrast or connection with your other plans. If you take it in hand, it will furnish you with employment for at least a year, and I shall take care to secure your being well paid for your current time and labor; the ultimate profits of the work may be a matter of after arrangement between us.

Mr. Astor is a strong-minded man, and one from whose conversation much curious information is to be derived. He feels the want of occupation and amusement, and thinks he may find something of both in the progress of this work. You would find him very kindly disposed, for he was an early friend of your father, for whose memory he entertains great regard; and he has always been on terms of intimacy with your uncle Peter and myself, besides knowing more or less of others of our family. Halleck, the poet, resides a great deal with him at present, having a handsome salary for conducting his affairs.

When you have thought over this matter and made up your mind, let me hear from you. If you determine in favor of it the sooner you come on the better. I have entertained the matter thus far for your sake, having no care about it for myself: decide, therefore, as you think fit, or as your inclination prompts. . . . .

To this letter I replied, that I should think favorably of the enterprise, if my share of the work could be performed in the period specified, and I could be assured of two thousand dollars for my coöperation, rejecting all idea of advantage or remuneration from the sale of the work itself.

To this Mr. Irving responded as follows :—

NEW YORK, October 29, 1834.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I received, a few days since, your letter of October 5th, which gives me to suppose that you would undertake the task proposed to you, provided you could be sure of a compensation of two thousand dollars. I have since had a definite conversation with Mr. Astor, and fixed your compensation at *three thousand* dollars.

Now for the nature of the work, and the aid that will be required of you. My present idea is to call the work by the general name of "*Astoria*"—the name of the settlement made by Mr. Astor at the mouth of Columbia River; under this head to give not merely a history of his great colonial and commercial enterprise, and of the fortunes of his colony, but a body of information concerning the whole region beyond the Rocky Mountains, on the borders of Columbia River, comprising the adventures, by sea and land, of traders, trappers, Indian warriors, hunters, etc.; their habits, characters, persons, costumes, etc.; descriptions of natural scenery, animals, plants, etc., etc. I think, in this way, a rich and varied work may be formed, both entertaining and instructive, and laying open scenes in the wild life of that adventurous region which would possess the charm of freshness and novelty. You would be required to look over the various papers, letters, and journals in the possession of Mr. Astor, written by various persons who have been in his employ, to draw anecdotes and descriptions from him, and from Northwest traders who occasionally visit him; to forage among various works in French and English that have been published relative to these regions, and thus to draw together and arrange into some kind of form a great body of facts. In all this I may be able to render you much assistance. When the work is thus crudely prepared, I will take it in hand, and prepare it for the press, as it is a *sine qua non* with Mr. Astor that my name should be to the work. You now have a general idea of what will be your task. I think you may find it

very interesting and agreeable one, and may accomplish it within the space of a year.

Should you determine to undertake the work, you must come on immediately. Mr. Astor has his mind set upon the matter, and, in fact, looks forward to it as a source of pleasant occupation for the winter. He has taken a house in town for his winter residence, and, if you undertake the task, would wish you to reside with him as long as you may find it agreeable, and has likewise invited Halleck [the poet] to be his guest. The latter you will find a very pleasant companion.

Mr. Astor has his papers all arranged, so that you would be able to get to work immediately. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this. If you determine to come, you had better put your portmanteau in the first stage-coach, and come on as promptly as possible.

Your affectionate uncle, W. I.

I arrived in New York, to perform my share of this literary undertaking, not long after a closely contested election, which had been conducted with great bitterness, and in which the Jackson party had wished to hold Mr. Irving up for Congress. He had declined, however, mingling in any way in the feuds of party, not even giving a vote. A short time previous he had written to Peter:—

You are right in your conjectures that I keep myself aloof from politics. The more I see of political life here, the more I am disgusted with it. . . . . There is such coarseness and vulgarity and dirty trick mingled with the rough-and-tumble contest. I want no part or parcel in such warfare.

He had at this time completed his "Tour on the Prairies," as will be seen from the following extract of a letter to his brother Peter, dated November 24, 1834:—

For my own literary occupations I cannot speak so confidently as you would wish. I have written a little narrative of my tour from Fort Gibson on the Pawnee hunting grounds. It makes about three hundred and fifty pages of my usual writing; but I feel reluctant to let it go before the public. So much has been said in the papers about my tour to the West, and the work I was preparing on the subject, that I dread the expectations formed, especially as what I have written is extremely simple, and by no means striking in its details.

In the letters which follow to the same correspondent, we have some further glimpse of his literary plans and purposes — "literary babblings," as he terms them:—

NEW YORK, January 8, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

. . . . I have at length resolved to break the ice, and begin to publish. I have been delayed in this by the expectation manifested that I would publish something about this country, and the difficulty I found in preparing anything, under whip and spur, that would satisfy myself. I have now resolved to come out in a series of volumes, published from time to time, under the general title of "Miscellanies, by the author of the Sketch Book," No. I., II., etc., with a second title giving the particular contents of the volume. In this way I mean to clear off all the manuscripts I have on hand, and to throw off casual lucubrations concerning home scenes, etc. I have sent off the MS. for the first volume to Colonel Aspinwall. The title of the volume will be, "A tour on the Prairies, by the author of the Sketch Book," and will comprise merely my expedition with the rangers from Fort Gibson to the Pawnee hunting grounds. The volume will be about the size of a volume of the "Sketch Book." . . . .

In the course of the volumes I will include my writings relative to Spain, etc., so that the series will form a kind of gallery of varied works. This plan enables me to throw off single volumes which would not be of

sufficient importance to stand by themselves, and which would otherwise lie dormant in my trunk, as they have already done. When once launched, I shall keep going.

Three months later (April 11), he writes :—

My "Tour on the Prairies" has just been published here, though it has been out for upwards of a month in London. The second volume of my "Miscellany" is nearly stereotyped, and will be ready for publication in a month or six weeks. I am glad to be once more in dealings with Murray, and am well satisfied with the terms of sale of my volume about the prairies — £400, in a bill at four months. The price is not so high as I used to get, but there has been a great change in the bookselling trade of late years. The inundation of cheap publications, penny magazines, etc., has brought down the market. The market here, in the meantime, has immensely extended, so that, between the two, I fancy I shall be as well off as before. At any rate, I am content, and feel no further solicitude in money matters, excepting to acquire the means of benefiting others.

The "Tour on the Prairies" received a highly commendatory notice in the "North American Review," in which the accomplished critic, Edward Everett, after dwelling on the peculiar merits of Mr. Irving's style, and the wide range of his topics — "the humors of contemporary politics and every-day life in America — the traditionary peculiarities of the Dutch founders of New York — the nicest shades of the school of English manners of the last century — the Chivalry of the Middle Ages in Spain — the glittering visions of Moorish romance — and, lastly, the whole unhackneyed freshness of the West —

life beyond the border — a camp outside the frontier — a hunt on buffalo ground" — proceeds :—

To what class of compositions the present work belongs, we are hardly able to say. It can scarcely be called a book of travels, for there is too much painting of manners and scenery, and too little statistics; it is not a novel, for there is no story; and it is not a romance, for it is all true. It is a sort of sentimental journey, a romantic excursion, in which nearly all the elements of several different kinds of writing are beautifully and gayly blended into a production almost *sui generis*. . . . . We are proud of Mr. Irving's sketches of English life, proud of the gorgeous canvas upon which he has gathered in so much of the glowing imagery of Moorish times. We behold with delight his easy and triumphant march over these beaten fields; but we glow with rapture as we see him coming back, laden with the poetical treasures of the primitive wilderness, rich with spoil from the uninhabited desert. We thank him for turning these poor barbarous *steppes* into classical land, and joining his inspiration to that of Cooper in breathing life and fire into a circle of imagery, which was not known before to exist, for the purposes of the imagination.

For the right of publishing and vending five thousand copies of the "Tour on the Prairies," from the stereotype plates furnished by the author, Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia, gave fifteen hundred dollars, in three equal notes, dated April 14, at six, nine, and twelve months, and three hundred dollars for every additional thousand. I find that on the 10th November, 1835, they gave their note at nine months ($300) for the eighth thousand.

The American edition of the "Tour on the Prairies," published more than a month after the English, contained an introduction, not retained in subsequent edi-

tions. Only that part of the preface which had relation to the volume was given in the English edition, or will now be found in the collective edition of the author's works, published by Mr. George P. Putnam. This portion of the introduction was so purely personal, temporary, and local in its interest, that any intelligent reader will readily understand why it was neither embraced in the English copy nor retained in later American editions. It will be seen, however, in a future chapter, that this difference between the English and American preface received a harsh and illiberal construction, and was sought to be turned to the author's prejudice.

I give some further extracts from his letters to his brother Peter, which furnish, at this period, a sort of connected biography of him. Peter had now removed from Paris to Havre, where he was comfortably situated in the mansion of his friend Beasley, the American Consul, vainly hoping to get the better of a malady with which he had recently been attacked, and which, he feared, would throw increased difficulty in the way of his return to America.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

April 17th.—The first volume of the "Crayon Miscellany" is doing well, both in England and the United States. The second volume will go to press here within a fortnight. I have farmed out all my back works (excepting the Abridgment of "Columbus") to Carey & Lea, for another term of seven years, at a yearly allowance [eleven hundred and fifty dollars]. The Abridgment goes on steadily increasing in circula-

tion. The funds invested in stock produce handsomely; so that I look forward to have easy times in pecuniary matters for the rest of my life.

Pierre Munro is busily engaged gathering together materials for the work about old Mr. Astor's grand commercial, or rather colonial enterprise. I have not taken hold of the subject yet, but have no doubt I shall be able to make it a rich piece of mosaic.

[*To the Same.*]

May 16th.— . . . . Brevoort arrived a few days since. . . . , From what he says of your inclinations, and from passages in your letters, I indulge the hope that we shall yet have you among us. When your health is better established, it may be worth the ordeal of a sea voyage, and I would come out to accompany you. Indeed, I should come out to you at once, were I not mixed up, just now, with so many matters that concern the interests of others, as well as of myself. These I shall, in the course of a little while, be able to arrange so as to leave me more at liberty. Among other things, I have lately become a bank director! This was for the sake and at the solicitation of Mr. McLane, who has taken the presidency of the Morris Canal and Banking Company, with a salary of six thousand dollars.

. . . . My second number of the "Crayon Miscellany," containing "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey," will be out in a few days. My next number, I think, will be the "Conquest of Spain," which is fairly copied out, and has been so for a long time. I am now engaged in the work on the subject of Mr. Astor's great enterprise; and I am much mistaken if I do not make it a very rich, curious, and unique work. Pierre Munro makes an admirable pioneer.

[*To the Same.*]

NEW YORK, May 25, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I have just received a letter from Colonel Aspinwall, dated London, April 14, stating the terms he has made with Murray for the second vol-

ume of my "Miscellany."* It is a light volume, not quite as full as a volume of the "Sketch Book." The following is an extract from the Colonel's letter :—

"I have agreed with him for £600, payable in the following manner, namely, £400 at six and nine months after the day of publication, and of £200 at six and nine months after the day of publication of a second edition—the first edition to consist of three thousand copies. These were the best terms that I could obtain, and I feel a strong persuasion that the popular character of the work will make them more profitable than the five hundred guineas named by you as your price."

I am highly satisfied with the Colonel's arrangement ; indeed, considering the times in England, where the political crisis absorbs all thought, and leaves polite literature nearly stagnant, and considering the quantities of cheap publications that inundate the reading world, the prices obtained for my two light volumes have been very liberal. I shall be well content to go on at such a rate ; and, indeed, my pecuniary circumstances are now in such an easy and regular train, that I no longer feel solicitous about making keen bargains for any particular work.

The price obtained from the American publishers, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, was the same as for No. 1 of the "Crayon Miscellany"—fifteen hundred dollars for an edition of five thousand, payable in three equal notes, dated June 1, at six, nine, and twelve months. No. II. was published May 1 in London and May 30 in America.

Aspinwall writes: "Murray says "Abbotsford" delights everybody, especially the Lockharts."

In the following letter to Peter Irving, at Havre, touching upon the third volume of his "Miscellany," we have

* "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey."

the first mention of his purchase of Sunnyside, which had taken place as early as April, though the deed bears date on the 7th of June :—

NEW YORK, July 8, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have nearly stereotyped the third volume of my "Miscellany," and shall send proof sheets to London for publication ; but shall not publish the work here until September or October, so as to give the London publishers full time. The title, I think, will be "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." It will contain "The Legend of Don Roderick," "The Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," "The Legend of Pelayo,"* and "The Legend of the Family of Count Julian." I have preferred giving these writings in this form, rather than giving them the more pretending name of History or Chronicle. It enables me to indulge with less reserve or disquiet in those apocryphal details which are so improbable, yet so picturesque and romantic. Did I claim for these wild medleys of truth and fiction the dignity and credence of history, I should throw a discredit upon my regular historical works. It is this scruple that has lain in the way of the publication of these writings, while I contemplated publishing them under a more imposing form.

The two preceding volumes of my "Miscellany" have succeeded far beyond my expectations, on both sides of the water ; and I look forward now with confidence, of being able to keep up the series from time to time, with ease to myself, and with much advantage in every respect.

. . . . You have been told, no doubt, of a purchase I have made of ten acres, lying at the foot of Oscar's farm on the river bank. It is a beautiful spot, capable of being made a little paradise. There is a small stone Dutch cottage on it, built about a century since, and inhabited by one of the Van Tassels. I have had an architect up there, and shall build upon the old mansion this summer. My idea is to make a little

* It did not contain the "Legend of Pelayo," which he withheld.

nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint, but unpretending. It will be of stone. The cost will not be much. I do not intend to set up any establishment there, but to put some simple furniture in it, and keep it as a nest, to which I can resort when in the mood. In fact, it is more with a view of furnishing the worthy little Bramin a retreat for himself and his girls, where they can go to ruralize during the pleasant season of the year. The little man has a great love for the country, and is never so happy as when he can get away for a few days from his multifarious concerns, and refresh himself in the green fields; and since I have purchased this little retreat, the very idea of it has haunted his mind with dreams of "rural felicity."

. . . . As soon as I have stereotyped my present volume, which will be in the course of a week, I shall abandon the town altogether, and go to work diligently with my pen in the quiet of the country.

To the same brother he writes, eight days later:—

I wrote to you by the last packet, since when I have been to Wilmington, Del., to visit the McLane family, who are waiting until McLane can find a good house for their residence in New York. . . . .

I stopped at Carey and Lea's, at Philadelphia, and had prosperous accounts of the success of the two numbers of the "Miscellany," which have a great circulation. I send by the packet *Hibernia*, for Liverpool this day, proof sheets of the third number, containing "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." It is all stereotyped, but I shall not publish it here until in September, to give time for the London publisher.

The proof sheets of the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," being No. III. of the "Crayon Miscellany," were sent to Murray, July 16, who, it appears by a letter to Peter, February 16, 1836, declined publishing them at the price asked by Mr. Irving, but put an edition to press

on the author's account, which resulted in a payment of £100. It was published by Messrs. Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, in October, they giving fifteen hundred dollars for five thousand copies, in their notes, dated October 10, at six, nine, and twelve months. The volume contained the "Legend of Don Roderick," the "Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," and the "Legend of Count Julian and his Family," all of which had been partially finished in the Alhambra—the first entirely so.

This volume was not afterwards included in the collective edition of his works, published by Mr. Putnam in 1848, having been kept back, I judge, to accompany an intended publication of the "Legend of Don Pelayo," and other Spanish and Moorish themes, at which I have previously glanced. It may be proper, also, to state, that in consequence of an unlucky hiatus in forwarding the proof sheets to London, the work was not published in that city until the middle of December, two months after its appearance on this side of the water—a circumstance which, with the condition of the times, no doubt had its effect on its English circulation.

In the following extracts we get some further "literary babblings," and a glimpse at the progress he was making in reconstructing the little Dutch Cottage he had so lately bought.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

NEW YORK, *August 24th.*— . . . . . I am working away at the Astor enterprise, and hope to get the narrative in frame in the course of

the autumn ; after which I shall have nothing to do but enrich it. The workmen are busy upon my cottage, which I think will be a snug little Dutch nookery when finished. It will be of stone, so as to be cool in summer and warm in winter. The expense will be but moderate, as I have it built in the simplest manner, depending upon its quaintness rather than its costliness.

While incurring this moderate expense, however, he was locking up several thousand dollars in distant landed investments, into which, like the rest of the world, he was seduced by the prospect of a great and rapid advance in the value of such property.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

New York, *September* 26, 1835.— . . . . For upward of a month past I have been quartered at Hell Gate, with Mr. Astor, and I have not had so quiet and delightful a nest since I have been in America. He has a spacious and well-built house, with a lawn in front of it, and a garden in rear. The lawn sweeps down to the water edge, and full in front of the house is the little strait of Hell Gate, which forms a constantly moving picture. Here the old gentleman keeps a kind of bachelor hall. Halleck, the poet, lives with him, but goes to town every morning, and comes out to dinner. The only other member of his family is one of his grandchildren, a very fine boy of fourteen years of age.* Pierre Munro Irving has been a guest for several weeks past, but has recently returned to New York. I cannot tell you how sweet and delightful I have found this retreat ; pure air, agreeable scenery, a spacious house, profound quiet, and perfect command of my time and self. The consequence is, that I have written more since I have been here than I have ever done in the

* Charles Astor Bristed.

same space of time. Within the last month I have written more than a volume, and have got within half a dozen chapters of the end of my work —an achievement which I did not expect to do for months. Of course there will be much to be done afterward in extending some parts, touching up others, enriching and embellishing. It will make two good volumes—probably octavo ; and Pierre Munro thinks it will be more liked than anything I have lately written.

Two weeks later (October 8), he writes to the same brother :—

I finished my first draught of the Astor work about a week since, very much to my own surprise, not having anticipated such a long and successful fit of writing. I have yet much to do to it, but it will be merely in the way of enriching it by personal anecdotes, etc., to be gathered from individuals, actors in the scenes narrated. I feel sanguine as to the work proving interesting to the general reader. I have promised old Mr. Astor to return to his rural retreat at Hell Gate, and shall go out there to-day.

I have just returned from a visit of two or three days to Tarrytown, to take a look at my cottage, which is in a considerable state of forwardness, and will soon be under cover. It has risen from the foundation since my previous visit (about six weeks since), and promises to be a quaint, picturesque little pile. I intend to write a legend or two about it and its vicinity, by way of making it pay for itself.

[*To Ebenezer Irving, New York.*]

TARRYTOWN, October 16, 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

The porch is carried up, and the workmen are in want of the inscription stone, previous to removing the scaffold. I wish you would try to send it up by Friday sloop or Saturday morning steamboat.

The Dutch for architect is Boumeester. I presume it may be abbreviated Bou^{mr}, or engraved in smaller letters (George Harvey, Boumeester), whichever will be most convenient.

Your affectionate brother, W. I.

George Harvey, the architect mentioned in the foregoing letter, was an English artist, living a few miles south of the cottage, who had interested himself very much in its construction, and whom Mr. Irving frequently consulted for designs and drafts. The inscription stone of the porch still bears his name, with the adjunct of Bou^{mr}.

[*To Peter Irving, Havre.*]

NEW YORK, November 24, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

. . . . I am just from Tarrytown, where I have been endeavoring to hasten the building of my cottage; but though the weather has been uncommonly fine and mild for the season, and there has been no obstruction to the progress of the work, yet a snow-storm has come upon us before the house was completely enclosed. The weather is again bright and mild, and I hope yet to complete all the external work before the rigors of winter. The interior can be finished during the winter, being warmed by stoves, and I hope to have the mansion complete by the time the spring is sufficiently advanced to render a country residence agreeable. Like all meddlings with stone and mortar, the plan has extended as I built, until it has ended in a complete, though moderate-sized family residence. It is solidly built of stone, so that it will last for generations; and I think, when finished, it will be both picturesque and convenient. It is a tenement in which a man of very moderate means may live, and which yet may form an elegant little snuggery for a rich man. It is quite a hobby of the Bramin, and I really think will contribute greatly to his enjoyment for the rest of his life.

I have lately resumed the Astor MS., and hope to complete it in the course of a few weeks.

He had suspended his labors, in expectation of the arrival of a person who had been a principal actor in the enterprise of Astoria, and from whom he was to get many personal anecdotes for the enriching of his work.

The letter to Peter I now give is written soon after his brother John had returned from a tour in Europe, in which he had visited his long-absent brother, whose residence abroad had now extended to upward of twenty-six years.

NEW YORK, December 25, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . Your letter by brother John has diffused a general joy through the family, by the hope it holds out of your attempting the home voyage in the spring. I have been extremely worried at the thoughts of not having been able to come out to you last autumn, and have endeavored to push matters so as to pay you a visit in the course of the winter. Brother John, however, tells me that you and Beasley think you will feel perfectly safe under the guardianship of our worthy friend, Captain Funck. I shall, therefore, relinquish the idea, and turn all my attention to prepare matters for your reception. My cottage is not yet finished, but I shall drive at it as soon as the opening of spring will permit; and I trust, by the time of your arrival to have a delightful little nest for you on the banks on the Hudson. It will be fitted to defy both hot weather and cold. There is a lovely prospect from its windows, and a sweet green bank in front, shaded by locust-trees, up which the summer breeze creeps delightfully. It is one of the most delicious banks in the world for reading and dozing and dreaming during the heats of summer, and there are no mosquitoes in the neighborhood. Here you shall have a room to yourself

that shall be a *sanctum sanctorum.* You may have your meals in it, if you please, and be as much alone as you desire. You shall also have a room prepared for you in town, where you will be equally master of your time and yourself, and free from all intrusion; while at both places you will have those at hand who love and honor you, and who will be ready to do anything that may contribute to your comfort. . . . .

I am still at Hell Gate with Mr. Astor, who is detained in the country in consequence of his new house in town not being finished. Pierre M. Irving is here likewise, and we pass our time most pleasantly and profitably. In fact, Mr. Astor does everything in his power to render our residence with him agreeable, and to detain us with him; or rather, he takes the true way, by leaving us complete masters of ourselves and our time. In consequence of having so much leisure and quiet, I have been able to get on famously with my new work, and hope to finish it in the course of a few weeks.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—INVESTMENTS IN LAND.—RETURN OF PETER.—COMPLETION OF THE COTTAGE.—COMMENCES HOUSEKEEPING.—PUBLICATION OF "ASTORIA."—PETER AN INMATE OF THE COTTAGE.—LETTER FROM "THE ROOST."—THE NEW PIG.

HE year 1836 opens upon the author in "that admirable place for literary occupation," Mr. Astor's country retreat, opposite Hell Gate, where he was still sojourning, and working upon various parts of the Astorian manuscript which afforded room for enrichment. He was looking forward impatiently "to the completion of the cottage" in time to render it a "nest" for his brother Peter, who still continued in the purpose to attempt the voyage in April. "Now that you have made up your mind to cross the Atlantic," writes Washington to his brother, January 10, "I am all alive to the matter. I never adverted to it while I thought you would not be disposed to adventure. It is hard for one like myself, who never suffer from sea-sickness, to realize the horrors that it must present to the mind of one sub ject to it. I am in hopes that, by regimen and cautious management, you may neutralize its severest inflictions;

and if you can but get across the sea, *even in pieces*, we will gather you up and put you together, and make you feel like another being, when we have you once among us."

The infirmities which beset Peter at Washington's departure for this country had increased with the lapse of time, and taken a more painful form, yet he had determined to embark on the 24th of April, with Captain Funck, "his early and excellent friend, who would take as much care of him as he could expect from a near relation." "As the term approaches," he writes to Washington, March 8th, "I feel increasing desire to be united to the family. The affectionate welcome they are disposed to give me, dissipates the hesitation I have felt to become an incumbrance to them. To you, my dear brother, I know not what to say, and will make no effort. I hope, that if our fortunes in life had been reversed, I should have acted with some degree of the same generous affection."

The following extract is from the last letter addressed by Washington to Peter before his embarkation, from which it will be seen that, in addition to the three thousand dollars stipulated by Mr. Astor, I received a special compensation from Mr. Irving on my literary jobwork in lightening the labor before him; yet the imputation was afterward made that Mr. Astor gave the author five thousand dollars to take up his manuscripts.

I would premise, also, in this place, that during Mr. Ir-

ving's long acquaintance with Mr. Astor, commencing when he was a young man, and ending only with his death, he never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. The only moneyed transaction that ever took place between them was—the purchase of a share in a town the great millionaire was founding in Green Bay, for which he paid the cash, though Mr. Astor wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land was not sold when it had advanced in value; and long after it had declined, when Mr. Irving was in Spain, Mr. Astor, of his own free will, took back the share, and repaid the original purchase money. "He was too proverbially rich a man," says Mr. Irving, in a letter which appeared in the "Literary World" of November 22, 1851, "for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse."

February, 16, 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . Your return will be a perfect jubilee to us all, and I am sure you will feel happy yourself in seeing how happy you make all around you.

I am giving my last handling to the Astor work. It is this handling which, like the touching and toning of a picture, gives the richest effects. I am interested and pleased with the work, and feel that the labor I am now bestowing upon it will contribute greatly to its success.

Pierre has received three thousand dollars from Mr. Astor for his services in the work. I have given him one thousand dollars. He sets off to-morrow for Toledo, a new town at the head of Lake Erie, where he has the offer of a share in a land purchase, which, it is thought, will turn out very profitable. Real estate, and especially lots in the vicinity of new towns

at great commercial points in the interior, are great objects of attention at present, and fortunes are rapidly made. The canals, railroads, and other modes of communication opening in every direction, is one great cause in the sudden rise in the value of various places. . . . .

I have just received a letter from Murray. He had declined purchasing my last work, "Legends of Spain," at the price I asked, and had put an edition to press on my account. I find the success of the work is beyond his expectations, as he has had already to print a second edition. Murray is not his own master in these matters. In consequence of the embarrassments in which he was involved about the time I left England, his affairs are in the hands of trustees, whom he has to consult as to all his undertakings. My dealings with him are perfectly secure as to money matters, and in other respects I have always found him a gentlemanlike person to deal with.

In less than four months after the date of this extract Peter found himself a member of "the family hive" in Bridge Street, waiting until the cottage could be rendered habitable, to take up his quarters in that little retreat. Meanwhile, the changes in his native city, after an absence of twenty-seven years, presented a constant subject of interest and curiosity.

There is always "a world of finishing that one never calculates" in most buildings, and the cottage did not prove an exception. Washington had expected it to be habitable some time in June; but at the close of that month, and some five or six weeks after he had sent the first chapters of "Astoria," to press, he writes to me, then absent at Toledo, Ohio: "I am printing my book and completing my cottage slowly, and hope the former

will contribute toward defraying the accumulated expenses of the latter." A month before he had written to me: "The cottage is slowly approaching to a finish, but will take a few weeks yet. For such a small edifice it has a prodigious swallow, and reminds me of those little fairy changelings called Killcrops, which eat and eat, and are never the fatter." The few weeks, however, lengthened out into months, and, though opened on the 1st of September, it was not until October that the little edifice became fully habitable.

"Astoria," which was going through the press at the close of June, was published in October. He received from Bentley, in London, £500, and from Carey & Lea, for the right of printing five thousand copies, four thousand dollars, in three equal notes, at four months.

In the following extract of a letter to myself, we have an interesting allusion to its reception.

"Astoria" succeeds equal to your anticipations, and far beyond my own. It is highly spoken of in two English reviews which I have read. One pronounces it my *chef d'œuvre*. I am glad he thinks so, though I don't. Old Mr. Astor appears to be greatly gratified, which is very satisfactory to me. William Astor also expresses himself in the most gratifying terms, and seems surprised that the subject should be made so interesting and entertaining. In fact, I have heard more talk about this work, considering the short time it has been launched, than about any other that I have published for some time past.

I follow this passage with a few extracts from one of the reviews of "Astoria," to which Mr. Irving alludes —

the "London Spectator" for the week ending October 22, 1836, which opens as follows:—

We have been agreeably surprised by these volumes. Instead of a novel, which the title, on its first announcement, seemed to propose, "Astoria" is the history of as grand and comprehensive a commercial enterprise as ever was planned with any well-grounded prospect of success, and which was prosecuted among scenes as vast and nations as wild, gave rise to incidents as ludicrous, as interesting, as appalling, and developed characters and manners as marked and striking as anything on record respecting the adventurous explorers of the Middle Ages, or the hardy discoverers of more modern days.

Then, after giving a sketch of the large scheme of Mr. Astor, and the main narratives of the original voyage to Astoria, "full of pleasant humor," and the land journey across the continent, "of a more interesting and massy nature," and glancing at the principal sources from which the materials of the volumes are drawn, the reviewer sums up as follows:—

The result is the production of the most finished narrative of such a series of adventures that ever was written, whether with regard to plan or execution. The arrangement has all the art of a fiction, yet without any apparent sacrifice of truth or exactness. The composition we are inclined to rate as the *chef d'œuvre* of Washington Irving. . . . . The book, in its better parts, does not appear like a reproduction from other writing, but as a creation of genius from the original observation of things themselves. The author, with a peculiar felicity, has retained the raciness of his authorities. He displays the acuteness, distinctness, and reality of men of business and action, without their necessary minuteness and tedious expansion. He has extracted the spirit from the Astorian archives, and thrown off their dregs and dry matter.

On the 10th of December, 1836, after Peter had become an inmate of the cottage, we have the following epistle from Washington, addressed to the daughter of his sister Catharine from "The Roost," as he at first christened his new home: —

THE ROOST, December 10, 1836.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

. . . . I cannot tell you how happy I was to get back again to my own dear, bright little home, and leave behind me the hurry and worry and flurry of the city. I found all things going on well. Your uncle Peter had passed his time comfortably, and was altogether better in health and spirits than when we left him. He continues to improve. He says he is free from headache, and the touch of influenza is over. He is enabled, therefore, to enjoy the cozy comforts of the cottage; takes his meals regularly with me, is cheerful and conversable, and occupies himself with writing long letters to his correspondents — a sure sign that he is in good trim. . . . .

The goose war is happily terminated; Mr. Jones'* squadron has left my waters, and my feathered navy now ploughs the Tappan Sea in triumph. I cannot but attribute this great victory to the valor and good conduct of the enterprising and ambitious little duck, who seems to enjoy great power and popularity among both geese and ganders, and absolutely to be admiral of the fleet.

I am happy to inform you, that among the many other blessings brought to the cottage by the good Mr. Lawrence,† is a pig of first rate stock and lineage. It has been duly put in possession of the palace in the rear of the barn, where it is shown to every visitor with as much pride as if it was the youngest child of a family. As it is of the fair sex, and, in the opinion of the best judges, a pig of peerless beauty, I have named it

* George Jones had purchased the land adjoining his, in September, just after he had commenced his housekeeping.

† Silas Lawrence.

"Fanny." I know it is a name which, with Kate and you, has a romantic charm, and, about the cottage, everything, as old Mrs. Martling says, must be romance.

[His two nieces, with the rest of the world, had been running mad over the acting of *Fanny* Kemble.]

Imp, finding me abandoned by my womankind, has taken compassion on me, and gives me her company nearly all day long; sometimes clambering on my lap as I sit writing, at other times fondling about my feet, or stretching herself before the fire, clawing the carpet, and purring with perfect enjoyment.

I have been writing almost incessantly since my return to the cottage, so that I have scarcely been out of doors, though the weather, a part of the time, has been lovely. I wanted a companion to tempt me to long walks about the hills. Alice and John take good care of us, so that we want for nothing in the way of household comforts; but, old bachelor though I be, I cannot do without womankind about me; so come back, my darling girl, as soon as you are tired of New York, and bring whom you please with you; but Kate must at all events be here in the holidays.

It is Saturday evening. I hear a solemn though rather nasal strain of melody from my kitchen. It is the good ———, setting his mind in tune for the morrow. Thank Heaven, I have brimstoned my cider according to Uncle Natt's receipt; it would stand poor chance, otherwise, against such melody.

A few days later, he writes to his brother Ebenezer:—

All goes on well at the Roost. Brother Peter is getting quite in good feather again, and begins to crow!

You must contrive to come up soon, if it is only to see my new pig, which is a darling.

To me he writes at the same date:—

I am living most cozily and delightfully in this dear, bright little home, which I have fitted up to my own humor. Everything goes on cheerily in my little household, and I would not exchange the cottage for any chateau in Christendom. I am working, too, with almost as much industry and rapidity as I did at Hell Gate, and, I think, will more than pay for my nest, from the greater number of eggs I shall be able to hatch there.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEWSPAPER ATTACKS ON MR. IRVING.—JOSEPH SEAWELL JONES.—WILLIAM LEGGETT.—THE BOOKSELLERS' FESTIVAL.—HALLECK AND ROGERS.—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING.—PUBLICATION OF THE "ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE."—LOUIS NAPOLEON AT "THE ROOST."—PETER NO LONGER AN INMATE.—LETTER TO EDWARD EVERETT.—LETTERS TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—DEATH OF JOHN.—THE TAMMANY PEOPLE PROPOSE TO RUN HIM FOR MAYOR.—DECLINES.—PRESIDENT VAN BUREN OFFERS HIM THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE NAVY.—DECLINES.

THE month of January, 1837, found Mr. Irving in his little cottage dressed off in Christmas greens, with only Peter for a housemate, who was now completely settled in it, and apparently much to his taste and humor. "We have a brilliant frosty prospect from our windows," writes Mr. Irving to me, who had expressed some fears that he was passing a solitary winter; "Tappan Bay covered with sparkling ice, and the opposite hills with snow; but everything is warm and cozy within doors." In these winter-quarters, which he found "anything but gloomy," he was exercising his pen, and "getting on briskly" with the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," which he was intending to launch in the spring.

While thus enjoying himself in the quiet of the coun-

try, he is called upon most unexpectedly to notice two gratuitous newspaper attacks. The first censor was Mr. Joseph Seawell Jones, who had written a history of North Carolina, and had got into a controversy respecting the mutual and contested claims of Virginia and North Carolina to be the original depository of the peculiarities characteristic of the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and his Virgin Queen. In the course of the discussion, which was carried on in the columns of the "New York American," at that time edited by Charles King, afterward President of Columbia College, one of the parties brought forward, in support of his views, a quotation from a little comic sketch of Mr. Irving's, called "The Creole Village," lately contributed to an annual (the "Magnolia"*); and Mr. Jones thereupon—with what propriety I need not say—indulged in some coarse personal allusions toward his innocent and unsuspecting offender. Mr. Irving, in order that there might be no misapprehension of the circumstances under which his name had been introduced into this controversy, addressed the following letter to Mr. King:—

To the Editor of the "New York American":—

Sir,—I perceive a prolonged and angry discussion in the papers, with which my name has been strangely mingled. The manner in which I

* The *Magnolia* was edited by that brilliant but unfortunate English writer, Henry Herbert. Besides the "Creole Village," Mr. Irving contributed to this annual another piece—"The Happy Man." Both were afterward incorporated in *Wolfert's Roost*, the latter under the title of "The Contented Man."

have become implicated is this: In a trifling sketch of a French Creole village, inserted in one of the latest annuals, I observed, incidentally, that the Virginians retain peculiarities characteristic of the times of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. By this remark, I have drawn upon me some very ungracious language from a writer of North Carolina, who charges me with a gross violation of the truth of history, and implies that I have committed an intentional wrong on his native State. Conscious of no intention to controvert any point of history; free from all disposition to do wrong or to give offense either to communities or individuals; and accustomed to observe, and to experience, the most courteous conduct in all dealings with my literary contemporaries, I was at a loss to what to attribute so indecorous an attack. I have since, however, understood that the feelings of the writer in question had previously become sore and irritable, in the course of a contest in the papers between himself and some Virginian writers, as to the claims of their respective States to certain historical associations with the names of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh; and that my innocently intended paragraph aforesaid, being quoted by one of his opponents, had drawn upon me his undiscriminating ire.

I have too great commiseration for any person laboring under a state of mental irritability, to seek to exasperate his malady; and feel nothing but regret that any casual remark of mine should have fallen upon this sore spot in the mind of your correspondent.

As, however, the writer's misconception has been reiterated in the newspapers, and as some readers may imagine that I really stand convicted of a deliberate outrage upon historical truth, and hostility to the claims of North Carolina, I beg leave simply to put on record, that I have neither part nor interest in the claims of either of the belligerent parties. The opinion expressed in my unlucky paragraph, had no sinister view with respect to North Carolina. It merely expressed a general notion as to the manners of the Virginians, and an idea that they had taken their original stamp from colonists who had lived in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, and had brought with them the habitudes and manners characteristic of that period.

If I am wrong in this idea, I plead ignorance, rather than submit to the imputation of willfully misstating facts; but I believe that the most accurate researches will establish the correctness of the casual remark which has brought upon me so much ire. As to the people of North Carolina, they have always partaken of that general feeling which I have toward the people of the South, which is anything but one of coldness or disrespect.

If, after this explanation, any disputatious writer should think fit to persist in resenting an imaginary offense, I shall leave him to the singular caprice of fighting shadows, and will only pray for his speedy restoration to a happier state of mind and greater courtesy of language.

Very respectfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GREENBURG,* January 4, 1837.

Mr. Irving had hardly answered this attack, before he was assailed in the "Plaindealer" of January 14th. William Leggett, who conducted that able but short-lived weekly, has been described, by one who knew him, as taking a sort of pleasure in bearding public opinion. He had been for several years employed as one of the editors of the "Evening Post," and remained with the paper till 1836. During the absence, in Europe, of his editorial associate, William C. Bryant, from 1834 to 1836, the paper suffered in its finances from its extreme political course, and, soon after the poet's return to resume the position of a journalist, Mr. Leggett withdrew from the "Post," and commenced the "Plaindealer," the first number of which appeared December 3, 1836. In the seventh

* Greenburg, from which the letter bears date, is the name of the township in which the cottage is situated.

number, in an article on "Mutilating Books," the editor remarks: "Whatever be the motive, it is an unwarrantable liberty, particularly when the title page or preface gives no intimation that the work has undergone emendation or mutilation;" and afterward adds: "Liberties of this kind, taken with an author, are bad at best; and they become contemptible, when they result from that unmanly timidity which is afraid to let the public see the truth. Our respect for Washington Irving underwent a sensible diminution, when we perceived that, in supervising the republication of Bryant's poems in London, he changed a passage in the piece called 'Marion's Men,'—

> 'And the British foeman trembles,
> When Marion's name is heard,'—

in order to substitute something that might be more soothing to [English] ears than the mention of the effect which the mode of warfare practiced by the Southern partisan leader had on the British soldiers. When Mr. Irving, in publishing a book of his own, prepares one preface for his countrymen, full of *amor patriæ* and professions of American feeling, and another for the London market, in which all such professions are studiously omitted, he does what he has an undoubted right to do, whatever we may say of its spirit. But when, at the suggestion of a species of literary pusillanimity, he changes the language of poems, every word of which, as written by the author, will live long after even "Bracebridge

Hall" and "Knickerbocker" are forgotten, he shows a deficiency of manliness not calculated to raise him in our opinion, to say the least of it."

Mr. Irving first saw or heard of this article in coming to the city to attend the funeral of his old law preceptor, Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, who had died on the 24th of January. An attack so unmannerly — as it has been truly characterized by Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, a fair-minded and elevated critic — and so unjust, took him entirely by surprise; and as it seemed to derive weight from the known friendship of Mr. Leggett and Mr. Bryant, and their long association as editors, he lost no time in addressing the following reply to the editor of the "Plaindealer," which I find in that paper of January 28:—

To the Editor of the "Plaindealer:"

Sir: Living, at present, in the country, and out of the way of the current literature of the day, it was not until this morning that I saw your paper of the 14th of January, or knew anything of your animadversions on my conduct and character therein contained. Though I have generally abstained from noticing any attack upon myself in the public papers, the present is one which I cannot suffer to pass in silence.

In the first place, you have censured me strongly for having altered a paragraph in the London edition of Mr. Bryant's poems; and the remarks and comparisons in which you have indulged on the occasion, would seem to imply that I have a literary hostility to Mr. Bryant, and a disposition to detract from the measure of his well-merited reputation.

The relation in which you stand to that gentleman, as his particular friend and literary associate, gives these animadversions the greater weight, and calls for a real statement of the case.

When I was last in London (I think in 1832), I received a copy of the American edition of Mr. Bryant's poems from some friend (I now forget from whom), who expressed a wish that it might be republished in England. I had not, at that time, the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Bryant, but I felt the same admiration for his poems that you have expressed, and was desirous that writings so honorable to American literature should be known to the British public, and take their merited rank in the literature of the language. I exerted myself, therefore, to get them republished by some London bookseller, but met with unexpected difficulties, poetry being declared quite unsalable since the death of Lord Byron.

At length a bookseller was induced to undertake an edition, by my engaging, gratuitously, to edit the work, and to write something that might call public attention to it. I accordingly prefixed to the volume a dedicatory letter, addressed to Mr. Samuel Rogers, in which, while I expressed my own opinion of the poems, I took occasion to allude to the still more valuable approbation which I had heard expressed by that distinguished author; thus bringing the work before the British public with the high sanction of one of the most refined critics of the day. While the work was going through the press, an objection was started to the passage in the poem of "Marion's Men": —

> "And the British foeman trembles
> When Marion's name is heard."

It was considered as peculiarly calculated to shock the feelings of British readers on the most sensitive point, seeming to call in question the courage of the nation. It was urged that common decorum required the softening of such a passage in an edition exclusively intended for the British public; and I was asked what would be the feelings of American readers, if such an imputation on the courage of their countrymen were inserted in a work presented for their approbation. These objections were urged in a spirit of friendship to Mr. Bryant, and with a view to his success, for it was suggested that this passage might be felt as a taunt or

bravado, and might awaken a prejudice against the work, before its merits could be appreciated.

I doubt whether these objections would have occurred to me, had they not been thus set forth; but, when thus urged, I yielded to them, and softened the passage in question, by omitting the adjective *British*, and substituting one of a more general signification. If this evinced "timidity of spirit," it was a timidity felt entirely on behalf of Mr. Bryant. I was not to be harmed by the insertion of the paragraph as it originally stood. I freely confess, however, that I have at all times almost as strong a repugnance to tell a painful or humiliating truth, *unnecessarily*, as I have to tell an untruth, under any circumstances. To speak the truth on all occasions is the indispensable attribute of man; to refrain from uttering disagreeable truths, *unnecessarily*, belongs, I think to the character of a gentleman; neither, sir, do I think it incompatible with fair dealing, however little it may square with your notions of plain dealing.

The foregoing statement will show how I stand with regard to Mr. Bryant. I trust his fame has suffered nothing by my republication of his works in London: at any rate he has expressed his thanks to me by letter, since my return to this country. I was, therefore, I confess, but little prepared to receive a stab from his bosom friend.

Another part of your animadversions is of a much graver nature, for it implies a charge of hypocrisy and double dealing, which I indignantly repel as incompatible with my nature. You intimate, that "in publishing a book of my own, I prepare one preface for my countrymen, full of *amor patriæ* and professions of home feeling, and another for the London market, in which such professions are studiously omitted." Your inference is that these professions are hollow, and intended to gain favor with my countrymen, and that they are omitted in the London edition through fear of offending English readers. Were I indeed chargeable with such baseness, I should well merit the contempt you invoke upon my head. As I give you credit, sir, for probity, I was at a loss to think on what you could ground such an imputation, until it occurred to me that some circumstances attending the publication of my "Tour on the Prairies" might have given rise to a misconception in your mind.

It may seem strange to those intimately acquainted with my character, that I should think it necessary to defend myself from a charge of *duplicity;* but as many of your readers may know me as little as you appear to do, I must again be excused in a detail of facts.

When my "Tour on the Prairies" was ready for the press, I sent a manuscript copy to England for publication, and, at the same time, put a copy in the press at New York. As this was my first appearance before the American public since my return, I was induced, while the work was printing, to modify the introduction so as to express my sense of the unexpected warmth with which I had been welcomed to my native place, and my general feelings on finding myself once more at home, and among my friends. These feelings, sir, were genuine, and were not expressed with half the warmth with which they were entertained. Circumstances alluded to in that introduction had made the reception I met with from my countrymen doubly dear and touching to me, and had filled my heart with affectionate gratitude for their unlooked-for kindness. In fact, misconstructions of my conduct, and misconceptions of my character, somewhat similar to those I am at present endeavoring to rebut, had appeared in the public press, and, as I erroneously supposed, had prejudiced the mind of my countrymen against me. The professions, therefore, to which you have alluded, were uttered, not to obviate such prejudices, or to win my way to the good will of my countrymen, but to express my feelings after their good-will had been unequivocally manifested. While I thought they doubted me, I remained silent; when I found they believed in me, I spoke. I have never been in the habit of beguiling them by fulsome professions of patriotism, those cheap passports to public favor; and I think I might for once have been indulged in briefly touching a chord on which others have harped to so much advantage.

Now, sir, even granting I had "studiously omitted" all those professions in the introduction intended for the London market, instead of giving utterance to them after that article had been sent off, where, I would ask, would have been the impropriety of the act? What had the British public to do with those home greetings, and those assurances of gratitude and affection which related exclusively to my countrymen, and grew out

of my actual position with regard to them? There was nothing in them at which the British reader could possibly take offense; the omitting of them, therefore, could not have argued "timidity," but would have been merely a matter of good taste; for they would have been as much out of place repeated to English readers, as would have been my greetings and salutations to my family circle, if repeated out of the window, for the benefit of the passers-by in the street.

I have no intention, sir, of imputing to you any malevolent feeling in the unlooked-for attack you have made upon me: I can see no motive you have for such hostility. I rather think you have acted from honest feelings, hastily excited by a misapprehension of facts; and that you have been a little too eager to give an instance of that "plain dealing" which you have recently adopted as your war-cry. Plain dealing, sir, is a great merit, when accompanied by magnanimity, and exercised with a just and generous spirit; but if pushed too far, and made the excuse for indulging every impulse of passion or prejudice, it may render a man, especially in your situation, a very offensive, if not a very mischievous member of the community. Such I sincerely hope and trust may not be your case: but this hint, given in a spirit of caution, not of accusation, may not be of disservice to you.

In the present instance, I have only to ask that you will give this article an insertion in your paper, being intended not so much for yourself, as for those of your readers who may have been prejudiced against me by your animadversions. Your editorial position of course gives you an opportunity of commenting upon it according to the current of your feelings; and, whatever may be your comments, it is not probable that they will draw any further reply from me. Recrimination is a miserable kind of redress, in which I never indulge, and I have no relish for the warfare of the pen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The editor of the "Plaindealer," in introducing Mr.

Irving's dignified reply to his strictures, accompanied the letter with "the most explicit exoneration of Mr. Bryant from any lot or part, directly or indirectly, in the remarks" he made concerning "what seemed to him a piece of literary pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Irving;" and added, that "candor required him to state, that on various occasions he had heard Mr. Bryant express the kindest sentiments towards Mr. Irving for the interest he took in the publication of a London edition of his poems, and for the complimentary terms in which he introduced them to the British public."

Mr. Bryant himself, however, to leave no doubt of the editor's sincerity in this exoneration, took occasion in the succeeding number of the "Plaindealer," to state explicitly that, though he would not have made the alteration, he had never complained of it, and had no doubt it was done with the kindest intentions; expressing, at the same time, with some feeling, his surprise at one or two unguarded passages in Mr. Irving's letter, as if leveled at himself. To this Mr. Irving replied through the columns of the "New York American," in a letter addressed to Mr. Bryant, expressing his deep regret that any passages in his letter to Mr. Leggett should have seemed susceptible of a construction unfavorable to him, and disavowing emphatically any suspicion or the remotest intention to insinuate that he had the least participation in the attack recently made on his character. The letter closed as follows:—

As to the alteration of a word in the London edition of your poems, which others have sought to nurture into a root of bitterness between us, I have already stated my motives for it, and the embarrassment in which I was placed. I regret extremely that it should not have met with your approbation, and sincerely apologize to you for the liberty I was persuaded to take ; a liberty I freely acknowledge the least excusable with writings like yours, in which it is difficult to alter a word without marring the beauty.

The two letters of Mr. Bryant, written after he had received a copy of the London edition of his poems, forwarded by Mr. Irving, in which he expresses his thanks to him for the kind interest he had taken in procuring the publication of his poems in England, have already been given.

It is evident from the tone of the "Plaindealer" in this attack, that its editor was infected with a notion that Mr. Irving had been too much inclined to pay court to England. It is not necessary to vindicate him from this false impression at the present day, but the question is so fully met, and the analysis of Mr. Irving's character in this particular so admirably and truly given by Mr. Bryant, in the beautiful address delivered on occasion of his death, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting from it in this connection.

After alluding to the author's agreeable pictures of English life in the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Tales of a Traveller," "seen under favorable lights, and sketched with a friendly pencil," he remarks :—

Let me say here, that it was not to pay court to the English that he thus described them and their country ; it was because he could not describe them otherwise. It was the instinct of his mind to attach itself to the contemplation of the good and the beautiful, wherever he found them, and to turn away from the sight of what was evil, misshapen and hateful. His was not a nature to pry for faults, or disabuse the world of good-natured mistakes ; he looked for virtue, love, and truth among men, and thanked God that he found them in such large measure. If there are touches of satire in his writings, he is the best-natured and most amiable of satirists, amiable beyond Horace ; and in his irony—for there is a vein of playful irony running through many of his works—there is no tinge of bitterness.

I rejoice for my part, that we have had such a writer as Irving to bridge over the chasm between the two great nations—that an illustrious American lived so long in England, and was so much beloved there, and sought so earnestly to bring the people of the two countries to a better understanding with each other, and to wean them from the animosities of narrow minds. I am sure that there is not a large-minded and large-hearted man in all our country, who can read over the "Sketch Book," and the other writings of Irving, and disown one of the magnanimous sentiments they express with regard to England, or desire to abate the glow of one of his warm and cheerful pictures of English life. Occasions will arise, no doubt, for saying some things in a less accommodating spirit, and there are men enough on both sides of the Atlantic who can say them ; but Irving was not sent into the world on that errand. A different work was assigned him in the very structure of his mind and the endowments of his heart—a work of peace and brotherhood ; and I will say for him, that he nobly performed it.

I now go back a little, to give the following letter of Washington to his brother Ebenezer, dated January 10, 1837, four days prior to the rude assault of the "Plain-dealer :"—

All is going on well at the cottage. Peter is in good condition and good spirits.

I have looked over the account current, and find on computing my expenses since I began housekeeping on the first of September, that I can keep on at the rate at which I have been living without any danger of *running aground*. This is very satisfactory ; for so many fears were expressed on my account, that I almost began to doubt, myself, whether I were not playing the part of the prodigal son, and wasting my substance in riotous living. I question, after all, whether the cottage will not prove in the end, the best of all my speculations.

Let me hear, by mail, about the maps.

The maps in question were designed for the work he was about to publish, entitled "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. Digested from his Journal, and illustrated from various other Sources."

A few weeks later, we find this work going through the press. Peter writes from the cottage, on the 6th of March :—

Washington is in New York, superintending the printing of a new work, which will be supplementary to "Astoria," as it treats of expeditions in the same regions since that date, with an ample account of the Indian tribes and the white trappers, with details of their peculiar characters and adventurous lives beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is a picture of a singular class of people midway between the savage state and civilization, who will soon cease to exist, and be only known in such records, which will form a department of great interest in the history of our country.

The "leading theme" of these pages, however, was the expeditions and adventures of Captain Bonneville, of the United States army, "who, in a rambling kind of en-

terprise, had strangely ingrafted the trapper and hunter upon the soldier." Mr. Irving had first met this gentleman in the autumn of 1835, at the country-seat of Mr. Astor. Coming upon him afterward, in the following winter, at Washington, and finding him engaged in rewriting and extending his travelling notes, and making maps of the regions he had explored, he purchased this mass of manuscripts from him for one thousand dollars, and undertook to fit it for publication, and bring it before the world. That manuscript, which was full of interesting details of life among the mountains, and of the singular castes of races, both white and red men, among whom he had sojourned, formed the staple of the work, though other facts and details were interwoven, gathered from other sources, especially from the conversations and journals of some of the captain's contemporaries, who were actors in the scenes he describes; while to the whole he gave a tone and coloring drawn from his own observation during his tour on the prairies.

Mr. Irving obtained for the work, from his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Co., three thousand dollars, and from Bentley, in London, £900.

It was while this work was going through the press, that Mr. Irving attended a complimentary entertainment, given by the booksellers of New York to authors and other literary and distinguished men, at which Chancellor Kent, James K. Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Rev. Orville Dewey, Judge Irving, and

others were present. In the absence of Thomas Swords, the oldest bookseller in New York, occasioned by ill health, Mr. David Felt presided. Mr. George P. Putnam, then a youthful member of the trade, was one of the committee of arrangements and a reporter in part of the proceedings. I take from the report of the future publisher, in the "New York American," the following notice of Mr. Irving's brief remarks, which derive their chief interest from the pleasant allusion to Rogers and Halleck:—

Mr. Washington Irving, being called upon for a toast, observed that he meant to propose the health of an individual whom he was sure all present would delight to honor—of Samuel Rogers, the poet. Mr. Irving observed, that in a long intimacy with Mr. Rogers, he had ever found him an enlightened and liberal friend of America and Americans. Possessing great influence in the world of literature and the fine arts in Great Britain, from his acknowledged soundness of judgment and refinement of taste, he had often exerted it in the kindest and most gracious manner in fostering, encouraging and bringing into notice the talents of youthful American artists. He had also manifested, on all occasions, the warmest sympathy in the success of American writers, and the promptest disposition to acknowledge and point out their merits. I am led to these remarks, added Mr. Irving, by a letter received yesterday from Mr. Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Halleck's poems which I had sent him, and expressing his opinion of their merits. Mr. Irving here read the following extract from the letter:—

"With Mr. Halleck's poems I was already acquainted, particularly with the two first in the volume, and I cannot say how much I admired them always. They are better than anything we can do just now on our side of the Atlantic [Hear, hear]. I hope he will not be idle, but continue long to delight us. When he comes here again, he must not content himself with looking on the outside of my house, as I am told he did

once, but knock and ring, and ask for me as for an old acquaintance [Cheers]. I should say, indeed, if I am here to be found; for if he or you, my dear friend, delay your coming much longer, I shall have no hope of seeing either of you on this side the grave."

Mr. Irving concluded by giving as a toast: Samuel Rogers—the friend of American genius.

The company all rose, and drank the health standing, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding the boding allusion to his declining years in Rogers' letter—for he was then seventy-five—it was the fortune of Mr. Irving to meet again the venerable bard "on this side the grave" more than once.

Among the memorable events of this season at the cottage, was a visit from the present Emperor of France, then simple Louis Napoleon, who, after having been a prisoner of state for some months on board of a French man-of-war, was set at liberty on our shores at Norfolk, early in the spring of 1837. From Norfolk he came immediately to New York, where he remained about two months, and then returned to Europe. It was during this interval that he made his visit to "The Roost," accompanied by a young French count, and the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, Chaplain in the Navy, and escorted by a neighbor, Mr. Anthony Constant, with whom he had been passing a day or two, and who had previously announced to Mr. Irving his intention of bringing him to breakfast. Mr. Irving enjoyed the visit, and was much interested in the peculiar position of his somewhat quiet guest, though little anticipating the dazzling career which awaited him.

At this time Peter had resumed his place in "the family hive" in New York, preferring, in his invalid state, to reconnoitre the world from a nearer and more populous point than the cottage. During the remaining fourteen months of his life he continued in the city, which furnished so much more for amusement and observation.

In the following letter to Edward Everett, Mr. Irving declines an invitation to deliver a public address: —

GREENBURG, July 12, 1837.

DEAR SIR: —

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 24th ult., informing me that the government of the Boston Lyceum had done me the honor to invite me to deliver the introductory address at the opening of their course for next winter. The official communication to which you advert has not come to hand, probably owing to the irregularity with which my letters are forwarded me from town. I trust, therefore, that a reply to you as President of the Institution will be sufficient. I have delayed replying earlier, in the hope that I might prevail upon myself to accept so very flattering and gratifying an invitation; but I regret to say that a shrinking repugnance to everything calculated to bring me personally before the public eye, has, by unwise indulgence, grown upon me to such a degree as to be, I fear, absolutely insurmountable. There is no gift I more envy and admire than that which enables the possessor to bring his mind to act directly upon an intelligent audience, and to arouse and delight his auditors. Did I possess this great and glorious gift, I should feel a triumph in exerting it before such an audience as that of the Lyceum: but feeling and deploring my incapacity, I can only, through you, convey to that institution my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the high proof they have given me of their esteem.

Accept for yourself, my dear sir, my kindest thanks for the repeated

marks of friendly consideration which I have experienced from you from time to time, and believe me, with the highest respect and regard,

Very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Honorable EDWARD EVERETT, etc., etc., etc.

The little domain of "The Roost," originally of ten acres, afterward swelled to eighteen, now consisted of about fifteen acres — eight acres, added in the spring of 1836, having been exchanged by the author for a neighboring lot, the property of his nephew, Oscar Irving. In the succeeding year he bought fourteen additional acres, of which he soon after parted with six for the cost of the fourteen — the only fortunate speculation, as he used to say, he ever made, though the purchase of Michigan lands, in which he went shares with his friend Kemble, humorously hinted at in the following letter, must certainly claim exemption from his unlucky ventures. The letter is addressed to his old friend, then a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and contains something like a profession of political faith — as near, perhaps, as he ever came to one; for though always keenly alive to everything that affected the interest or honor of his country, he had no party prejudices or strongly marked political opinions.

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

NEW YORK, January 10, 1838.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

On coming to town, I found yours of the 3d instant waiting for me. Arrange with Godfrey as you think best about the payment of the land

The late hardships of the times have moderated all my towering notions. I am now perfectly resigned to fifty per cent. profit, and seven per cent. interest until paid. Nothing teaches a man better philosophy than a little experience in "castle building."

My brother, E. I., who, you know, is a wary man of business, suggests that the mortgage we are to receive should be signed by the wives of the opposite parties, if they have any, and that the buildings on the land mortgaged should be insured, and the policies assigned to us.

As to Van Buren's insinuation that I have *cut* him, I repel the monstrous charge. What! cut a President ?— turn my back upon a friend when at the height of power ? What the plague does he take me for? I always suspected he had no very high idea of my merit as a politician, but I never imagined he could think me capable of so gross a departure from the ways of the political world.

Seriously, however, I have not corresponded with Van Buren, because I did not relish some points of his policy, nor believe in the wisdom and honesty of some of his elbow counselors; yet had too great diffidence of my own judgment and experience in political matters to intrude upon him my opinions. I have for him the most hearty and sincere regard, and, if I had the arm of a Hercules, I would lift him out of the mire in which I think others are plunging him, and would place him upon firm ground; but, with my feeble and uncertain means, I should only bother where I might seek to aid.

As far as I know my own mind, I am thoroughly a republican, and attached, from complete conviction, to the institutions of my country; but I am a republican without gall, and have no bitterness in my creed. I have no relish for puritans either in religion or politics, who are for pushing principles to an extreme, and for overturning everything that stands in the way of their own zealous career. I have, therefore, felt a strong distaste for some of those locofoco luminaries who of late have been urging strong and sweeping measures, subversive of the interests of great classes of the community. Their doctrines may be excellent in theory, but, if enforced in violent and uncompromising opposition to all our habitudes, may produce the most distressing effects. The best of

remedies must be cautiously applied, and suited to the state and constitution of the patient; otherwise, what is intended to cure, may produce convulsion. The late elections have shown that the measures proposed by Government are repugnant to the feelings and habitudes, or disastrous to the interests of great portions of our fellow-citizens. They should not then be forced home with rigor. Ours is a government of compromise. We have several great and distinct interests bound up together, which, if not separately consulted and severally accommodated, may harass and impair each other. A stern, inflexible, and uniform policy may do for a small, compact republic, like one of those of ancient Greece, where there is a unity of character, habits and interests ; but a more accommodating, discriminating, and variable policy must be observed in a vast republic like ours, formed of a variety of States widely different in habits, pursuits, characters, and climes, and banded together by a few general ties.

I always distrust the soundness of political councils that are accompanied by acrimonious and disparaging attacks upon any great class of our fellow-citizens. Such are those urged to the disadvantage of the great trading and financial classes of our country. You yourself know, from education and experience, how important these classes are to the prosperous conduct of the complicated affairs of this immense empire. You yourself know, in spite of all the commonplace cant and obloquy that has been cast upon them by political spouters and scribblers, what general good faith and fair dealing prevails throughout these classes. Knaves and swindlers there are doubtless among them, as there are among all great classes of men; but I declare that I looked with admiration at the manner in which the great body of our commercial and financial men have struggled on through the tremendous trials which have of late overwhelmed them, and have endeavored, at every pecuniary sacrifice, to fulfill their engagements. Europe, after an interval of panic and distrust, is beginning to do them justice; and the faith of an American merchant, and of American moneyed institutions, is likely to take a still higher rank in foreign estimation from the recent trials it has sustained.

As to the excessive expansions of commerce, and the extravagant land speculations, which excited such vehement censure, I look upon them as

incident to that spirit of enterprise natural to a young country in a state of rapid and prosperous development; a spirit which, with all its occasional excesses, has given our nation an immense impulse in its onward career, and promises to carry it ahead of all the nations of the globe. There are moral as well as physical phenomena incident to every state of things, which may at first appear evils, but which are devised by an all-seeing Providence for some beneficent purpose. Such is the spirit of speculative enterprise which now and then rises to an extravagant height, and sweeps throughout the land. It grows out of the very state of our country and its institutions, and, though sometimes productive of temporary mischief, yet leaves behind it lasting benefits. The late land speculations, so much deprecated, though ruinous to many engaged in them, have forced agriculture and civilization into the depths of the wilderness; have laid open the recesses of primeval forests; made us acquainted with the most available points of our immense interior; have cast the germs of future towns and cities and busy marts in the heart of savage solitudes, and studded our vast rivers and internal seas with ports that will soon give activity to a vast internal commerce. Millions of acres which might otherwise have remained idle and impracticable wastes, have been brought under the dominion of the plough, and hundreds of thousands of industrious yeomen have been carried into the rich but remote depths of our immense empire, to multiply and spread out in every direction, and give solidity and strength to our great confederacy.

All this has in a great measure been effected by the extravagant schemes of land speculators. I am, therefore, inclined to look upon them with a more indulgent eye than they are considered by those violent politicians who are prescribing violent checks and counter measures, and seem to have something vindictive in their policy.

But enough of all this scribble scrabble. I shall be heartily glad if Mr. Van Buren, by his sub-treasury scheme, or any other measure, can extricate both the Government and the country from the present state of financial perplexity. For my own part, I cannot but think a national bank, properly restrained and guarded (especially as it respects dealing in foreign exchange), will, after all, be the measure most likely to suit the cir-

cumstances of the country, and restore the prosperous action of its trade. It would be a salutary check upon all minor banks, and would curb the power of Mr. Biddle, who is now getting a complete financial sway.

And now, my dear Kemble, let me have done with this "mortal coil," and thank you for your kind invitation to Washington. I should like much to visit there, if I could lounge about, a quiet and idle spectator; but I have a love of ease and tranquillity growing upon me, that makes even the bustle of gay society irksome, and which quite incapacitates me for the turmoil and excitement of a great political metropolis in a high state of fermentation. I am now in the city, on a visit to old Mr. Astor, with whom I shall probably remain for two or three weeks, and then return to my little retreat in the country, where I play the hermit without the least shadow of gloom, and from whence I peep forth upon the world without the slightest tinge of misanthropy or spleen.

Give my kindest regards to Mr. Van Buren, and tell him that though I refrain from "bestowing my tediousness" upon him in the way of advice, yet I like him just as well as if I scribbled to him by the ream; and that though I may appear to cut him now in the day of his power, yet, whenever he may retire from the Presidential chair, he shall be welcome to the easiest chair in my cottage.

With kind remembrances to your sister Mary,

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is also addressed to the same correspondent, in reply to some query respecting a rumor which had reached him :—

NEW YORK, March 12, 1838.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:—

Absence from town has prevented my answering sooner your letter of the 4th instant. There is no truth in the rumor of my having consented to become a candidate for the Mayoralty. I have not even been applied to on the subject; but, if I had been, nothing could induce me to undertake an office for which I feel myself so little fitted. Besides, I value my peace

of mind too highly to suffer myself to be drawn into the vortex of New York politics; which, not to speak profanely, is a perfect Hell Gate. . . . . With kindest remembrances to your sister, I am, my dear Kemble, Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

At the date of the foregoing extract, Washington was in the city attending at the bedside of John, who was soon after removed from him by death. This brother, about whom he had long before expressed his fears that his health would give way under the exhausting duties of his official position, was now sinking into the grave, a martyr to an overtasked mind. He expired on the 15th of March, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after having filled with honor the position of First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York for twenty years. He was a man of perfect uprightness and great refinement of character, and enjoyed, through life, the high respect of the community. In his earlier days he had something of a literary turn, which, however, was soon quenched under the dry details of the law, and the resolute fidelity with which he gave himself up to the claims of his profession.

Some time after this, we find Mr. Irving again in his little country home, whence he writes to his sister, Mrs. Paris :—

My return to the cottage was a return to peace and tranquillity of mind. I laid awake early this morning, with the little birds singing before the window, and all my thoughts and plans were pleasant.

Yesterday I had a full deputation from Tammany Hall at the cottage, informing me that I had been unanimously and vociferously nominated as Mayor, and hoping that I would consent to be a candidate. Of course I declined.

Mr. Irving had scarcely declined this proffered nomination for an incongruous post, when he received a letter from President Van Buren, informing him of the intention of the existing Secretary of the Navy to retire, and tendering him the appointment as his successor.

I believe you to possess [writes Mr. Van Buren, with whom he had maintained intimate and friendly personal relations] in an eminent degree those peculiar qualities which should distinguish the head of that Department, and the successful and efficient employment of which is so important to this branch of the public service. This opinion has been confirmed by a full and confidential conversation with your friends Paulding and Kemble, whose judgment and sincerity I highly respect, and the former of whom is more particularly informed in regard to the services to be rendered.

Mr. Irving, however, was not to be tempted by the offer of so honorable a post in the Cabinet of the President.

Mature reflection [he writes in reply] and self-examination have served to confirm my first impulse, which was to decline your most kind and flattering offer. It is not so much the duties of the post that I fear, as I take a delight in full occupation, and the concerns of the Navy Department would be peculiarly interesting to me; but I shrink from the harsh cares and turmoils of public and political life at Washington, and feel that I am too sensitive to endure the bitter personal hostility, and the slanders and misrepresentations of the press, which beset high station in this country. This argues, I confess, a weakness of spirit and a want of true phil-

osophy; but I speak of myself as I am, not as I ought to be. Perhaps, had my ambition been directed toward official distinction, I might have become inured to the struggle; but it has lain in a different and more secluded path, and has nurtured in me habits of quiet and a love of peace of mind that daily unfit me more and more for the collisions of the world. I really believe it would take but a short career of public life at Washington to render me mentally and physically a perfect wreck, and to hurry me prematurely into old age.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEATH OF PETER. — GOSSIPINGS ABOUT THE COTTAGE. — HIS INVESTMENTS IN LANDS UNPRODUCTIVE OF REVENUE. — ENGAGES UPON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. — SURRENDERS THE THEME TO PRESCOTT. — CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT. — RECEIPT OF PRESCOTT'S "HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO." — LETTER THEREUPON.

THE cottage of Mr. Irving, from being a bachelor nest, had now assumed the character of a family mansion. It had been decided that Ebenezer should give up the house in town, and his family, heretofore fluctuating inmates of "The Roost," were now to make it their permanent home. Ebenezer and Peter still retained apartments in the city, while Washington, to quote from one of the last letters Peter was ever to write, addressed to Mrs. Irving at Toledo, "was vibrating between town and country like the pendulum of a clock." In a letter addressed to me at Toledo, at which place I remained until the following autumn, when I resumed my residence at New York, he says: —

We are cosily quartered at The Roost, and very comfortable. The season is coming out in all its beauty, and we are in the midst of birds and blossoms and flowers. I look forward with pleasure to the prospect of

seeing you and Helen at the cottage in the course of the summer, and showing you what a capital florist and horticulturist and agriculturist I am becoming. I beat all the gentleman farmers in my neighborhood, for I can manage to raise my vegetables and fruits at very little more than twice the market price.

On the 27th of June, Washington was called to meet one of the severest blows of his life in the death of his cherished brother Peter. His danger was considered imminent but a very few days. How deeply he felt this great bereavement, following so soon after the death of his brother John, the following extract from a letter to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, dated nearly three months after, will show:—

Every day, every hour I feel how completely Peter and myself were intertwined together in the whole course of our existence. Indeed, the very circumstance of our both having never been married, bound us more closely together. The rest of the family were married, and had families of their own to engross or divide their sympathies, and to weaken the fraternal tie; but we stood in the original, unimpaired relation to each other, and, in proportion as others were weaned away by circumstances, we grew more and more together. I was not conscious this was the case while he was living, but, now that he is gone, I feel how all-important he was to me. A dreary feeling of loneliness comes on me at times, that I reason against in vain; for, though surrounded by affectionate relatives, I feel that none can be what he was to me; none can take so thorough an interest in my concerns; to none can I so confidingly lay open my every thought and feeling, and expose every fault and foible, certain of such perfect toleration and indulgence. Since our dear mother's death, I have had no one who could so patiently and tenderly bear with all my weaknesses and infirmities, and throw over every error the mantle of affection.

I have been trying, of late, to resume my pen, and, by engaging my mind in some intellectual task, to keep it from brooding over these melancholy themes; but I find it almost impossible. My literary pursuits have been so often carried on by his side, and under his eye—I have been so accustomed to talk over every plan with him, and, as it were, to think aloud when in his presence, that I cannot open a book, or take up a paper, or recall a past vein of thought, without having him instantly before me, and finding myself completely overcome. I hope and trust that, as the autumn advances, and the weather becomes cool and bracing, I shall regain something of my usual vigor of body, and with it a healthier tone of mind; at any rate, I will not trouble you again with such sad lamentations.

This extract is dated September 22d. October 24th he writes to the same sister:—

My little cottage is well stocked. I have Ebenezer's five girls, and himself also, whenever he can be spared from town—sister Catherine and her daughter—Mr. Paris occasionally—with casual visits from all the rest of our family connection. The cottage, therefore, is never lonely. It is now the beautiful autumnal season, and the weather this year is extremely fine. The summer has extended far into autumn; we have had no sharp frosts, and it is but recently that we have made fires. The foliage has its rich and variegated autumnal tints, and the wide landscape has that prevailing golden hue that gives such sober magnificence to the decline of the year. The girls live very much in the open air. The retired situation of the cottage, with its secluded walks, quiet glens, and sheltering groves, enables them to rove about without fear or restraint.

December 1st, he writes again to Mrs. Van Wart, giving her this glimpse into his domestic and literary concerns:—

You are urgent with me, my dear sister, to pay you a visit in the spring. You have no idea how completely I am rooted here. I cannot afford any more to travel. A considerable part of my means is invested in land, which on the present moment is unproductive of revenue, and I have to economize on various points, to keep from going too much behindhand. I cannot, as formerly, carry my home with me, and limit my expenses to my personal expenditure. Wherever I go, my cottage must be kept up; so that my travelling expenditures would be an additional drain on my purse. What has made me feel rather poor of late, and cautious as to extra expenses, is the circumstance that for a long time past I have been unable to exercise my pen; until at length I became despondent, and thought the vein had entirely deserted me. This, of course, would dry up my usual source of support, and throw me entirely on the income to be derived from my actual capital, which, as I have already observed, is in a great measure invested in unproductive property. Happily, within the last month, I have been once more enabled to get my pen into motion; and the effect has been more salutary on my spirits, as well as cheering to my prospects.

Mr. Irving was now busy upon the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and it was upon this theme that he was exercising his pen. He had not only commenced the work, but had made a rough draft to form the groundwork of the first volume, when he went to New York to procure or consult some books on the subject. He was engaged in "The City Library," as it is commonly designated, though its official style is "The New York Society Library," then temporarily in Chambers Street, when he was accosted by Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the eminent scholar, afterward so long and honorably connected with the Astor Library. It was from this gentleman that Mr.

Irving first learned that Mr. Prescott, who had a few months before gained a proud name on both sides of the Atlantic by his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," now had the work in contemplation upon which he had actually commenced. Cogswell first sounded him on the part of Mr. Prescott, to know what subject he was occupied upon, as he did not wish to come again across the same ground with him. Mr. Irving asked: "Is Mr. Prescott engaged upon an American subject?" "He is," was the reply. "What is it? Is it the Conquest of Mexico?" Mr. Irving rapidly asked. "It is," answered Cogswell "Well, then," said Mr. Irving, "I am engaged upon that subject, but tell Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him, and I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his Ferdinand and Isabella, though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history."

In a subsequent conversation, Mr. Irving learned from Mr. Cogswell that Mr. Prescott had not commenced the work, but had merely collected materials for it. He did not, however, revoke what he had said, but threw by his pen, and gave up the task on which he had been occupied during the autumn and winter.

It was not, however, without a pang that he surrendered so glorious a theme; and I think that on the same day in which he told me what I have related above, he mentioned to me that he had been looking over some

papers in the morning, and had come across his commencement of the Conquest of Mexico; that he read over what he had written, and, in a fit of vexation at having lost the magnificent theme, destroyed the manuscript.

With this preface, I introduce the following correspondence between him and Mr. Prescott, alike honorable to both parties. The first letter is from Mr. Prescott:—

BOSTON, December 31, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR:—

If you will allow one to address you so familiarly, who has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, though he feels as if he had known you for a long time. Our friend, Mr. Cogswell, who is here on a short visit, mentioned to me a conversation which he had with you respecting the design I had formed of giving an account of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. I hope you will excuse me if I tell you how the matter stands with me.

Soon after I had despatched their Catholic Highnesses, Ferdinand and Isabella, I found the want of my old companions in the long hours of an idle man's life; and as I looked around for something else, the history of Cortes and Pizarro struck me as the best subject, from its growing out of the period I had become familiar with, as well as from its relation to our own country. I found, too, I had peculiar facilities for getting such books and MSS. as I needed from Madrid, through the kindness of Mr. Calderon, whom you know. The only doubts on the subject I had, were respecting your designs in the same way, since you had already written the adventures of the early discoverers. I thought of writing you, to learn from you your intentions; but I was afraid it would seem impertinent in a stranger to pry into your affairs. I made inquiries, however, of several of your friends, and could not learn that you had any purpose of occupying yourself with the subject. And as you had never made any public intimation of the sort, I believe, and several years had elapsed

since your last publication of the kind, during which your attention had been directed in another channel, I concluded that you had abandoned the intention, if you had ever formed it. I therefore made up my mind to go on with it; and as I proposed to give a pretty thorough preliminary view of the state of civilization in Mexico and Peru previous to the Conquest, I determined to spare no pains or expense in collecting materials. I have remitted £300 to Madrid for the purchase and copying of books and MSS., and have also sent for Lord Kingsborough's and such other works relating to Mexico as I can get from London. I have also obtained letters to individuals in Mexico, for the purpose of collecting what may be of importance to me there. Some of the works from London have arrived, and the drafts from Madrid show that my orders are executing there. Such works as can be got here, in a pretty good collection in the College Library, I have already examined, and wait only for my books from Spain. This is the state of affairs, now that I have learned from Mr. C. that you had originally proposed to treat this same subject, and that you requested him to say to me that you should relinquish it in my favor. I cannot sufficiently express to you my sense of your courtesy, which I can very well appreciate, as I know the mortification it would have occasioned me, if, contrary to my expectations, I had found you on the ground; for I am but a dull sailer from the embarrassments I labor under, and should have found but sorry gleanings in the field which you had once thoroughly burnt over, as they say in the West. I fear the public will not feel so well pleased as myself by this liberal conduct on your part, and am not sure that I should have a right, in their eyes, to avail myself of it. But I trust you will think differently, when I accept your proffered courtesy in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. It will be conferring a still further favor on me, if you will allow me occasionally, when I may find the want of it, to ask your advice in the progress of the work. There are few persons among us who have paid much attention to these studies, and no one, here or elsewhere, so familiar as yourself with the track of Spanish adventure in the New World, and so well qualified, certainly, to give advice to a comparatively new hand. Do not fear that this will expose you to a troublesome correspondent. I have never been

addicted to much letter writing, though, from the specimen before you, I am afraid you will think those I do write are somewhat of the longest.

Believe me, dear sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant, WM. H. PRESCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

P. S.—Will you permit me to add, that if you have any materials in your own library, bearing on this subject, that cannot be got here, and that you have no occasion for yourself, it will be a great favor if you will dispose of them to me.

Mr. Irving responded as follows :—

NEW YORK, January 18, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter met with some delay in reaching me, and since the receipt of it, I have been hovering between town and country, so as to have no quiet leisure for an earlier reply.

I had always intended to write an account of the Conquest of Mexico, as a suite to my "Columbus," but left Spain without making the requisite researches. The unsettled life I subsequently led for some years, and the interruptions to my literary plans by other occupations, made me defer the undertaking from year to year. Indeed, the more I considered the subject, the more I became aware of the necessity of devoting to it great labor, patient research, and watchful discrimination to get at the truth and to dispel the magnificent *mirage* with which it is enveloped; for, unless this were done, a work, however well executed in point of literary merit, would be liable to be subverted and superseded by subsequent works founded on those documentary evidences that might (be) dug out of the chaotic archives of Spain. These considerations loomed into great obstacles in my mind, and, amid the hurry of other matters, delayed me in putting my hand to the enterprise. About three years since I made an attempt at it, and set one of my nephews to act as pioneer, and get together materials under my direction; but his own concerns called him elsewhere, and the matter was again postponed.

Last autumn, after a fit of deep depression, feeling the want of something to arouse and exercise my mind, I again recurred to this subject, fearing that, if I waited to collect materials, I should never take hold of the theme; and, knowing my own temperament and habits of mind, I determined to dash into it at once, sketch out a narrative of the whole enterprise, using Solis, Herrera, and Bernal Dias as my guide books, and, having thus acquainted myself with the whole ground, and kindled myself into a heat by exercise of drafting the story, to endeavor to strengthen, correct, enrich, and authenticate my work, by materials from every source within my reach. I accordingly set to work, and had made it my daily occupation for about three months, and sketched out the groundwork for the first volume, when I learned from Mr. Cogswell that you had undertaken the same enterprise. I at once felt how much more justice the subject would receive at your hands. Ever since I had been meddling with the theme, its grandeur and magnificence had been growing upon me, and I had felt more and more doubtful whether I should be able to treat it *conscientiously* —that is to say, with the extensive research and thorough investigation which it merited. The history of Mexico prior to the discovery and conquest, and the actual state of its civilization at the time of the Spanish invasion, are questions in the highest degree curious and interesting, yet difficult to be ascertained clearly, from the false lights thrown upon them. Even the writings of Padre Sahagun perplex me as to the degree of faith to be placed in them. These themes are connected with the grand enigma that rests upon the primitive population and civilization of the American continents, and of which the singular monuments and remains scattered throughout the wilderness serve but as tantalizing indications. The manner in which you have executed your noble history of Ferdinand and Isabella gave me at once an assurance that you were the man to undertake this subject; your letter shows that I was not wrong in the conviction, and that you have already set to work on the requisite preparations. In at once yielding up the theme to you, I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country. I only hope that I may live to see your work executed.

and to read in it an authentic account of that conquest, and a satisfactory discussion of the various questions connected with Mexico and the Mexicans, which since my boyhood have been full of romantic charm to me, but which while they excited my imagination, have ever perplexed my judgment.

I am sorry that I have no works to offer you that you have not in the Boston libraries. I have mentioned the authors I was making use of; they are to be found in the Boston Athenæum, though I doubt not you have them in your own possession. While in Madrid, I had a few chapters of Padre Sahagun copied out for me, relating merely to some points of the Spanish invasion. His work you will find in Lord Kingsborough's collection; it professes to give a complete account of Mexico prior to the Conquest—its public institutions, trades, callings, customs, etc., etc. Should I find among my books any that may be likely to be of service, I will send them to you. In the meantime, do not hesitate to command my services in any way you may think proper.

I am scrawling this letter in great haste, as you will doubtless perceive, but beg you will take it as a proof of the sincere and very high respect and esteem with which I am your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WM. H. PRESCOTT, Esq.

Mr. Prescott rejoins:—

BOSTON, January 25, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR:—

You will be alarmed at again seeing an epistle from me so soon; but I cannot refrain from replying to your very kind communication. I have read your letter with much interest, and, I may truly say, that part of it which animadverts on the importance of the theme, as illustrating the Mexican antiquities, with some dismay. I fear you will be sadly disappointed if you expect to see a solution, by me, of those vexed questions which have bewildered the brains of so many professed antiquaries. My fingers are too clumsy to unravel such a snarl. All I propose to do in this part of the subject, therefore, is to present to the reader such a view of the institutions and civilization of the conquered people as will interest

him in their fortunes. To do this, it will not be necessary, I hope, to involve myself in those misty speculations, which require better sight than mine to penetrate; but only to state facts, as far as they can be gathered from authentic story. For this part of the subject I have not attempted, therefore, to collect MSS., of which I suppose there is a great number in the libraries of Mexico—at least there was in Clavigero's time; but I shall content myself with the examination of such works as have been before the public, including, indeed, the compilation of Lord Kingsborough, and the great French work, "Antiquités Mexicaines," since published; the chief value of both which, I suspect, excepting the Chronicles of Sahagun in the former, consists in their pictorial illustrations. My chief object is the Conquest; and the materials I am endeavoring to collect are with the view to the exhibition of this in the most authentic light. It will give you satisfaction to learn that my efforts in Spain promise to be attended with perfect success. I received letters, last week, from Madrid, informing me that the Academy of History, at the instance of Señor Navarrete, had granted my application to have copies taken of any and all MSS. in their possession, having relation to the conquests of Mexico and Peru, and had appointed one of their body to carry this into effect. This person is a German, named Lembke, the author of a work on the early history of Spain, which one of the English journals, I remember, rapped me over the knuckles for not having seen. This learned Theban happens to be in Madrid for the nonce, pursuing some investigations of his own, and he has taken charge of mine, like a true German, inspecting everything, and selecting just what has reference to my subject. In this way he has been employed with four copyists, as he writes me, since July, and has amassed a quantity of unpublished original documents illustrative of the Mexican Conquest, which, he writes me, will place the expedition in a new and authentic light. He has already sent off two boxes of these MSS. for me to Cadiz, and is now employed in hunting up the materials relating to Peru, in which, he says, the library appears to be equally rich. I wish he may not be too sanguine, and that the MSS. may not fall into the hands of Carlists or Christinos, who would probably work them up into musket waddings in much less time than they were copying. The

specifications of MSS. furnished me by Dr. Lembke makes me feel nearly independent of Mexico, with which the communications are now even more obstructed than with Spain. I have endeavored to open them, however, through Mr. Poinsett, and through the Barings, and cannot but hope I shall succeed through one or the other channel.

I had no idea of your having looked into the subject so closely yourself, still less that you had so far broken ground on it. I regret, now, that I had not communicated with you earlier, in a direct way, as it might have saved both, or rather one of us, some previous preparation; for, during the summer and autumn, I have been occupied with the investigation of the early Mexican history, having explored all the sources within my reach here, and being stopped by the want of them. Now that I have gone so far with my preparations, I can only acknowledge your great courtesy toward me with my hearty thanks; for I know well that whatever advantages I might have acquired on the score of materials, would have been far, very far outweighed by the superiority, in all other respects, of whatever might fall from your pen. And your relinquishing the ground seems to impose on me an additional responsibility to try to make your place good, from which a stouter heart than mine may well shrink. I trust, however, in you I shall find a generous critic; and allow me to add, with sincerity, that the kind words you have said of the only child of my brain, have gratified and touched me more deeply than anything that has yet reached me from my countrymen.

Believe me, my dear sir, with sincere respect, your friend and servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

It was about five years after this correspondence, that Mr. Irving, then in Madrid, received from Mr. Prescott a copy of his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," in the Preface to which he makes public acknowledgments to him for his surrender of the subject. "I need not say," writes Mr. Irving to me, in noticing its receipt, "how

much I am delighted with the work. It well sustains the high reputation acquired by the History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Then, adverting to the terms of Mr. Prescott's handsome acknowledgment in the Preface, to which I had called his attention, he adds :—

I doubt whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made. This was a favorite subject, which had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. I had brought home books from Spain to aid me in it, and looked upon it as the pendant to my "Columbus." When I gave it up to him, I in a manner gave him up my bread, for I depended upon the profit of it to recruit my waning finances. I had no other subject at hand to supply its place. I was dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since. Had I accomplished that work, my whole pecuniary situation would have been altered. . . . . When I made the sacrifice, it was not with a view to compliments or thanks, but from a warm and sudden impulse. I am not sorry for having made it. Mr. Prescott has justified the opinion I expressed at the time, that he would treat the subject with more close and ample research than I should probably do, and would produce a work more thoroughly worthy of the theme. He has produced a work that does honor to himself and his country, and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

The plan I had intended to pursue was different from that which he has adopted. I should not have had any preliminary dissertation on the history, civilization, etc., of the natives, as I find such dissertations hurried over, if not skipped entirely, by a great class of readers, who are eager for narrative and action. I should have carried on the reader with the discoverers and conquerors, letting the newly explored countries break upon him as they did upon them; describing objects, places, customs, as they awakened curiosity and interest, and required to be explained for the conduct of the story. The reader should first have an idea of the superior civilization of the people from the great buildings and temples of stone

and lime that brightened along the coast, and "shone like silver." He should have had vague accounts of Mexico from the people on the seaboard; from the messengers of Montezuma. His interest concerning it should have increased as he went on, deriving ideas of its grandeur, power, riches, etc., from the Tlascalans, etc. Every step, as he accompanied the conquerors on their march, would have been a step developing some striking fact, yet the distance would still have been full of magnificent mystery. He should next have seen Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-stretching causeways, its sunny plain, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes. Still it would have been vague in its magnificence. At length he should have marched in with the conquerors, full of curiosity and wonder, on every side beholding objects of novelty, indicating a mighty people, distinct in manners, arts, and civilization from all the races of the Old World. During the residence in the capital, all these matters would have been fully described and explained in connection with the incidents of the story. In this way the reader, like the conquerors, would have become gradually acquainted with Mexico and the Mexicans; and by the time the conquest was achieved, he would have been familiar with the country, without having been detained by long dissertations, so repulsive to the more indolent class of readers.

My intention also was, to study the different characters of the *dramatis personæ*, so as to bring them out in strong relief, and to have kept them, as much as possible, in view throughout the work. It is surprising how quickly distinctive characteristics may be caught from a few incidental words in old documents, letters, etc., and how the development of them and the putting them in action give life and reality to a narrative. Most of the traits that give individuality to Columbus, in my biography of him, were gathered from slightly mentioned facts in his journals, letters, etc., which had remained almost unnoticed by former writers on the subject.

However, I am running on into idle "scribble scrabble" about a matter now passed away, and which I would not utter to any one but yourself, who are becoming in a manner my father confessor. My plan might

have had an advantage in some respects; it might have thrown a more poetical interest over the work; but the plan of Mr. Prescott is superior in other respects; and I feel I never should have wrought out a work so "worthy of all acceptation," as that which he has given to the public.

The letter from which I take this extract is dated Madrid, March 24, 1844, and is marked (Private); but, now that both are gone, I have felt at liberty to give this interesting portion of its contents.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ENGAGES TO CONTRIBUTE MONTHLY TO THE "KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE."—HIS POSITION RESPECTING AN INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.—PRESCOTT'S VIEW.—OLD AND NEW TARRYTOWN.—PICTURE OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GOLDSMITH FOR HARPER'S "FAMILY LIBRARY."—EBENEZER IRVING.—BIOGRAPHY OF MARGARET DAVIDSON.—ANECDOTE OF CLARK AND GEOFFREY CRAYON.

AVING surrendered the theme of the Conquest of Mexico, as we have seen at the close of the last chapter, Mr. Irving was induced to enter into an engagement with the proprietors of the "Knickerbocker," a magazine published in the city of New York, to contribute monthly to its pages; they agreeing upon stated payments at the rate of two thousand dollars per annum. In the March number of 1839, in which he introduces himself to the public, he holds the following language to its editor, Louis Gaylord Clark, so long associated with its fortunes:—

SIR:—

I have observed, as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory—that is to say, fond of telling long stories and of

doling out advice, to the small profit and great annoyance of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the "bore" of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and tediousness upon the world at large, I have always sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am tired, however, of writing volumes: they do not afford exactly the relief I require; there is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for anything that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work, where I might, as it were, loll at my ease in my elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

Few would imagine from the tone of this extract, at what expense of feeling he had just given up the task of "writing volumes," and bound himself to the irksome obligations of periodical labor. To have to draw upon a capricious fancy once a month for an article, was not a position he would have sought, but for the necessity pressing upon him for additional income. Irksome as the task was, however, and notwithstanding the returns were less prompt than he had anticipated, his good-will to the magazine induced him to continue his connection with it for two years. He brought it to an end in March, 1841, with the article of "Don Juan: a Spectral Research." A majority of his contributions to the "Knickerbocker," including this article, were long afterward collected by him, and incorporated in a little volume,

published in 1855, entitled "Wolfert's Roost," the extraordinary sale of which made ample amends for any shortcomings of the magazine.

The most felicitous, perhaps, of all his contributions to this periodical, was "The Birds of Spring," in the May number of 1839, containing the exquisite sketch of "The Bobolink," which was extracted into almost every paper in the Union.

In January, 1840, Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to the editor of the "Knickerbocker," in which he defines his position on the subject of an international copy-right law, so long and so ineffectually pressed upon Congress: —

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker: —

Sir, — Having seen it stated more than once, in the public papers, that I declined subscribing my name to the petition presented to Congress during a former session, for an act of international copy-right, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined, not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favor of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however to members of Congress, in support of the application.

As no other petition has been sent to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, I now, as far as my name may be thought of any value, enroll it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equity. I consider it due, not merely to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted

for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

For myself, my literary career as an author is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and lustre upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copy-right law, I had recently an instance in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, *for which they had nothing to pay for copy-right.* This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will do to all who peruse these lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will barely observe, that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act, that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men; while I have noticed some that have been urged, so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they are addressed.

I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided, and will be carried by an overwhelming, if not unanimous vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just, and a generous nation. Your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Not a month before the publication of this letter, in which Mr. Irving commits himself so decidedly to the justice of an international copy-right law, as due alike to

foreign and native authors, Mr. Prescott had written to him from Boston that, if anything was to be done in the matter, he was the one who, from his literary position in the country, should take the lead in it. In this letter the historian, in reference to a projected copy-right bill to be brought in by Mr. Clay at that session of Congress, says: —

> Whether anything effectual can be done, seems to me very doubtful. Such a law is certainly demanded by every principle of justice. But I suspect it is rather late in the day to talk of justice to statesmen. At all events, one of those newspapers, which they are now turning out every week here, and which contain an octavo volume each, of the new publications, at sixpence apiece, will, I am afraid, be too cogent an argument in favor of the present state of things, to be refuted by the best memorial ever drafted.

In the letter from which I take the above extract, Mr. Prescott informs Mr. Irving that he was the possessor of a copy of the "Sketch Book" which had been owned by Sir James Mackintosh, and had his pencillings in the margin.

In April, 1840, Mr. Irving writes me, on renewing his yearly arrangement with the "Knickerbocker," then behindhand in its payments: "I am convinced that, by exercising my pen in my former independent way, and taking my time to collect my writings into volumes, I should make much more money eventually, and escape a monthly recurring task."

It is worthy of mention, in connection with this allusion

to the "Knickerbocker," that he had just given to the magazine his skillful contribution, entitled "A Time of Unexampled Prosperity: The Great Mississippi Bubble," afterward published in "Wolfert's Roost." He had written feelingly on the subject, for he himself was now suffering the embarrassment arising from investments made in just such a time of fictitious prosperity and unreal fortunes.

A year later he writes in reference to the disastrous results of this spirit of speculation in Western lands, which swept the country in 1836:—

We are gradually getting through this "valley of the shadow of death," which the whole busy world has had for some few years past to traverse, and I am in hopes that the severe lessons received this time will be held in remembrance, and have a wholesome effect for the residue of our existence. The world at large is suffering the penalty of its own avarice; for avarice for a time was as extensive and deleterious in its sway as the cholera. Every one was seized with the mania of becoming suddenly rich; and, in yielding to the frantic impulse, has impoverished himself. The only consolation to each individual sufferer is, that he is not worse off than most of his neighbors. It has been a mania, too, that has affected the most knowing as well as the most simple minded; indeed, some of the shrewdest calculators have been the most taken in.

November 25th, 1840, after having contributed to the 'Knickerbocker" Sketches in Paris in 1825, from the Travelling Note Book of Geoffrey Crayon," he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart:—

If times ever again come smooth and flush with me, so that I can command a decent income independent of the irksome fagging of my pen, I

shall think nothing of an occasional trip across the Atlantic, now that steam has made the voyage short and commodious; but cares and claims multiply upon me as I advance in years.

Then follows this agreeable picture of the neighborhood in which he had fixed his residence, so much changed from the "old Tarrytown" of his correspondent's recollection:—

I find, by your correspondence with sister Catherine, that she gives you many details of our country neighborhood and circle, and that you take great interest in everything relating to "old Tarrytown." You would scarcely recognize the place, however, it has undergone such changes. These have in a great degree taken place since I have pitched my tent in the neighborhood. My residence here has attracted others; cottages and country seats have sprung up along the banks of the Tappan Sea, and Tarrytown has become the metropolis of quite a fashionable vicinity. When you knew the village it was little better than a mere hamlet, crouched down at the foot of a hill, with its dock for the accommodation of the weekly market sloop. Now it has mounted the hill; boasts of its hotels, and churches of various denominations; has its little Episcopalian church with an organ—the gates of which, on Sundays, are thronged with equipages belonging to families resident within ten or a dozen miles along the river banks. We have, in fact, one of the most agreeable neighborhoods I ever resided in. Some of our neighbors are here only for the summer, having their winter establishments in town; others remain in the country all the year. We have frequent gatherings at each other's houses, without parade or expense, and I do not know when I have seen more delightful little parties, or more elegant little groups of females. We have, occasionally, excellent music, for several of the neighborhood have been well taught, have good voices, and acquit themselves well both with harp and piano: and our parties always end with a dance. We have picnic parties also, sometimes in some inland valley, or piece of wood, sometimes on the

banks of the Hudson, where some repair by land, and others by water. You would be delighted with these picturesque assemblages, on some wild woodland point jutting into the Tappan Sea, with gay groups on the grass under the trees; carriages glistening through the woods; a yacht with flapping sails and fluttering streamers anchored about half a mile from shore, and rowboats plying to and from it, filled with lady passengers. Country life with us, at present, is very different from what it was in your youthful days. There is more of morning visiting, like in country life in England; still it differs essentially from English rural life. The nature of our climate influences our habits. We have so much sunshine and fine warm weather during the genial months of the year, that we live more out of doors, and in a more free and unceremonious style. Our very winters, though sometimes intensely cold, are brilliant and beautiful from the purity of the atmosphere and the prevalence of sunshine. For my part, I am almost a worshipper of the sun. I have lived so much of my life in climates where he was all-powerful, that I delight in his vivifying effect on the whole face of nature, and his gladdening influence on all animate creation. In no climate within the range of my experience is sunshine more beautiful in its effect on landscape than in this, owing to the transparency of the atmosphere, and, at the same time, the variety of the clouds with which our skies are diversified. To my mind, neither Spanish nor Italian skies, so bright and cloudless, can compare with ours, forever shifting in their tints, and at times so gorgeous with their floating regions of "cloud-land."

To the same sister he gives the following picture of the holidays, under date of December 26th :—

We have had a pleasant Christmas gathering at the cottage. The day was bright and sunny, but the weather changed in the night, and now a snow-storm is prevailing, which promises to be a severe one. This, however, is rather a welcome event in the country, as it produces fine sleighing, and sets all the country in movement. I know nothing more exhilarating than the first sleigh rides; skimming over the sparkling snow, the

air so pure and bracing, the sunshine so splendid; the very horses seem to share your animation and delight, and dash forward merrily to the jingling of the sleigh-bells.

Mr. Irving had recently written a biography of Goldsmith for Harper's "Family Library," which was intended merely as a sketch to accompany a collection or selection of his writings. He afterward, as will be seen, prepared another, which is now known as his best and only biography of his favorite author.

The following letter to Mrs. Van Wart has some allusion to this sketch of Goldsmith, and touches also upon another interesting biography upon which he had been employed during his engagement with the "Knickerbocker." It opens, as will be seen, with a notice of the prolonged absence from the cottage of Ebenezer, his only surviving brother, whose character is feelingly portrayed:—

It is now nearly a month since brother Ebenezer has been at the cottage. I have never known him to be so long absent before, unless when on a journey. Business has detained him in town. . . . . I think him one of the most perfect exemplifications of Christian character that I have ever known. He has all his father's devotion and zeal, without his strictness. Indeed, his piety is of the most genial and cheerful kind, interfering with no rational pleasure or elegant taste, and obtruding itself upon no one's habits, opinions, or pursuits. I wish to God I could feel like him. I envy him that indwelling source of consolation and enjoyment, which appears to have a happier effect than all the maxims of philosophy or the lessons of worldly wisdom.

I promised, in a late letter, to send you a copy of my biography of Gold-

smith, recently published. I have not been to town since, but when I do go, I will procure a copy and forward it. In the spring I shall publish a biography of Miss Margaret Davidson, with her posthumous writings. She was a sister of Lucretia Davidson, whose biography * you may have read—a lovely American girl, of surprising precocity of poetical talent, who died at the age of seventeen or eighteen. The one whose biography I have just written died a year or two since, between fifteen and sixteen years old. I saw her when she was about eleven years old, and again when about fourteen. She was a beautiful little being, as bright and as fragile as a flower, and like a flower she has passed away. Her poetical effusions are surprising, and the spirit they breathe is heavenly. I think you will find her biography one of the most affecting things you have ever read. It is made up in a great degree from memorandums furnished by her mother, who is of almost as poetical a temperament as her children. The most affecting passages of the biography are quoted literally from her manuscript. You may recollect the family of Mrs. Davidson; she is one of a number of sisters—very beautiful girls—of the name of Miller, who, in your younger days, lived in Maiden Lane.

Mr. Irving transferred to the mother the copyright of the biography of Margaret Davidson, reserving merely the right to publish it at any time in connection with his other writings. The success which it met with he was not disposed to attribute to any merit of his, but to the extreme interest and pathos of the materials placed in his hands.

It was during his engagement with the "Knickerbocker," now about to close, that its editor, Clark, made the visit to Mr. Irving of which he has given a published ac-

* Written by Miss Catherine Sedgwick.

count. The little brook on the place had lately broken bounds, and he found him engaged in making, as his host expressed it, "a dam and some other profane improvements." In the afternoon they drove out together in an open one-horse carriage, to explore the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. A sudden and violent shower coming up, accompanied with thunder and lightning, Mr. Irving stopped the horse, and took refuge under a large tree, leaning against the trunk, where, however, he soon became thoroughly drenched. All this while Clark was standing out in the pouring rain. "Why don't you come under a tree," asked Mr. Irving, facetiously, "and be dry and comfortable like me?" Clark excused himself on the ground that his father had once taken refuge from a sudden thunder shower under a spreading chestnut tree, which was struck, his father prostrated and rendered insensible for four hours; and that on his recovery he gave him an injunction never to stand under a tree, in an open field, in a thunder storm. "O!" replied Mr. Irving, with a look in which you could see the humorous thought before he gave expression to it, "that makes all the difference in the world. If it is hereditary, and lightning runs in your family, you are wise."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LETTER FROM DICKENS—ALBERT GALLATIN.—VISITS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—THE "LIFE OF WASHINGTON" BEGUN.—THE DICKENS DINNER.—LETTER FROM BOZ.—EMBARKATION AND FAREWELL.

IN April, Mr. Irving addressed a letter to Charles Dickens, "expressing his heartfelt delight in his writings, and his yearnings toward himself." He had never seen "the glorious fellow," as he styles him at the time, for he was yet in his minority when he left England, but he had read his productions with warm admiration as they had since appeared, and on the perusal of one of them he could no longer repress his desire to testify to the author his delighted interest in the story and his high appreciation of his genius. I have not the letter, but the following is Dickens's glowing reply:—

MY DEAR SIR:—

There is no man in the world who could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have, by your kind note of the 13th of last month. There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly guessing

at the warmth of the hand I autobiographically hold out to you over the broad Atlantic.

I wish I could find in your welcome letter some hint of an intention to visit England. I can't. I have held it at arm's length, and taken a bird's-eye view of it, after reading it a great many times, but there is no greater encouragement in it this way than on a microscopic inspection. I should love to go with you—as I have gone, God knows how often—into little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbor Court, and Westminster Abbey. I should like to travel with you, outside the last of the coaches, down to Bracebridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oilcloth hat and red nose, who sat in the nine-cornered back parlor of the Masons' Arms ; and about Robert Preston, and the tallow chandler's widow, whose sitting-room is second-nature to me ; and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the day-time, when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of boy. I have a good deal to say, too, about that dashing Alonzo de Ojeda, that you can't help being fonder of than you ought to be; and much to hear concerning Moorish legend, and poor unhappy Boabdil. Diedrich Knickerbocker I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression.

I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall, as it were, naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. Questions come thronging to my pen as to the lips of people who meet after long hoping to do so. I don't know what to say first, or what to leave unsaid, and am constantly disposed to break off and tell you again how glad I am this moment has arrived.

My dear Washington Irving, I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me. I hope to have many letters from you, and to exchange a frequent correspondence. I send this to say so. After the first two or three I shall settle down into a connected style, and become gradually rational.

You know what the feeling is, after having written a letter, sealed it, and sent it off. I shall picture you reading this, and answering it before it has lain one night in the post office. Ten to one that before the fastest packet could reach New York I shall be writing again.

Do you suppose the post office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock!

Always your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In July I find him among the Highlands on a visit to his friend, Gouverneur Kemble—a visit somewhat saddened by the recent death of that gentleman's sister, Gertrude, the wife of James K. Paulding, whose image was linked with the familiar scene. It is to her that the extract which follows, from a letter to his niece, Mrs. Storrow, who had recently married and was now residing in Paris—makes the brief and touching allusion. West, his companion in the visit, was William E. West, the amiable American artist, whose likeness of Lord Byron had made him famous.

I arrived here the evening before last, in company with Mr. West. We had a splendid evening's voyage through the Highlands, which looked to me more magnificent than ever. I found Mr. Kemble's house a real "bachelor's hall," having no longer a lady to preside there. . . . . The glorious being who used to grace and gladden this little mansion with her presence is gone forever! I cannot express to you how dreary I have occasionally felt since I have been here.

I give this further extract from the same letter, for its

interesting allusion to the venerable Albert Gallatin, then long withdrawn from public life:

> The day before I left the cottage I dined at the Sheldon's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin (the old people), who were on a visit there. Mr. George Jones was the only guest besides myself from the neighborhood. We had a very cheerful dinner. Mr. Gallatin was in fine spirits, and full of conversation. He is upward of eighty, yet has all the activity and clearness of mind and gayety of spirits of a young man. How delightful it is to see such intellectual and joyous old age; to see life running out clear and sparkling to the last drop! With such a blessed temperament, one would be content to linger and spin out the last thread of existence.

From Kemble's, Mr. Irving proceeded to visit his friend, Henry Brevoort, who had taken the old Beverley House in the Highlands, which formerly belonged to the family of the Robinsons, and was associated with the history of the Arnold treason. It was distant about five miles from the residence of Gouverneur Kemble. It was while here that he was unexpectedly tempted to accompany the directors of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, of whom Brevoort was one, in their annual visit of examination. "I do not know," he writes, "when I have made a more gratifying excursion, with respect to natural scenery, or more interesting from the stupendous works of art." He did not gain in health, however, by the exposures of this wild expedition into the mining regions of Pennsylvania. "I returned home completely out of order," he writes, "and in the course of three or four days my indisposition terminated in a violent fever." By the first of September

his malady had passed away, and he began to be himself again.

On the 7th of December, after having spent a fortnight in town, he writes to his niece in Paris :—

I have stayed until to-day, to be present at the anniversary of the St. Nicholas Society, which went off yesterday in great style. The dinner was more numerously attended than on any former occasion. We had Lord Morpeth there, who of late has been the universal guest. He made a very neat speech on the occasion. My health was drunk in the course of the evening, and I was absolutely hurried upon my legs to make a speech, but, agitated and abashed as usual, and overcome by the prolonged and deafening testimonials of good-will, I blundered through two or three indistinct sentences, and sat down amidst thundering applause. I never shall figure as an orator.

Toward the close of the same month he acknowledges the receipt of some books which had been procured for him from Paris. "They are very rare works," he remarks, "not to be met with in this country, but indispensable to a work which I have in contemplation."

The work he had in contemplation was his "Life of Washington," upon which he had actually commenced and got fairly under way, when he received the appointment of Minister to Spain — an honor totally unsought and unlooked-for by himself and his friends. It was on the 10th of February, in the city of New York, where he had been passing the winter, that he first heard of his nomination. "Washington Irving," said Daniel Webster, the distinguished Secretary of State, when he supposed a sufficient time had elapsed for him to have received the tidings of

his nomination, "Washington Irving is now the most astonished man in the city of New York." I saw him at my office within an hour after he had received the news, and he had not yet got over the surprise and excitement of this unexpected event. Yet, as he paced up and down, revolving the prospect of a separation from home and home scenes, he appeared less impressed with the distinction conferred, than alive to the pain of such an exile. "It is hard — very hard," he half murmured to himself, half said to me; "yet," he added, whimsically enough, being struck with the seeming absurdity of such a view, "I must try and bear it. *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"

At a later period, and in a different mood, he spoke of this appointment to me as "the crowning honor of his life;" yet I am persuaded he would have declined it, but for a confident belief that a diplomatic residence at Madrid need work no interruption to his "Life of Washington," the literary task upon which he had now set his heart.

The following letter was written after he had been dubiously balancing the pros and cons for a time in my presence, and had concluded by a determination to accept. It is addressed to his brother Ebenezer at Sunnyside, now his home; his growing deafness and advancing years disqualifying him for further active occupation in the city.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER: —

I have been astounded, this morning, by the intelligence of my having been nominated to the Senate as Minister to Spain. The nomination, I

presume, will be confirmed. Nothing was ever more unexpected. It was perfectly unsolicited.

I have determined to accept. . . . .

In the following unofficial letter from Mr. Webster we find that the appointment had taken place: —

WASHINGTON, February 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: —

You will have heard of your nomination and appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid. I assure you it gives me pleasure to have been instrumental in calling you to so distinguished a post in the public service. If a gentleman of more merit and higher qualifications had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations.

The time of your departure from this country will be left to your own convenience. We have some confidential subjects, depending between the United States and Spain, in regard to which it would be well that you would confer with the Department, before you repair to your post.

I am, truly and cordially, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The suggestion of this appointment, however readily it may have been adopted by the President, John Tyler, originated with Mr. Webster, who, in the first month of his Secretaryship, had been agitating Mr. Irving's name for a diplomatic post. The sudden death of the President, General Harrison, very probably effected a change in his views at that time, but his purpose would seem, from this evidence, to have remained. Mr. Irving's old friend, William C. Preston, then a Senator of the United States from South Carolina, is also linked in this testimo-

nial. "I have rarely performed," writes that gentleman in a letter to Gouverneur Kemble now before me, dated February 18th, "an official duty with more pleasure than that of reporting Irving from the Committee of Foreign Relations, and moving his confirmation. Such things make pleasant little green spots amid our wearisome pitching and tossing here. It was very gratifying, the cordial feeling manifested on both sides of the Senate."

The following is his letter of acceptance: —

NEW YORK, February 18, 1842.

The Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, *Secretary of State, Washington:* —

SIR,—I accept, with no common feelings of pride and gratitude, the honorable post offered me by the Government, of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. It will take some little time for me to arrange my affairs preparatory to so sudden and unexpected a change of position and pursuits, but I trust to be ready to depart early in April, previous to which time I will visit Washington, to receive my instructions. I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Previous to the date of this formal acceptance, Mr. Irving had intimated a desire to have Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell appointed as Secretary of the Legation. "He is a gentleman," he wrote, "with whom I am on terms of confidential intimacy, and I know no one who, by his various acquirements, his prompt sagacity, his knowledge of the world, his habits of business, and his obliging disposition, is so calculated to give me that counsel, aid, and

companionship so important in Madrid, where a stranger is more isolated than in any other capital of Europe."

It was an object of great solicitude to him to get the right person for this important and confidential relation; but just as he had succeeded in procuring the appointment for Cogswell, Mr. John Jacob Astor, finding that he was likely to lose the invaluable services of this gentleman in organizing the Astor Library, made him librarian of that embryo institution; and Mr. Irving, unwilling to stand in the way of a selection so admirable and of so much public importance, set about procuring the appointment of another in his place. His personal comfort and happiness were somewhat at stake in this matter, and it was a little doubtful whether he could get his inclinations consulted in another choice. He was most fortunate, however, in accomplishing the appointment of Alexander Hamilton, Jr., for the post; though not without some political scruples on the part of Mr. Tyler, which were finally yielded to a conviction of his fitness for the place, and a disposition to oblige the newly appointed Minister.

Taking no lady with him to preside over his bachelor establishment at Madrid, his Secretary of Legation and two young gentlemen, Hector Ames, a son of Barrett Ames, of the city of New York, and J. Carson Brevoort, a son of his old friend, Henry Brevoort, would comprise his diplomatic family — the two last as attachés.

It was just when Mr. Irving had received the appointment of Minister to Spain, that Charles Dickens made

his first appearance in New York, having arrived shortly before at Boston.

The genial and lamented Felton, at this date Professor, afterward President of Harvard University, was visiting New York at the same time; and after the death of Mr. Irving, in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in paying his tribute to his memory, gives the following characteristic picture of their intercourse at that period: —

The time when I saw the most of Mr. Irving was the winter of 1842, during the visit of Charles Dickens in New York. I had known this already distinguished writer in Boston and Cambridge, and while passing some weeks with my dear and lamented friend, Albert Sumner. I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, often meeting him in the brilliant society which then made New York a most agreeable resort. Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Davis, and others scarcely less attractive by their genius, wit and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world. I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens; and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his fervent genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said, in his frank, hearty manner, that from his childhood he had known the works of Irving; and that, before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the "Story of Little Nell:" and from that day they had shaken hands *autographically* across the Atlantic. Great and varied as was the genius of Mr. Irving, there was one thing he shrank with a comical terror from attempting, and that was *a dinner speech*. A great dinner, however, was to be given to Mr. Dickens in New York, as one had already been given in Boston; and it was evident to all that no man but Washington Irving could be thought of to preside. With all his

dread of making a speech, he was obliged to obey the universal call, and to accept the painful preëminence. I saw him daily during the interval of preparation, either at the lodgings of Dickens, or at dinner or evening parties. I hope I showed no want of sympathy with his forebodings, but I could not help being amused with the tragi-comical distress which the thought of that approaching dinner had caused him. His pleasant humor mingled with the real dread, and played with the whimsical horrors of his own position with an irresistible drollery. Whenever it was alluded to, his invariable answer was, "I shall certainly break down!"—uttered in a half-melancholy tone, the ludicrous effect of which it is impossible to describe. He was haunted, as if by a nightmare; and I could only compare his dismay to that of Mr. Pickwick, who was so alarmed at the prospect of leading about that "dreadful horse" all day. At length the long-expected evening arrived; a company of the most eminent persons, from all the professions and every walk of life, were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. I had gladly accepted an invitation, making it, however, a condition that I should not be called upon to speak—a thing I then dreaded quite as much as Mr. Irving himself. The direful compulsions of life have since helped me to overcome, in some measure, the post-prandial fright. Under the circumstances—an invited guest, with no impending speech—I sat calmly, and watched with interest the imposing scene. I had the honor to be placed next but one to Mr. Irving, and the great pleasure of sharing in his conversation. He had brought the manuscript of his speech, and laid it under his plate. "I shall certainly break down," he repeated over and over again. At last the moment arrived. Mr. Irving rose, and was received with deafening and long-continued applause, which by no means lessened his apprehension. He began in his pleasant voice; got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next hesitated; and, after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up, with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and the troops of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." "There!" said he, as he resumed his seat under a repetition of the applause which had saluted his rising; "there! I told you I should break down, and I've done it."

There certainly never was made a shorter after-dinner speech; I doubt if there ever was a more successful one. The manuscript seemed to be a dozen or twenty pages long, but the printed speech was not as many lines. I suppose that manuscript may be still in existence: and if so, I wish it may be published.* Mr. Irving often spoke with a good-humored envy of the felicity with which Dickens always acquitted himself on such occasions.

The following letter is addressed to his brother from Washington, where he and "Boz" had gone shortly after the Dickens dinner:—

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

My reception in Washington, by all persons and parties, has been of the most gratifying kind. The government seems disposed to grant me every indulgence as to the time and mode of my embarkation, my route, etc. I shall remain here until some time in the early part of next week, to read the correspondence and documents connected with my mission, and to make myself acquainted with the affairs of the legation, after which I shall return home to make my final preparations for departure.

I dined with Mr. Granger yesterday; Mr. Webster to-day; I dine to-morrow with Mr. Preston, of the Senate, the next day with the President, and on Saturday with Mr. Tayloe; so you see I am launched in a complete round of dissipation. Last evening I was at the President's *levee*—a prodigious crowd. I set out to walk, with Julia S. on my arm, but was penned up against the wall, and for an hour had to stand shaking hands with man, woman and child from all parts of the Union, who took a notion to *lionize* me. I thought I had become so old a story as to be past

*The manuscript, which consisted, no doubt, only of notes or hints, was probably destroyed at the time.—ED.

all such bozzing, but they seem to think me brought out in a new edition at Washington. . . . .

In the following we have a further glimpse of Boz and Diedrich: —

[*Charles Dickens to Washington Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, Monday afternoon, March 21, 1842.

MY DEAR IRVING: —

We passed through—literally passed through—this place again to-day. I did not come to see you, for I really have not the heart to say "good-by" again, and felt more than I can tell you when we shook hands last Wednesday.

You will not be at Baltimore, I fear? I thought at the time, that you only said you might be there, to make our parting the gayer.

Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you, I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give, if we could have but a quiet week together! Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you have ever leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive — leisure from listlessness, I mean — and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure.

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Seventeen days later, when his departure was close at hand, he addresses the following letter to his niece, Sarah Irving, at his cottage: —

NEW YORK, April 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

I have given Pierre M. Irving a full power of attorney to act in my name, and have made arrangements with him for the conduct of my pecuniary affairs. . . . .

And now, my dear, good little girl, God bless you! You have been like a daughter, and an affectionate one, to me, and so have all your sisters; and have, by your kind attentions, made the years I have lived among you one of the happiest portions of my life. In a little while we shall come together again, I trust, and then we will have merry times at sweet little Sunnyside.

With my love to all the flock, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 10th of April he embarked for Liverpool with fine weather and fair wind.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. IRVING IN LONDON. — LEVEE. — RECEPTION AT COURT.—MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.—ROGERS.—LESLIE.—JAMES BANDINEL.—MONASTIC SECLUSION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE LITERARY FUND. — THE QUEEN'S GRAND FANCY BALL. — AT PARIS.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS. — PRESENTMENT TO LOUIS PHILIPPE AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT NEUILLY.

THE following letter gives the first tidings of the author's arrival in England:—

[*To Mrs. Paris, at Tarrytown.*]

LONDON, May 3, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I have arrived in England *before my ship*, and in London before visiting Birmingham; and these are the circumstances of the case: We had a fair wind and fine voyage until we made the Irish coast, when the wind came ahead. After beating for a day or two in the channel, with the prospect of passing several more days on shipboard, a steam packet hove in sight. A signal brought it within hail. It was bound from Cork for Bristol, where it would arrive on the following day. Several of my fellow-passengers and myself, therefore, got on board, and were landed on the following day (April 30th) at Bristol.

. . . . We landed after dark, and the next morning I set off in the railroad cars for London. These railroads have altered the whole style and course of travelling in England. You fly through the country rather

than ride. We were about four hours travelling a distance of one hundred miles; and such admirable vehicles. I sat as comfortably cushioned and accommodated as in my old Voltaire chair at the cottage. The railroads, too, were so well finished, that you experience none of the jarring and vibration that are felt in ours. In this way we are whirled through a succession of enchanting scenery, in all the freshness of spring; the weather was lovely, and the sunshine worthy of our own country. . . . .

The letter of varying date to Mrs. Paris, which follows, is begun at the residence of his sister, at Birmingham:—

THE SHRUBBERY, May 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I wrote you a hasty scrawl a few days since, from London. I was detained in town three or four days by business, and then set off for Birmingham, where I arrived in about five hours by railroad, travelling without the least fatigue.

While I was in London I attended the levee, to be presented. I know the great interest you take in the young Queen, and that you will expect some account of her. She is certainly quite low in stature, but well formed and well rounded. Her countenance, though not decidedly handsome, is agreeable and intelligent; her eyes light blue, with light eyelashes; and her mouth generally a little open, so that you can see her teeth. She acquits herself in her receptions with great grace, and even with dignity. Prince Albert stood beside her—a tall, elegantly formed young man, with a handsome, prepossessing countenance. He is said to be frank, manly, intelligent, and accomplished; to be fond of his little wife, who, in turn, is strongly attached to him. It is rare to see such a union of pure affection on a throne.

I experienced a very kind reception at court; was warmly welcomed by many members of the diplomatic corps, though most of them were strangers to me; but I met several of my old acquaintances among the ministers—Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, etc.

Among the most gratifying meetings with old friends during my brief

sojourn in London, I must mention those with Mr. Rogers and with Leslie. Mr. Rogers was quite affected on meeting with me (it was at a dinner party at our Minister's, Mr. Everett's). The old man took me in his arms in quite a paternal manner. He begins to show the marks of his advanced age, though he still goes out to parties, and is almost as much in company as ever. Leslie is occupied in painting a picture of the Royal Christening. His picture of the Coronation has been the making of him. He has more orders for paintings than he can execute.

Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, *May 9th.*—I returned to town on Saturday, after passing two days in Birmingham, intending to pay it another and a longer visit before I leave England. I am here ensconced in the very heart of this old monastic establishment, with an old friend who keeps bachelor's hall in one of the interior buildings connected with the Abbey. My host is Mr. James Bandinel, of the Foreign Office, with whom I became acquainted during my former diplomatic residence in London. He is a peculiar character; a capital scholar, a man variously and curiously informed, of great worth, kindness, and hospitality. His quarters in the old Abbey are a perfect "old curiosity shop," furnished with all kinds of antiquities and curiosities: quaint old furniture; the walls hung with ancient armor; weapons of all ages and countries; curious pictures, etc., etc.; cases and shelves of old books in every room. The entrance to this singular and monkish nest is through the vaulted passages and the long arcades of the cloisters, over the tombstones (inserted in the pavements) of the ancient abbots, which I have mentioned in the "Sketch Book," and past that mural monument, with a marble figure reclining on it, which frightened Sarah so much that evening when she was brought to the Abbey unexpectedly by Mr. Storrow. I have repeatedly passed through these cloisters and by that monument at midnight on my way home from a party, and on one occasion the Abbey clock struck twelve just as I was passing. How strange it seems to me that I should thus be nestled quietly in the very heart of this old pile, that used to be so much the scene of my half-romantic half-meditative haunts, during my scribbling days. It is like my sojourn in the halls of the Alhambra. Am I always to have my dreams turned into realities?

May 13th.—I have kept this letter by me several days, but have been unable to add a word, such is the hurry of engagements, visits, calls, notes, etc., etc., in this overwhelming metropolis. I have neither rest by day nor sleep by night, and am almost fagged out. I had hoped to enjoy some delightful quiet in this glorious seclusion of the heart of the cloisters, but the claims of the world follow me here, and keep me in continual agitation. Last Sunday, it is true, I had a delicious treat in hearing the cathedral service performed in a noble style, with the chants of the choir, and the accompaniment of the organ; but besides this, I have seen nothing of the Abbey, excepting to pass to and fro, by night and day, through the cloisters, making the vaults and monuments echo with my footsteps at midnight.

I have not been able to call on many of my old friends, but have met some of them on public occasions. Many of the literary men I met at an anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, at which Prince Albert presided. Here I sat beside my friend Moore, the poet, who came to town to attend the dinner. He looks thinner than when I last saw him, and has the cares and troubles of the world thickening upon him as he advances in years. He has two sons; both had commissions in the army. The youngest has recently returned home, broken in health, and in danger of a consumption. The elder, Tom, has been rather wild, and is on his return from India, having, for some unknown reason, sold his commission. The expenses of these two sons bear hard upon poor Moore, and he talks with some despondency of the likelihood of his having to come upon the Literary Fund for assistance. The Literary Fund dinner was very splendid, and there was much dull speaking from various distinguished characters. I had come to it with great reluctance, knowing that my health would be drunk; and, though I had determined not to make a speech in reply, yet the very idea of being singled out, and obliged to get on my legs and return thanks, made me nervous throughout the evening. The flattering speech of Sir Robert Inglis, by which the toast was preceded, and the very warm and prolonged cheering by which it was receeived, instead of relieving, contributed to agitate me, and I felt as if I

would never attend a public dinner again, where I should have to undergo such a trial.

There is an amusing description, in the Diary of Thomas Moore, of his endeavors to persuade Mr. Irving to be present at this annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society, which I am tempted to extract in this place, though, in so doing, I break off from the letter, to return to it, however, again: —

[*From the Diary of Thomas Moore.*]

May 10*th.*—Started for town, leaving our dear boy somewhat better. Found, with my usual good luck, a note from Murray, asking me to meet at dinner, *to-day*, the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more — Washington Irving. Called at Murray's, to say "Yes, yes," with all my heart.

11*th.*—Went to the Literary Fund Chambers to see what were the arrangements, and where I was to be seated, having, in a note to Blewitt, the Secretary, begged him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and Washington Irving. All right. By the by, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's, with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point; that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens' dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That *Dickens'* dinner," which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering all the time with his right

arm, *more suo*,— "that *Dickens'* dinner" still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective, from such a man, than all the stammered-out rigmaroles that the rest of the speechifiers will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd, that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bringing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined attending this dinner under a similar apprehension, and only consented on condition that his health should not be given.

Whether Moore's suggestion was adopted or not, certain it is that Mr. Irving did little more than bow his thanks to the toast of Sir Robert Inglis. Happily, the brilliant Everett, never at a loss, was there to speak for the honor of American literature.

I now resume with some further passages from the letter to his sister: —

I believe I told you, in a previous letter, of the public dinner that had been intended me at Liverpool. I have since received an invitation to accept a public dinner at Glasgow, which, of course, I declined; indeed, the manifestations of public regard which I have continually experienced since my arrival have been quite overpowering.

Last evening I was at the Queen's grand fancy ball, which surpassed, in splendor and picturesque effect, any courtly assemblage that I ever

witnessed or could imagine. The newspapers are full of details of this magnificent pageant, and I must refer you to them for particulars, for the whole is a scene of bewilderment in my recollection. There were at least two thousand persons present, all arrayed in historical, poetical, or fanciful costumes, or in rich military or court uniforms. A kind of scheme was given to the whole, by making it the representation of the visit of Anne of Brittany (the character sustained by the Duchess of Cambridge) to the Court of Edward III. (Prince Albert) and his Queen Philippa (Queen Victoria). The respective sovereigns had all their courtiers and attendants in the costumes of the times, faithfully executed after old historical paintings and engravings. There was a reality mingled with the fiction of the scene. Here royalty represented royalty, and nobility represented nobility. Many of the personages present played the parts of their own ancestors, their dresses being faithfully copied from old family paintings by Vandyke and other celebrated persons. There was no tinsel nor stage trumpery in the dresses and jewels; all was of the richest materials, such as the characters represented would have worn; and there was on all sides a blaze of diamonds beyond anything I had ever seen. The saloons of the palace were of great size, so that there was ample room for display; and nothing could surpass the effect of the various groups, processions, etc., or the splendor of the assemblage in the Throne Room, where Albert and Victoria, as Edward and Philippa, were seated in state, receiving the homage of the brilliant throng.

I had a very favorable situation in one part of the evening, near the royal party, when the different quadrilles, each in uniform costumes, danced before them. The personage who appeared least to enjoy the scene seemed to me to be the little Queen herself. She was flushed and heated, and evidently fatigued and oppressed with the state she had to keep up, and the regal robes in which she was arrayed, and especially by a crown of gold, which weighed heavy on her brow, and to which she was continually raising her hand to move it slightly when it pressed. I hope and trust her real crown sits easier. Prince Albert looked uncommonly well in his costume. He would have realized the idea you have no doubt

formed of a prince, from all that you have read in fairy tales. He came up to where I was standing, and held some little conversation with me. He speaks English very well, and his manner is extremely bland and prepossessing.

The Shrubbery, *May 16th.*—I was interrupted in my letter, and had to abandon it. Yesterday I made my escape from London, in spite of a host of tempting invitations, and came off here, glad to get a little repose. I arrived wearied, exhausted, rheumatic (which I have been ever since my arrival on the coast of England); and yesterday afternoon, and all last evening, could do little else than sleep, to make up for nights of broken rest. . . . .

A few days afterward he embarked at Southampton for France, in company with Hector Ames, of New York, who was to be attached to the Legation at Madrid, and form one of his household.

The following characteristic extract is taken from a letter to his niece, Sarah Irving, an inmate of Sunnyside, in reply to some welcome intelligence from home. It is dated five days after his arrival in Paris, and is addressed to her from beneath the roof of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, with whom he was staying while in that city.

May 29th, 1842.— . . . . My visit to Europe has by no means the charm of former visits. Scenes and objects have no longer the effect of novelty with me. I am no longer curious to see great sights or great people, and have been so long accustomed to a life of quiet that I find the turmoil of the world becomes irksome to me. Then I have a house of my own, a little domestic world, created in a manner by my own hand, which I have left behind, and which is continually haunting my thoughts, and coming in contrast with the noisy, tumultuous, heartless world in which I am called to mingle. However, I am somewhat of a philosopher, and

can accommodate myself to changes, so I shall endeavor to resign myself to the splendor of courts and the conversation of courtiers, comforting myself with the thought that the time will arrive when I shall once more return to sweet little Sunnyside, and be able to sit on a stone fence, and talk about politics and rural affairs with neighbor Forkel and Uncle Brom.

In a similar vein he writes to his sister Mrs. Paris, the same day :—

. . . . Hitherto, since my arrival in Paris, I have been living very quietly, avoiding all engagements, that I might pass my time as much as possible with Sarah ; but now I shall have to launch in some degree into society. I have to make diplomatic calls in company with our Minister, General Cass, and these will lead, more or less, to various engagements. Fortunately, the fashionable season is over ; the royal family are absent, and there is less call for visits of ceremony and crowded entertainments. Still I feel a mortal repugnance to launching into the stream of public life, and I cling as long as possible to the quiet shore I am about to leave. I endeavor to conform to our old family motto, *Sub sole sub umbra virens* (flourishing in the sun and in the shade) ; but I think, upon the whole, I am more calculated for the shade.

My predecessor, Mr. Vail, expects me early in July, and is anxious to leave Madrid with his family before the intense heats of summer. I have made a kind of half arrangement by letter, with Mr. Vail, by which I shall take up my quarters with him when I arrive, and pretty much take his establishment, carriage, furniture, and servants off his hands. . . . . I shall thus have a home at once on my arrival, without being subjected to the loss of time and trouble, the bother, and perplexity, and cheatery, which I would otherwise incur in forming an establishment. I mention this to you because I know you are anxious on this point. . . . .

Not long after he entertains the same correspondent with the following :—

PARIS, June 10, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

A few days since I drove out, in the evening, with our Minister, General Cass, to Neuilly, one of the royal country residences near Paris, to be presented to the King. Neuilly is situated in the midst of an English park, through which we had a pleasant drive. I observed sentinels stationed here and there about the park—a precaution taken in consequence of the repeated attempts upon the life of the King. Louis Philippe, I am told, is extremely annoyed, in his rides on horseback about the park, at finding himself thus under perpetual surveillance. He says he is almost as badly off as Napoleon at Longwood, who could never find himself out of sight of a sentinel.

A suite of saloons on the ground floor of the palace were lighted up. Very little formality is observed in these country receptions. Passing through a number of domestics in the entrance hall, we found our way from one chamber to another, until we came to where the company were assembled in a central saloon. The Queen and Madame Adelaide (sister to the King) were seated with several ladies, at a round table, at work. The King was conversing by turns with gentlemen who were standing in groups round the room, some few of whom (General Cass and myself among the number), who were there on ceremony, were in court uniforms. The King was simply dressed in black, with pantaloons and shoes. I am thus particular in noting his dress, knowing your curiosity with respect to royalty, and lest you should suppose that kings and queens are always in long velvet robes, with golden crowns on their heads. The King has altered much since I last saw him (which was in 1830, when he took the oaths of office). Age may begin to weigh upon him, but care, no doubt, still more. He is less erect than he used to be, and at times stoops considerably. How different from what he was when I first saw him, nearly twenty years since—as the Duke of Orleans, in hussar uniform, mounted on a superb horse, in a public procession, the admiration of every eye! Still he is a fine-looking man for his years, and appeared to be in good health and good spirits, laughing heartily with some of those with whom he was conversing. In his conversation with General Cass and myself, he

spoke of American affairs, and showed himself to be minutely observant of all that was passing in our country, and of the state of its relations with its neighbors in Canada, Texas, and Mexico. I am told he keeps a vigilant eye upon the newspapers, and thus informs himself of what is going on in all parts of the world.

The Queen, who is a most excellent, amiable person, is pale and thin, with blue eyes, and hair quite white. Nothing can be kinder than her manners. Her life is an anxious one. The repeated attempts upon the life of her husband, and even of her sons, have filled her with alarm, and I am told she is in a state of nervous agitation whenever they are absent on some public occasion of ceremony. She is a devoted wife and mother, a perfect pattern in the domestic relations of life. The King's sister, Madame Adelaide, is a woman of more force of character; resembles the King in features, possesses vigorous good sense and great ambition. She is said to take great interest in public affairs, and in the stability of her brother's throne.

In a letter to myself, dated June 26, he mentions the arrival in Paris of Alexander Hamilton, his Secretary of Legation, and J. Carson Brevoort, one of his attachés, and adds:

Being now joined by my household, I shall set forward for Spain as soon as possible, though I suppose they will want a little time at Paris to fit themselves out. I am anxious to be at my post, to have my establishment formed, my books and papers about me, and to get settled. The restless life I have led for some months past has grown extremely irksome, and the continual shifting of the scene, and of the *dramatis personæ*, distracts my mind without interesting me. I am too old a frequenter of the theatre of life to be much struck with novelty, pageant, or stage effect, and could willingly have remained in my little private *loge* at Sunnyside, and dozed out the rest of the performance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL AT MADRID.—HIS NEW HOME.—DUKE DE GOR.—AUDIENCE OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—INTERVIEW WITH THE REGENT.—AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN.—THE ROUTINE OF A DAY.

FTER being detained in Paris somewhat longer than he had wished, Mr. Irving set out for Madrid in company with the future members of his diplomatic family. He reached his post on the morning of July 25th, and at once found himself the master of a new home. Five days after his arrival he writes:—

I am completely installed in the late residence of Mr. Vail, and shall probably continue to reside there for some time to come, as it is not easy to find a suitable habitation in that part of the city which I should prefer. I am in one wing, or half, of the hotel of the Duke of San Lorenzo; the opposite wing is occupied by Mr. Albuquerque, Brazilian resident Minister, who married one of the Miss Oakeys, of New York, so that we have a very pleasant and intelligent countrywoman for near neighbor. We are not far from the royal library and the royal palace.

The other morning, as I was seated in the saloon conversing with a gentleman, the servant announced the Duke de Gor; in a moment I was in his arms. You may remember that this was the nobleman with whom I was so intimate at Granada, at whose house I was so often a guest, and who, with his children, made me frequent visits in the Alhambra. He is now

resident with his family in Madrid. I cannot express to you how rejoiced I was to see him. He is a most estimable character in every respect; one of the *Moderados*, and therefore not exactly in favor with the party in power. He is a leading man, however, in all public institutions, and the Duchess is at the head of many of the charitable institutions. The Duke gave me anecdotes of my friends in Granada. Mateo, on the strength of my writings, is quite the cicerone of Granada and the Alhambra. Dolores and her husband reside elsewhere. The lovely little Nina, the daughter of the old Count, she who was quite my admiration and delight, is dead. . . . . The Duke was accompanied by a young gentleman, whom he recalled to my recollection as little Nicholas, *alias El Rey Chico*, who, a very small boy, had chased bats about the vaulted halls of the Alhambra. . . . .

An evening or two since, I had my audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Count Almodovar, who received me in the most courteous manner, expressing his satisfaction at my being sent to this court. I delivered him an official copy of the President's letter to the Queen, and requested that a day might be assigned for me to present the original to the Regent. The day after to-morrow (Monday), at one o'clock, is appointed for the ceremonial. Mr. Albuquerque (hitherto *chargé d'affaires*) will present his letters of credence as resident Minister at the same time. This ceremony over, I shall be a regularly accredited Minister, and will then make my visits of ceremony to the heads of departments and the gentlemen of the diplomatic corps. I am curious to have this presentation, that I may have an interview with Espartero, the Regent, who certainly is one of the most remarkable men of the age. I have as yet only seen him one day in public, on the Prado, when I was pleased with his soldier-like air and manly deportment.

The following letter relates his audience with the Regent and the Queen, and reads, in some of its particulars, like a chapter in the romance of history. In sending it unsealed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, to be read and for-

warded, he writes: "You are curious about the little Queen and her sister. The enclosed letter to your mother will give you some particulars about them. I feel a great interest in them, isolated as they are at such a tender age, surrounded by dreary magnificence, and by the political and military precautions incident to the present position of the government."

[*To Mrs. Paris, New York.*]

MADRID, August 3, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

The day before yesterday I had my audience of the Regent, Espartero, Duke of Victoria, to present to him my original letter of credence from the President to the Queen. I was accompanied by Mr. Vail, who went to take leave, and by Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of Legation. We were in diplomatic uniform. The Regent resides in a very spacious palace called Buena Vista, formerly belonging to the Prince of the Peace. It has an elevated site, with terraces in front, so that it might resist an attack and maintain a respectable defense—an important consideration in the residence of the present military head of the government, who is surrounded by dangers, and the object of incessant machinations.

We passed by sentinels posted at the entrance and in various parts of the palace, and were introduced into an anteroom of spacious dimensions, with busts of Espartero in two of the corners, and a picture of him in one of his most celebrated battles. Some of his officers and aides-de-camp were in this room, as well as Mr. Cavalcanti de Albuquerque, *chargé d'affaires* of Brazil, who came to deliver letters of credence as resident Minister. After a little while we (Mr. Vail, Hamilton, and myself) were ushered into an inner saloon, at one end of which Espartero stationed himself, with Count Almodovar, Minister of State, on his right hand. I advanced, and read in Spanish a short address, stating that I had the honor of delivering the letter of the President to the Queen into his

hands, as Regent of the kingdom, and expressing the sentiments of respect and good-will entertained by my government for the sovereign of this country, for its institutions, and its people; its desire to draw still closer the bonds of comity which exist between the two nations, and its ardent wish for the prosperity and glory of Spain under its present constitutional form of government. I concluded by expressing my own feelings of gratification in being appointed to a mission, the only object of which, I trusted, would be to cultivate the relations of good-will between my own country and a country which I had ever held in the highest consideration. My address was well received, and the Regent replied in a manly, frank, cordial, and courteous manner, responding to the expressions of national good-will, and ending with some complimentary expressions to myself. I then introduced Mr. Hamilton as Secretary of Legation, after which, Mr. Vail having taken leave of the Regent with mutual expressions of respect and good-will, we retired to the anteroom, to make way for the Brazilian Minister.

It being signified to us that the Queen would receive us at the royal palace, we drove thither, but had to wait some time in the apartment of Count Almodovar. After a while we had notice that the Queen was prepared to receive us. We accordingly passed through the spacious court, up the noble staircase, and through the long suites of apartments of this splendid edifice, most of them silent and vacant, the casements closed to keep out the heat, so that a twilight reigned throughout the mighty pile, not a little emblematical of the dubious fortunes of its inmates. It seemed more like traversing a convent than a palace. I ought to have mentioned, that on ascending the grand staircase, we found the portal at the head of it, opening into the royal suite of apartments, still bearing the marks of the midnight attack upon the palace in October last, when an attempt was made to get possession of the persons of the little Queen and her sister, to carry them off, that their presence might give strength and authority to the party of the Queen-mother (Queen Maria Christina, now at Paris), in any contemplated insurrection or invasion of the country to regain the authority which she had abdicated. The marble casements of the doors had been shattered in several places, and the double

doors themselves pierced all over with bullet-holes, from the musketry that played upon them from the staircase during that eventful night. What must have been the feelings of those poor children, on listening, from their apartment, to the horrid tumult, the outcries of a furious multitude, and the reports of firearms, echoing and reverberating through the vaulted halls and spacious courts of this immense edifice, and dubious whether their own lives were not the object of the assault!

After passing through various chambers of the palace, now silent and sombre, but which I had traversed in former days on grand court occasions in the time of Ferdinand VII., when they were glittering with all the splendor of a court, we paused in a great saloon, with high, vaulted ceiling incrusted with florid devices in porcelain, and hung with silken tapestry, but all in dim twilight like the rest of the palace. At one end of the saloon a door opened to an almost interminable range of other chambers, through which, at a distance, we had a glimpse of some indistinct figures in black. They glided into the saloon slowly, and with noiseless steps. It was the little Queen with her governess, Madame Mina, widow of the general of that name, and her guardian, the excellent Arguelles, all in deep mourning for the Duke of Orleans. The little Queen advanced some steps within the saloon, and then paused; Madame Mina took her station a little distance behind her. The Count Almodovar then introduced me to the Queen in my official capacity, and she received me with a grave and quiet welcome, expressed in a very low voice. She is nearly twelve years of age, and is sufficiently well grown for her years. She has a somewhat fair complexion, quite pale, with bluish or light gray eyes; a grave demeanor, but a graceful deportment. I could not but regard her with deep interest, knowing what important concerns depended upon the life of this fragile little being, and to what a stormy and precarious career she might be destined. Her solitary position, also, separated from all her kindred except her little sister, a mere effigy of royalty in the hands of statesmen, and surrounded by the formalities and ceremonials of state, which spread sterility around the occupant of a throne. I must observe, however, that the little Queen and her sister are treated with great deference and protecting kindness; that in Madame Mina, and

in the upright, intelligent, and kind-heated Arguelles, they have the best of guardians. . . . .

As I was retiring from the presence chamber, I was overtaken by Arguelles, who accosted me in the most cordial manner, reminding me of our having met in London, at the time of my return from Spain, when he was in a state of exile. I had not recollected the circumstance, though I well remembered having heard him often spoken of, during my former residence in Spain, as one of the best spirits of the nation. He promised to call upon me, and I looked forward with interest to cultivating an intimacy with a man who holds in his hands a sacred trust, so important to the future destinies of Spain. He and Espartero are men I felt extreme interest in seeing. Espartero is a fine, manly, soldier-like fellow, with a frank deportment, a face full of resolution and intelligence, and a bright, beaming black eye. He was dressed in full uniform, with various orders. He has before him a grand career, if he follows it out as he has begun, and is permitted to carry it to a successful termination. I am inclined to think his ambition of the right kind, and that he has the good of his country at heart. If he can conduct the affairs of Spain through the storms and quicksands that beset his regency; if he can establish the present constitutional form of government on a firm basis, and, when the Queen arrives at the age to mount the throne, resign the power into her hands, and give up Spain to her, reviving in its industry and its resources, peaceful at home and respected abroad, he will leave a name in history to be enrolled among the most illustrious of patriots.

I cannot but feel a deep interest in the fortunes of this harassed, impoverished, depressed, yet proud-spirited and noble country, and a most earnest desire to see it relieved from its troubles and embarrassments, and reëstablished in a prosperous and independent stand among the nations. . . . .

I am looking for the arrival of my books and papers, which were forwarded from New York to Cadiz. As soon as I receive them, I shall set to work at my "Life of Washington," and foresee that I shall have abundant leisure here for literary occupation.

These expectations of leisure for literary occupation were doomed to be sadly frustrated by a long indisposition, and other interruptions consequent upon his diplomatic position.

The following, addressed to a niece, a daughter of his deceased sister, then residing temporarily at Sunnyside, gives an interesting picture of a day's life at Madrid:—

[*To Mrs. E. R.*]

MADRID, August 16, 1842.

MY DEAR ELIZA:—

. . . . Having no news to tell you that is not in the other letters to the family, I shall give you a picture of the routine of one day, which will serve pretty much for a specimen of every day in the week. I rise about five o'clock, that I may have a good start of the sun, which rules like a tyrant throughout the day. Throwing open the doors and windows of my chamber to admit a free current of the morning air, I occupy myself reading and writing until about eight o'clock. At this time the distant sound of military music gives notice of the troops on their way to relieve guard at the royal palace. In a little while the horse-guards pass under my window, with a band of music on horseback, performing some favorite march or military air. I watch and listen as they prance down the street, between spacious dwellings of the nobility, and turn into the passage leading to the palace; by this time another band of music comes swelling from a distance, and the foot-guards approach in quick step to some glorious march or waltz; by the time these have disappeared, I am summoned to breakfast, which is always a lively meal with us. While we are seated at breakfast, we again hear the strains of military music, and the troops come back from relieving guard, reversing the order of their march — the foot-guards coming first, and the horse-guards afterward. This pageant, which invariably takes place at the same hour every morning, is a regale of which we never get tired. On our breakfast table are

laid the Madrid gazettes, which seldom contain anything of peculiar interest. Shortly after breakfast arrives the mail, with Paris and London papers, which occupy us some time in reading and discussing news. Should the mail bring, as it sometimes does, a packet of letters for the different members of the household, giving us the news and gossip of home, there is a complete scene of excitement, each hurrying on his letters, and calling out, every moment, some piece of intelligence, or some amusing anecdote. This over, we separate to our different rooms and pursuits, exchanging visits occasionally, as circumstances may require or humors dictate. The front windows of my apartments look into one of the main streets, traversing the city from the Prado, or public walk, to the royal palace, so that every movement of consequence is sure to pass through it. Immediately opposite some of my windows is a small square, with the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, on one side, and a huge mansion on the other, in a tower of which Francis I. is said to have been confined when a prisoner in Madrid. In the center of this square is a public fountain, thronged all day, and until a late hour of the night, by water carriers, male and female servants, and the populace of the neighborhood, all waiting for their turns to replenish their kegs, pitchers, and other water vessels. An officer of police attends to regulate their turns; but such is the demand for water in this thirsty climate at this thirsty season, that the fountain is a continual scene of strife and clamor. The groups that form around it, however, in their different costumes, are extremely picturesque. My day, during the hot weather, is chiefly passed in my bedroom, which I likewise make my study, It is lofty and spacious, about thirty feet by twenty-two. The heat of day is shut out, as in the rest of the house, and just sufficient light admitted to permit me to read and write. Indeed, a kind of twilight reigns throughout a Spanish house during the summer heats. At five o'clock we dine, after which some take a siesta, or lounge about until the evening is sufficiently advanced to take a promenade either on the Prado, or on the esplanade in front of the royal palace. Such is the dull heat, however, that occasionally lingers in the streets, that I frequently remain at home all the evening, taking my seat in the balcony of my room, where I can catch any night-breeze that

is stirring, and can overlook the street. Between nine and ten a running footman gives notice, by the sound of a bugle, of the approach of the Queen, on her return from her evening's drive in the Retiro and in the Prado. Next come three or four horsemen in advance; then the royal carriage, drawn by six horses, in which are the little Queen and her sister, and their *aya*, or governess, Madame Mina. As the carriage is an open barouche, and passes immediately under my balcony, I have a full view of these poor, innocent little beings, in whose isolated situation I take a great interest. Mounted attendants ride beside the carriage, and it is followed by a troop of horse, after which comes another carriage and six, with those whose duties bring them in immediate attendance upon the persons of the Queen and Princess. After this cortege has passed by, I continue in my balcony until a late hour, enjoying the gradually cooling night air, which grows more and more temperate until toward midnight, when I go to bed.

Such is the routine of most of my days during this hot weather, occasionally varied by a sultry visit of ceremony in the course of the day, or a stroll late in the evening to the Prado, or the esplanade about the palace. . . . .

I have as yet been but once to the royal museum of paintings, but it was like a peep into a gold mine. The collection was one of the very best in Europe when I was here before, but such treasures have been added to it of late years, that to my mind, it surpasses all others that I have seen. This of itself will be an inexhaustible resource to me.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—SKETCH OF SPANISH POLITICS AND SPANISH CHARACTERS.—THE INSURRECTION IN OCTOBER, 1841.—ATTEMPT TO GET POSSESSION OF THE PERSON OF THE QUEEN.—THE ROYAL PALACE.—ITS SITUATION.—DETAILS OF HIS FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.—HIS SYMPATHY IN HER POSITION.—DIPLOMATIC THEMES.—CURIOSITY ABOUT THE DELIVERY OF HIS CREDENTIALS.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE long domestic letter which I now offer, gives a peep into the affairs of the Court, and abounds in details which will account to us for the deep interest Mr. Irving took in his first audience with the little Queen. "I must confess," he writes, "the more I get acquainted with the present state of Spanish politics and the position of the government, the more does the whole assume a powerful dramatic interest, and I shall watch with great attention every shifting of the scene. The future career of this gallant soldier, Espartero, whose merits and services have placed him at the head of the government, and the future fortunes of these isolated little princesses, the Queen and her sister, have an uncertainty hanging about them worthy of the fifth act of a melodrama."

[*To Mrs. Paris, Tarrytown.*]

MADRID, September 2, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

In the letter last received from you, dated July 19th, you give me, as usual, a world of news from the *cottage*. I will, in return, give you a little history of the *palace*. I know you like to hear, now and then, what is going on in the grand world, and, from your little sheltered country nook, to "take a peep at royalty." So I will perform the promise I made you in a former letter, to give you an inkling of Spanish politics, that you may understand the present state of this harassed country.

Spain, having long experienced the evils of an absolute monarchy, where the will of the monarch was supreme law, has made repeated struggles to establish a constitutional form of government, such as is enjoyed in England and France, where the power of the king is limited and controlled by the constitution, and where the people have a voice in affairs through elective chambers of legislation. It succeeded in forming such a constitution in 1812, with the approbation of its sovereign, Ferdinand VII., who was at that time detained by Napoleon in France. The constitution was overthrown by Napoleon, who placed his brother Joseph on the throne. At the downfall of Napoleon, Ferdinand regained his throne: but, false to the nation, he refused to restore the constitution, persecuted those who had supported it, and reigned absolute monarch. A revolution, in 1820. was the consequence ; the constitution was again proclaimed, and Ferdinand again swore to support it, declaring that, in opposing it, he had acted under the influence of bad advisers. A French army, sent by Charles X., again trampled down the constitution, and replaced the faithless Ferdinand in absolute power, which he exercised for the remainder of his worthless life. At the time of my former visit to Spain, he was on the throne, and the French troops which had placed him there still lingered in the country. The liberties of Spain seemed completely prostrate, and many of her most enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic men were in exile.

In 1829, Ferdinand married, for his fourth wife, Maria Christina, sister

of the King of Naples, and niece of the present Queen of France. By her he had two daughters, his only children. In 1833, being low in health, without prospect of recovery, he became anxious to secure the succession to the throne to his own progeny; but here arose a difficulty. By long usage, the *Salique* law of France, which excludes females from the exercise of regal authority, had become naturalized in Spain. According to this, the King's eldest brother, Don Carlos, being next male heir, would inherit the crown. Ferdinand, however, supported by the opinions of men learned in the law, revived the old Spanish law of succession, which made females equally entitled to inherit with males, and quoted the reign of the illustrious Isabella of glorious memory as a case in point. The question agitated the country even before the death of Ferdinand. Don Carlos insisted on his rights, and had a strong party in his favor, composed of many of the aristocracy, who knew him to be an absolute monarchist; and by the monks and a great part of the clergy, who knew him to be a bigot. The Queen, Maria Christina, of course, stood up for the rights of her infant daughter; and her cause was the popular one, having all the *Liberals*, or those who were anxious for a constitutional government, in its favor.

Ferdinand died in 1833; and, in conformity to his will and testament, his eldest daughter, then but three years of age, was proclaimed Queen, by the name of Isabella II., and her mother, Maria Christina, Queen Regent, to exercise the royal authority in the name of her daughter, until the latter should be fourteen years of age, when, according to Spanish law, she is of age to ascend the throne. Maria Christina was likewise constituted guardian to the Queen during her minority.

Don Carlos immediately raised the standard of rebellion, and here commenced the modern "war of succession" which desolated Spain for seven years. The liberals rallied round the standard of the Queen Regent, and for a time she was exceedingly popular. Indeed, never had a woman a better opportunity of playing a noble part as a mother and a sovereign; but she proved herself unworthy of both characters. What first impaired her popularity with the Liberals was the opposition which she manifested to all their plans of salutary reform: to this, it was suspected, she was

secretly instigated by her uncle, Louis Philippe, King of France, who, though his own power originated in constitutional reform, has constantly been hostile to constitutional reform in Spain.

Another deadly blow to the popularity, and, indeed, respectability of the Queen Regent, was an unworthy connection which she formed, not very long after the death of her husband, with one of the royal body-guards, named Muños, whom she subsequently advanced in rank and fortune. This scandalous connection, it is said, was ultimately reconciled to ideas of decency by a private marriage ; though such a marriage was not valid in point of Spanish law, and, if promulgated, would have incapacitated her from acting as regent, or as guardian to the Queen. The effect of this connection, in fact, was to render Maria Christina remiss in the exercise of her high office as Regent, and, what was still worse, neglectful of her sacred duties to her legitimate children ; and the little Queen and her sister were left to the interested and venial services of the attendants about a court, to supply the want of the vigilant tenderness of a mother.

At length, in 1836, a popular movement wrung from the fears of Maria Christina what it was impossible to obtain from her gratitude or her sense of justice, and she was compelled to restore the constitution of 1812. From this time it is thought she contemplated the probability of a retirement from Spain. She had already amassed great property from her yearly allowance of two millions of dollars. This was sent out of the kingdom, as were large sums arising from the sale of every object under her control that she could convert into money. Muñoz, her minion, who formerly appeared everywhere with her in public, had for some time ceased to make himself conspicuous ; but it was known that she had lavished much of her wealth on him and his family, and that her children by this degrading union had alienated her thoughts from her regal offspring.

At length, in 1839, the civil war was brought to a close, and Don Carlos driven from the kingdom. A patriot general, Espartero, had risen to great popularity and influence by his successful campaigns, and was now commander-in-chief of the army, which idolized him, and virtually con-

troller of the politics of the kingdom. By this time Maria Christina had made herself an object of *popular* distrust, and she gave a finishing blow to her ascendency, by signing an act vesting the appointment of all municipal officers in the Crown ; thereby violating one of the grand principles of the constitution, and restoring, in a great measure, the absolute power of the throne. This rash measure she was secretly prompted to by the French Minister resident at this Court ; but, before signing the act, she repaired to Barcelona, under pretense of taking the royal children there for sea-bathing, but, in fact, to get the support of General Espartero and his victorious army, who were quartered in that city. Maria Christina miscalculated on her own reputed powers of persuasion, and on the *persuasibility*, if I may use the term, of Espartero. That general remained true to the popular cause, and warned her against the consequences of the act she contemplated. She disregarded his advice and his remonstrances, and signed the act. The consequence was, a burst of indignation from all parts of Spain, under the appalling effects of which, and the public obloquy of her connection with Muñoz, she abdicated the regency and retired from Spain, leaving her royal children to their fortunes. The little Queen and her sister, then of the respective ages of ten and eight years, were reconducted in state by Espartero to Madrid, where they were received with acclamation, replaced in their usual residence in the royal palace, and surrounded with the usual state and ceremony accorded to their rank and station. The office of Regent being vacant by the abdication of Maria Christina, Espartero was elected, and has hitherto discharged the sovereign duties with great integrity. Maria Christina having also forfeited her claims to the guardianship of the Queen and her sister, that important trust was confided to Don Augustine Arguelles, one of the most intelligent, upright, and patriotic men of Spain, who, for his lofty principles, suffered exile under the perfidious Ferdinand. A kind of maternal care has likewise been exerted over the children by the Countess Mina, widow of a patriot general. She fills the station of *aya*, or governess, and is a woman of amiable character and unblemished virtue. Their education is superintended by Quintana, one of the most learned men of the kingdom : the royal children, therefore,

are more likely to be well educated and trained up in pure principles under the persons of worth who now have charge of them, than they were under the former misrule of a corrupt and licentious court. They are treated, too, with mingled respect and tenderness ; still they cannot but feel their isolated situation, without a mother's care, and separated from all their kindred. . . . .

Maria Christina, on leaving Spain, repaired to the Court of France, where she was received with great distinction, and where she has since resided, countenanced and favored by Louis Philippe and his Queen, the latter of whom, as I have before observed, is her aunt. Her residence at Paris and in its vicinity has become the focus of all kinds of machinations against the constitutional government of Spain. Her immense wealth gave her the means of fomenting insurrections ; and the relics of the rebel armies, and the rebel generals and nobles ejected from the kingdom, have lent themselves to her plans. Louis Philippe is accused, and with apparent justice, of having countenanced her, and secretly promoted her plans, in the hope of increasing the power of his family by effecting a match between one of his sons and the little Queen. The consequence of all these plots beyond the Pyrenees was an insurrection in the north of Spain, in the month of October last, when General O'Donnell (a Spaniard in spite of his name) seized upon the citadel of Pamplona, and proclaimed Maria Christina Queen Regent. The most nefarious part of this plot was an attempt to get possession of the persons of the little Queen and her sister, and to bear them off to the rebel army, so as to give it the sanction of the royal presence. To promote this plan, immense sums had been spent in Madrid to corrupt the soldiery and the people about the palace, and the evening of the 7th of October was the time appointed for the attempt. The royal palace stands on the confines of the city, on the brow of a steep descent sweeping down into the valley of the Manzanares : it overlooks the open country toward the Guadarrama Mountains, which is so lonely, in the very vicinity of Madrid, that ten minutes' gallop from its walls takes you into scenes as savage and deserted as any of Salvator Rosa's. The palace is guarded every night by a body of troops, and is capable of a powerful defense ; but the troops who were to mount guard

that night were mostly under the influence of Generals Concha and Leon; who had been gained over to the conspiracy. Concha was an artful man, related by marriage to Espartero, so that, in this affair, he was guilty of a double treason. Leon was a brave, warm-hearted, weak-headed fellow, who, from his popularity with the soldiery, was made use of as a tool. It was a dark, tempestuous evening when the attempt was made. A part of the armed force was left to guard the avenues of the palace, and Concha and Leon, with a number of their followers, entered the main portal, rushed up the grand staircase, and expected to gain immediate entrance through the door leading into the Queen's suite of apartments, being guarded merely by a band of eighteen veteran halberdiers. To their astonishment, they met with a vigorous repulse from these gallant fellows, and several of the assailants were shot down. Repeated attempts were made to force an entrance, but were uniformly repelled with loss. The halberdiers ensconced themselves within the apartment, and fired through the wood-work of the door the moment they heard footsteps at the head of the staircase. In this way the door became completely riddled with bullet-holes, which remain to this day, and many of the assailants were slain and wounded. In the meantime, the situation of the poor little Queen and her sister may be more easily imagined than described. The repeated discharges of firearms, which reverberated through the courts and halls of the palace, the mingled shouts, and curses, and groans, and menaces which accompanied the attack, joined to the darkness of the night and the howling of the storm, filled their hearts with terror. They had no one with them but their *aya*, or governess, Madame Mina, and some of their female attendants, excepting their poor singing-master, who was as much frightened as any of the women. Ignorant of the object of this attack, and fearful that their own lives were menaced, the poor children gave themselves up to tears and outcries. The Queen threw herself into the arms of her governess, crying, "*Aya mia* (my dear *aya*), who are they? Are they rebels? What do they want of me?" The princess was in convulsions in the arms of an attendant, making the most piteous exclamations. It was with the greatest difficulty that the governess was able to soothe them into some degree of calmness. The noise of firearms continued:

attempts were heard to force a door leading through a private passage two or three musket-balls broke the windows of the apartment, but were stopped by the inside shutters. In the midst of these horrors, the poor little Princess, trembling and sobbing, called to one of the ladies in attendance, "Inez, I wish to say something to you ; Inez, I want to pray!" The wish of the innocent child was gratified ; they all knelt down at the couch of the Queen, and prayed : "And I felt relieved," says Madame Mina, in her narrative of this eventful night, "I felt relieved by the tears which I shed on contemplating the situation of those two innocent beings, who, full of fervor, directed their supplications to Heaven to protect and deliver them from a peril, the extent of which no one knew so well as I." The clamor of the attack subsided, the firing became less frequent. The attendants now spread mattresses for the Queen and her sister in a corner of the apartment where they would be safe from any random shot ; and the poor little beings, exhausted by the agitation and fatigue they had suffered, at length fell asleep.

The gallant defense of the handful of halberdiers effectually defeated this atrocious attempt. They kept the assailants at bay until assistance arrived. The alarm spread through Madrid. The regular troops and national guards assembled from all quarters ; Espartero hastened to the scene of action, and the palace was completely surrounded. Concha and Leon, seeing the case was desperate, left their followers in the lurch, and consulted their own safety in flight. They spurred their horses to the open country ; but Concha, being in ordinary dress, returned unobserved, concealed himself in Madrid, and ultimately escaped out of the kingdom. The heedless Leon, being in full general's uniform, was a marked object. He was discovered and arrested at some distance from Madrid, and, though great interest was made in his favor, was ultimately shot. . . . .

The result of this brutal attempt has been to throw complete odium on the course of Maria Christina, to confound the enemies of the constitution, and to strengthen the hands of Government. The insurrection in the provinces was speedily put down. Maria Christina hastened to disavow all share in the conspiracy: but proofs are too strong against her, and the French government stands chargeable with at least connivance.

The stand which England has taken, of late, in the matter, and the declaration of ministers in Parliament that they would not quietly permit the hostile interference of any foreign power in the affairs of Spain, has had a happy effect in checking the machinations of France. Spain now enjoys a breathing spell, and, I hope, may be enabled to regulate her internal affairs, and recover from the exhausting effects of her civil wars. The little Queen is now nearly twelve years of age ; in about two years more her minority will terminate, and, with it, the regency of Espartero. I hope, while the power still remains in his hands, he may be enabled to carry out his proposed plans of reform, and to confirm the constitutional government, so that it may not easily be shaken. . . . .

The foregoing sketch will, I trust, enable you to form an idea of the position of Spanish affairs, and to take an interest in any particulars about this Court which I may hereafter have to relate. You will understand that Spain is now a constitutional monarchy, having its *Cortes*, or representative bodies of legislature, consisting of a senate and chamber of deputies ; and that, until the Queen is fourteen years of age, Espartero (Duke of Victoria) holds the reigns of government as Regent, in her name. He is a soldier of fortune, who has risen by his merits and his services, and been placed in his present elevated situation by the votes of the *Cortes*. . . . .

You will now understand something of the jealousy and ill-will that exists between this country and France, and of the failure of the embassy of Mr. Salvandy, which made so much noise last winter. However, as the last affair may have escaped your notice, and as you and I are now embarked in diplomacy, I will call your attention to it.

After the abdication and departure of Maria Christina from Spain, the French Government, by way of slight, suffered itself for a time to remain unrepresented at the Spanish Court, excepting by a temporary *chargé d'affaires*, whereas it has usually maintained a full embassy at Madrid. At length Louis Philippe, finding that he was exciting the indignation of the Spanish people against himself, and increasing their antipathy to his nation, determined to send an ambassador. Mr. Salvandy, a man of conspicuous talents, accordingly appeared at Madrid with a brilliant train ;

but here a difficulty arose: his letter of credence was addressed to the Queen, and he was instructed to deliver it *into her hands*. He demanded an audience of her for that purpose. It was objected, on the part of the Spanish Government, that the Queen, being yet a minor, was disqualified by the constitution from the performance of any public act; that a Regent had been appointed, to whom, under that constitution, the regal power had been delegated, and who, in the name and stead of her Majesty, at his own palace, would receive Mr. Salvandy, and from his hands the credentials of which he was the bearer. The ambassador refused to deliver his letters at any other place than at the royal palace, or into any other hands than those of the Queen herself; though, he observed, the Regent, if he thought proper, might be present at the ceremonial. The Spanish Government repeated its objections, and the ambassador wrote to Paris for new instructions. The Court of France approved of what he had done, and instructed him to persist; Louis Philippe doubtless being disposed to pass a slight upon the constitutional government, and to pass by the Regent as not being the actual head. The ambassador again demanded an audience of the Queen, adding, that if he were refused, he should require his passports, take down the French arms from the front of the embassy, and withdraw with the whole embassy from the country. The Spanish Government stood firm; the matter was discussed and argued on both sides, but the Spaniards were not to be argued into the admission of any slight or indignity to the constitutional Regent of their own election. Mr. Salvandy, after several days of fruitless discussion, at length demanded passports for the embassy, which were immediately granted, and he left Madrid with his retinue the same night. He moderated so much of his diplomatic threat, however, as to leave the escutcheon of the French arms standing over the gate of the embassy, and his second secretary, as *chargé d'affaires*, to take temporary care of the affairs of the mission; otherwise a complete departure would have been tantamount to a rupture between the two nations.

You will now understand why some little importance was given to my arrival as Minister at this court. There was a curiosity to know how I

would act with respect to the delivery of my credentials. My written instructions were to present the President's letter of credence *to the Queen;* but from conversations with the government at Washington before my departure, I understood that I might regulate my conduct by circumstances. As it is a principle with us, therefore, to deal always in our diplomacy with the actual government of a country, I made no hesitation in delivering my letter into the hands of Espartero, at an audience given at his palace, specifying in my address that it was from the President to the Queen, and delivered into his hands as Regent of the kingdom. You have no doubt seen the bad translation of my address, as the government was careful to obtain from me a copy of it for publication, as it was the first time a foreign Minister had presented his credentials since the regency of Espartero. It was considered also as a precedent; and, indeed, the resident Minister of Brazil, who presented his credentials at the same time, but after me, and who is rather opposed to the present form of government, told me he should not have presented his letter of credence to Espartero, unless I had broken the way and set the example. Whether France will get over her pique, and make a step toward reconciliation with Spain, by sending a full mission, and authorizing her representative to acknowledge Espartero as the legitimate head of the government, by delivering the letter of credentials into his hand, is yet to be seen. The conduct of France toward Spain, of late years, has been anything but fair and magnanimous; and Louis Philippe, in manifesting such hostility to the constitutional forms of the government, and such a disposition to discountenance Espartero, the constitutional depositary of the regal power, seems singularly to have forgotten the history of his own elevation.

And now, having discussed these royal and diplomatic themes, I find it impossible, my dear sister, to descend to subjects of ordinary import, so shall conclude, for the present, with a promise of giving you some further anecdotes of courts, kings, and queens in my future letters, finding these matters are so much to your taste. I would observe, however, that as this letter is really meant merely for your private amusement, I do not wish it

to be shown about ; a Minister ought not to be gossiping about diplomatic affairs. Keep it, therefore, *strictly among yourselves in the family.*

And so God bless you,

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Three days after the date of the preceding epistle, alluding to his anxiety to pass as much as possible of the evening of his days at Sunnyside, he writes :—

It seems to me as if I did not half enough appreciate that home when I was there, and yet I certainly delighted in it ; but the longer I am away, the more the charm of distance gathers round it, until it begins to be all romance. I sometimes catch myself calculating the dwindling space of life that's left to me, and almost repining that so much of the best of it must be passed far away from all that I hold most dear and delightful ; but I check such thoughts, and recollect how much there is round me to interest and exercise my mind. . . . .

The following letter to a juvenile niece, the youngest daughter of his brother Ebenezer, and one of the inmates of Sunnyside, announces his change of habitation at Madrid, and gives a picture of his new abode. The letter opens, it will be perceived, in quite a sportive vein :

[*To Miss Charlotte Irving.*]

MADRID, Sept. 16, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE :—

Your letter of July 28th reached me three or four days since, and brought me a world of intelligence. First of all, your first appearance

at the Tarrytown and Dobbs' Ferry *soirées*, held that evening at Mrs. Sheldon's, at which, I trust, you produced a proper sensation. Then the invasion of Sunnyside, by sea, by a roving *piragua*, fitted out at the port of Yonkers, and manned by Edgar and a desperate crew of ladies and gentlemen. Then the invasion by land, by Mrs. ——— and Mrs. ———'s mother, and Mrs. ———'s sister and Mr. ———'s mother—no, Mr. ———'s aunt, and a Miss P., who was staying with Mrs. ———. And then the influx of all the ———s and of all the Dr. ———s. And then a second invasion by sea, of all the Hamiltons in the *Dream*, and the carrying off of half the garrison of Sunnyside to Rockland Lake and the mountains; and then the great party at Mr. ———'s, given to Mr. and Mrs. ———, to which Mrs.——— did *not* think herself invited, but to which she afterward found she *was* invited, and which turned out a most delightful party. Guide us and keep us! what an eventful period of history we live in! Why, my dear Charlie, if matters go on at this rate, I shall find Sleepy Hollow wide awake by the time I come back.

And now, my exceeding good and very dear little woman, I will try to give you, in return for your very agreeable letter, some little inkling of my Spanish home and its affairs. I have just changed my residence, and have taken the principal apartment in a great Spanish house belonging to a bachelor nobleman named the Marquis de Mos, who has a bachelor's nest in one wing of it. I have such a range of *salons*, that it gives me quite an appetite to walk from my study to the dining-room. Then the windows of the *salons* all face the south, and look into a little dilapidated garden, in the centre of which is an old, half-ruined marble fountain, with gold-fish swimming about in it, and a superannuated triton in the middle, blowing a conch-shell, out of which, in his younger days, there no doubt rose a jet of water. My own private apartment, consisting of a bedroom and study, is in one end of the building. My bedroom formerly served as an oratory or chapel to the mansion. It is a small octagon room, rising to a little cupola or dome, with little windows in the top, about fifteen feet from the floor, by which the chamber is lighted. These windows catch the first rays of the rising sun, and as the oratory is prettily painted of a delicate pink, yellow, and pale green, and as the centre

of the dome is gilded, the whole becomes beautifully lighted up. You have no idea what a splendid waking up I have sometimes in the morning. I don't think "glorious Apollo," with his bed-chamber of sun-gilt clouds, has much the advantage of me. . . . . My study is immediately adjacent to the oratory; one window overlooks the garden of an old convent, and has a fine view of the Regent's palace, and the distant groves of the Retiro.

I have experienced a kind of home feeling of enjoyment since I have got into this house, that I have not felt before since my arrival in Madrid. My other residence was excessively noisy, and abounded with inconveniences, so that I could never feel at home in it; indeed, the very idea that I should remove as soon as I could find a house more to my mind, kept me unsettled and comfortless. Now, I trust, I am fixed for the whole of my sojourn in Madrid; and I consider myself singularly fortunate in finding in this uncomfortable metropolis so pleasant an abode.

The subjoined letter was written soon after the happy adjustment of the long-standing dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the North-eastern boundary. The lady to whom it is addressed was a daughter of his deceased brother William, and was occupying the former homestead of Abijah Hammond, at Throgg's Neck, on the East River, a country retreat about fourteen miles from the city of New York, of which Washington remarks: "I recollect the place well, having visited it occasionally in my frolicking and dancing days, when it was the seat of great hospitality. One of the pleasantest balls I ever attended was in that mansion, at which divers respectable old ladies of the present day sparkled as belles."

[*To Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell.*]

MADRID, September 30, 1842.

MY DEAR JULIA :—

I have just received your delightful letter of August 25th, which was indeed most welcome. I wrote to you not long since, in hopes of drawing from you a letter in return, but you have kindly anticipated me. I can easily imagine your satisfaction with your country residence: I know the old mansion well, and the delightful country in which it is situated, with its splendid advantages of water. I should think it would just hit Mr. Grinnell's fancy, and hope he may find loose spending-money enough in his pocket to buy it. . . .

I am delighted with the treaty ; it has been negotiated in a fine spirit on both sides, and is a great achievement for Mr. Webster. He has remained in the Cabinet to some purpose, and now, if he thinks proper, may retire with flying colors ; yet I should be loath to see such a statesman retire from the management of our affairs. What successor will give us such state papers ? Who would have managed our Mexican correspondence in such style ? Would to God he could remain in with satisfaction to himself, and have a good majority in Congress to back him.

I have just got myself settled in a pleasant habitation, which, I think, will be my home during my residence in Madrid. It is spacious, as all Spanish houses are, but quiet and clean, which are rare qualities in Madrid mansions. I have just given my first dinner ; not such feasts as you give in New York, one of which would exhaust a Madrid market, but in a pretty French style, and to a small party ; never, if I can help it, intending to exceed the limits of a social round table. I have indeed, to play the ambassador on a cautious scale. . . . . Fortunately, there is no rivalry in expense in the diplomatic corps at Madrid, the British Minister being the only one that entertains, and his immense fortune putting competition out of the question.

I have had some brooding spells of homesickness since my arrival in Europe, but they are gradually wearing away, and I am now about to

enter upon a career of literary occupation that will effectually dispel them. . . . .

Mr. Grinnell, in his appendix to your letter, says that Mr. Webster inquired particularly after me, and expressed much interest in my mission. As yet my mission has called for but little exertion of diplomatic skill, there being no question of moment between the governments, and I not being disposed to make much smoke where there is but little fuel. . . . . I have been very quiet ever since my arrival in Madrid, getting my domestic affairs in order, and making myself acquainted with the complicated and entangled state of Spanish politics; but I shall now gradually take my stand in the diplomatic circles, and endeavor that it shall be an unobtrusive, but a firm one. . . . .

It was not long after the date of this letter, that Mr. Irving addressed his fifth diplomatic despatch to the Honorable Secretary of State, presenting a sketch of the political affairs of Spain, which were just then rising to fever heat, as the time for the opening of the *Cortes* was approaching, and powerful preparations were making to displace the existing Cabinet. Mr. Webster used to speak in high terms of the interest of these papers, and once remarked to a friend, that he always laid aside every other correspondence to read a diplomatic despatch from Mr. Irving.

The following half-melancholy letter to his old companion at Madrid, Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, now Russian Minister at Naples, was written when his young housemates, Hamilton, Brevoort, and Ames, were absent on a tour in Andalusia, to be gone four or five weeks, and he was living "in solitary dignity, pacing

(his) great empty saloons to the echoes of his own footsteps."

MADRID, October 18, 1842.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

You certainly are one of the most faithful, long-suffering, and indulgent of friends, still to write to me, notwithstanding my neglect to answer your previous letters. But I am reforming as a correspondent, and henceforth, I trust, you will find me more punctual in my replies. In fact, I had grown quite indolent and self-indulgent in my happy little retreat on the banks of the Hudson, and needed something to rouse me into action. This most unlooked-for appointment to the Legation at Madrid has completely drawn me out of the oblivious influence of Sleepy Hollow, and thrown me once more into the midst of the busy world and its concerns.

And here I am, on our old campaigning ground, where we first became acquainted ; but either I am or the place is greatly changed, for we seem to be quite strange to each other. I miss all my former intimates. Navarrete, grown old and infirm, has been absent from Madrid ever since my arrival. I look with an eye of wistful recollection at the house once inhabited by the D'Oubrils, which was my familiar and favorite resort. It is undergoing great repairs and alterations, to become the residence of some millionaire who has made a fortune by speculation. How often I recall the happy, happy hours I have passed there, and summon up the recollections of that most amiable and interesting family ! Years have passed without my learning anything concerning them. Can you give me any information? I understand Mr. D'Oubril is Minister at Frankfort ; the children of course are all grown up, some, perhaps, married. When I was recently in Paris, I heard from an American gentleman that he had been acquainted with Mademoiselle Bolviller, who, with her mother, was at Florence. Have you seen her lately ?—and how is she ?

My return to Europe, after such a long absence, is full of half-melancholy recollections and associations. I am continually retracing the scenes

of past pleasures and friendships, and finding them vacant and desolate I seem to come upon the very footprints of those with whom I have associated so pleasantly and kindly, but they only serve to remind me that those who made those footprints have passed away.

What would I not give to have that house of the D'Oubrils once more inhabited by its former tenants, just as they were when I was here in 1826. I long for such a resort; I long for such beings in whom I can take interest and feel delight. Madrid is barren, barren, barren to me of social intimacies. The civil wars, the political feuds and jealousies seem to have cut up society, and rendered the Spaniards unsocial except in their own peculiar tertullias and cliques. Besides, I am not one to forage at large in general society; my intimacies are generally few and cherished.

I can give you but little intelligence of the gay world that used to assemble at the *soirées* of Madame D'Oubril. If you may remember, I mingled generally as a mere spectator, and seldom took sufficient interest in individuals to bear them in distinct recollection. When I have done so, I do not find the recollection productive of present satisfaction. Time dispels charms and illusions. You remember how much I was struck with a beautiful young woman (I will not mention names) who appeared in a tableau as Murillo's Virgin of the Assumption? She was young, recently married, fresh and unhackneyed in society, and my imagination decked her out with everything that was pure, lovely, innocent, and angelic in womanhood. She was pointed out to me at the theatre, shortly after my recent arrival in Madrid. I turned with eagerness to the original of the picture that had ever remained hung up in *sanctity* in my mind. I found her still handsome, though somewhat matronly in appearance, seated, *with her daughters,* in the box of a fashionable nobleman, younger than herself, rich in purse but poor in intellect, and who was openly and notoriously her *cavalier servente.* The charm was broken, the picture fell from the wall. She may have the customs of a depraved country and licentious state of society to excuse her; but I can never think of her again in the halo of feminine purity and loveliness that surrounded the Virgin of Murillo.

And so you have got my fellow traveller of the American wilds, and buffalo hunter of the prairies, Count Pourtales, in your neighborhood. When next you see him, remember me to him most cordially. Many, many pleasant scenes have we had together. He was full of talent, and had wonderful aptness at anything he turned to, but he seemed careless of turning his talent to account.

And now, my dear Dolgorouki, let me hear from you again, and before long. I envy you your beautiful residence at Naples, which is one of the lovely spots of earth that must unquestionably have dropped from the sky. Would that I could exchange for it the sterile vicinity of Madrid.

Believe me ever yours most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

END OF VOLUME II.